THE TRUTH BACK OF THE IRISH BOMBS

AUG. 19, 1939

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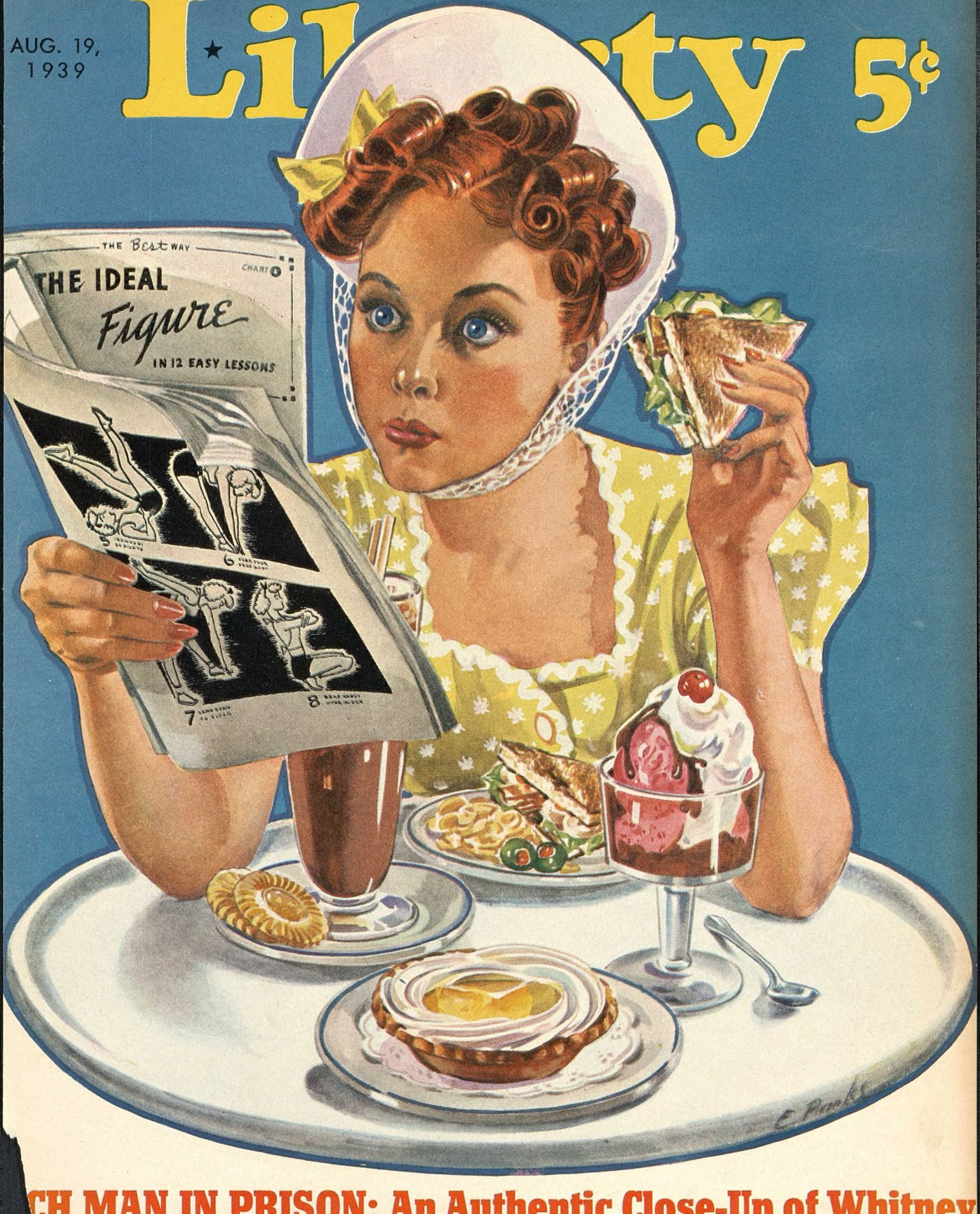
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Figure
IN 12 EASY LESSONS
5
6
7
8
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CH MAN IN PRISON: An Authentic Close-Up of Whitney

HAT MAKES RADIO ANNOUNCERS THAT WAY

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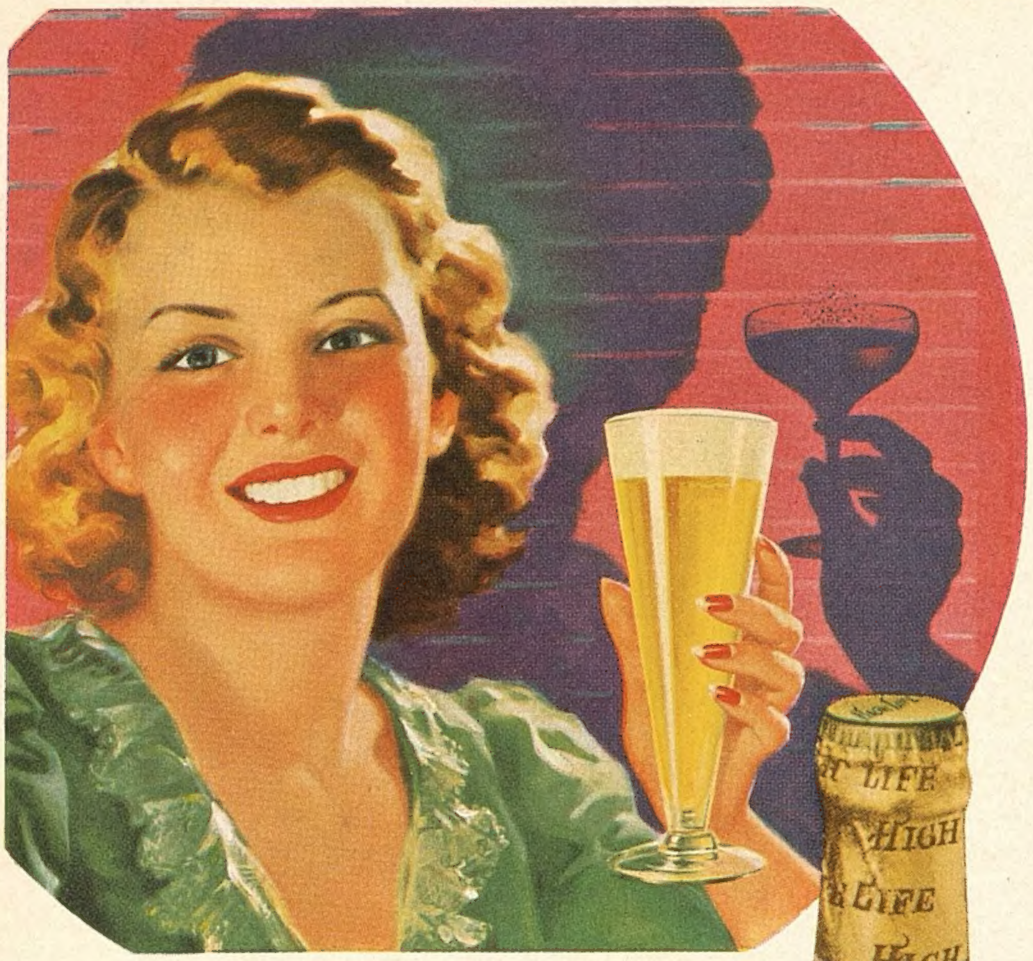

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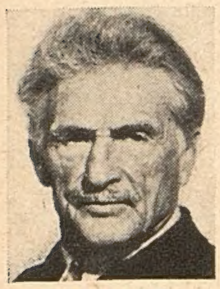
GLORIFYING SKINNY WOMEN



BERNARR MACFADDEN

For generations the Venus de' Medici and Venus de Milo represented our ideals of beauty.

Ancient Greece furnished us with many classical models. In that country at that time the body was developed to the highest degree of beauty and efficiency.

Monuments of the arts, science, and literature of these people are still with us, and some students versed in historical lore have stated that the average degree of intelligence during that period was greater than it is today.

Look back to the ideals of the stage previous to the advent of the motion pictures. Then there were superior physical types. Lillian Russell, whose physique was not unlike that of Venus de Milo, was one of the outstanding stars of her day. And there was Lillie Langtry, who was a favorite of King Edward . . . Maxine Elliott, Ada Rehan, Mary Garden, and many others could be mentioned . . . all vital superior types of physical femininity.

The worship of the emasculated female can doubtless be laid to the motion-picture field. You are supposed to look heavier than you actually are on the screen, which doubtless had something to do with the reducing mania.

There are motion-picture stars glorified on the screen at the present time who would have been hissed off the stage during the period when The Black Crook was in the heyday of its popularity. Then a woman had to have enough vitality to carry the flesh required to cover her bones symmetrically and gracefully . . . with the curves that are a natural heritage of vigorous healthy womanhood.

Undeveloped, petite, and emasculated specimens of femininity have been glorified so much on the screen that, throughout the country, to be big, strong, and handsome is considered a defect . . . something of which we should be ashamed.

Until the last generation, the possession of such attributes was admired. Now you find many women who are actually underweight dieting for reduction.

It is pleasing to note that the glorification of the skinny woman is confined almost solely to this country. To a certain extent we have infected France and England, but no other country. The ideals of Germany, Italy, Russia, and other countries still represent vital, husky types of women, and it is well to note that mature specimens of masculinity who are far past the callow age of youth also prefer these types, even today, for sweethearts and wives when they are lucky enough to find them.

There is much discussion at this time of the possibility of war, and whether or not this disaster appears, it is certainly desirable to maintain our national supremacy, and this cannot be accomplished without vital, vigorous mothers.

A study of the feminine types seen on the streets of New York and other cities clearly indicates the difficulties that would be encountered in selecting women who might be capable of mothering the virile sons essential to protect this country in case of such an emergency.

In the country districts and in the Far West many of such types could be found, but let us hope that the movie industry will discontinue its apparent policy of glorifying emasculated femininity.

There have been many demonstrations recently to indicate that stars like Sonja Henie, Mae West, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell, and many others of buxom type cannot be classed as poison to the box office.

And little Shirley Temple, a husky, bouncing dynamo of human vitality, and Jane Withers, of the same type, have an unbeatable box-office record.

Marlene Dietrich, the German star, had plenty of curves in her own country, but Hollywood dieting put her in the Garbo class.

Ann Harding was probably a martyr to the reducing requirements, and even the stunning Irene Dunne seems to have lost some of the charm that comes with the curves of vital types of beauty.

When you see a six-foot he-man on the screen falling in love with a minute skinny feminine type that appears not unlike his ten-year-old daughter, any one with normal instincts can hardly avoid being disgusted.

We are approaching a period when men may have to be men in every sense of the word . . . when women will have to acquire the vitality to mother a race worthy of these United States . . . if we are to maintain the prestige and power we have enjoyed in the past.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

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THE TRUTH BACK O

New troubles every day for Great Britain! Is U. S. money helping the outlaw Terrorists?

BY RENÉ KRAUS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

A HIDEOUS wave of terror is sweeping the British Isles. In the streets of Manchester three bombs explode at three different places in the course of a single hour. One pedestrian is killed, two others are gravely injured. In Birmingham the electric power station is damaged by the explosion of an infernal machine; immediately afterward two other blasts follow, about ten miles away. A charge of dynamite is found under the world-famous London Bridge; the police discover it in time. A homemade bomb damages the power station at Southwark which controls the electricity for the whole of southeast England.

Just before 6 A. M., workmen of the London Power Co., Ltd., at Acton Lane, Harlesden, N. W., hear an explosion. The bridge carrying main electric cables over the Grand Junction Canal is damaged. The work in important plants in this congested industrial district, including large armament firms, is temporarily affected.

When Francis Neville Chamberlain, the Premier's twenty-five-year-old son, goes to spend a week-end at Tralee, in southwest Eire, a jam-pot bomb goes off in the middle of the night a dozen yards from his hotel.

Seven fashionable hotels on the south coast of England are set afire simultaneously.

The investigation gives the same picture everywhere: a young man, of course under an assumed name, has left behind a suitcase with a time bomb, and has disappeared before the explosion.

The whole of British economic life is being damaged by such outrages as these. The insurance rates are rising by leaps and bounds. Mass assemblages are avoided. Even the great national sporting events suffer from the general fear. The Derby at Epsom is guarded by a thousand plain-clothes men. Did not a whole troop of warriors from John Bull's other island appear at the English-Irish rugby matches with bombs in their suitcases?

The bomb throwers and assassins are hot-blooded young Irish patriots. But the money that finances their underground war comes from the United States. At least, so say the Scotland Yard specialists who are now going seriously to work to smoke out the I. R. A. for good.

Like the handwriting on the wall, those three letters, which stand for Irish Republican Army, rise everywhere on the British horizon. Outwardly the English show few signs of terror. But all the water, gas, and electric works, bridges, railway stations, military objectives, factories, harbors, and government buildings are under redoubled military supervision. Chequers, the Prime Minister's week-end home, whose idyllic peace has always been adequately protected by two detectives, is now swarming with police. Even the baggage of Mr. Chamberlain's personal guests is unobtrusively searched.

Buckingham Palace is watched over by a specially created squadron of the London police, consisting wholly of specialists on Ireland. The King's trips and visits are now managed according to a very exact schedule. His subjects can no longer get within handshaking distance of their sovereign.

All this amounts to war—and on January 13, 1939, Foreign Secretary Lord Halifax received the following official declaration of war by registered letter:

> I have the honor to inform you that the Government of the Irish Republic, having as its first duty toward the people the establishment and maintenance of peace and order here, demands the withdrawal of all British armed forces stationed in Ireland. These forces are an active incitement to turmoil and civic strife, not only in being a symbol of foreign occupation, but in their effect and potentialities as an invading army. We shall regret it if this fundamental condition is ignored and we are compelled to intervene actively in the military and commercial life of your country as your government are now interfering in ours.

The letter was signed: Irish Republican Army. General Headquarters, Dublin.

Now the Irish Republican Army is an old acquaintance from days long gone by. The civil-war army gave itself that name—the army with which De Valera won the freedom of his country. After De Valera's victory it scattered. A group of stalwarts under "General" Sean Russell has resolved to fight through to the end—until the Free State is formally changed into a republic, and until the six counties of the North, today still officially under the British Crown, are won back. Russell at this writing is crisscrossing the United States on a lecture tour.

The new I. R. A. means business. Three days after Lord Halifax had received the declaration of war, the events of the "red night" of January 16 occurred, initiating the terror. Electric pylons were dynamited at Didsbury and Barton in Lancashire. A fish porter was blown sky-high in a Manchester street, and died of a fractured spine. Two more Manchester street explosions occurred from bombs accurately secreted in electric manholes. The southeast England electric grid was nearly blown up at Southwark by a biscuit-tin bomb. There was an explosion at Harlesden in northwest London.

The police picked up thousands of known Irish Nationalists. The result was wholly negative. Then chance—or rather the observantness of a plumber, Charles Heap by name—threw the first culprit in their way.

Mr. Heap had been called to make a repair in a small house in Dryden Street, Manchester, on January 19. He noticed an unoccupied room with some barrels and bags in a wardrobe, and it occurred to him that he might be in a stronghold of the I. R. A. The police raided the house on his information. In the room, which was rented in the name of Mary Glenn, a pretty redheaded Irish chambermaid, but was never occupied, they discovered a whole arsenal of infernal machines, alarm clocks, and a parcel containing fifty-six sticks of gelignite.

Mary Glenn was arrested. It came out in the investigation that she was the sister of a terrorist leader who was already in prison. Arrests and quick convictions of I. R. A. men have since gone on without interruption.

THE IRISH BOMBS

The type of patriotic criminal encountered at the trials is always the same. Most of them are from seventeen to twenty-three, messenger boys, laborers, farm hands. They behave with incredible defiance toward the judges. Even the most understanding treatment—and the English judges show a praiseworthy degree of understanding and patience with the youthful delinquents—does not get a word out of them. Only when they are sentenced, to five, ten, even twenty years, they cry, "Up the Republic!" or "God save Ireland!"

That a crowd of such lads, without money, without real education, without knowledge of the world, are able, against police, law, and order, to score one "success" after another is really astonishing. All Ireland disapproves them. The I. R. A. has only a small if fanatically devoted following in its own country. Prime Minister de Valera tried for a long time to handle them with kid gloves. Now he no longer feels his own life is safe. Among the hotheads who disapprove his *modus vivendi* with England, he is considered a traitor. And he is replying with sharper measures. The Dail Eireann has passed a law imposing sentence of death on terrorists, while only prison sentences are provided in England. Neither the Dail nor cells in British prisons terrify these youthful zealots.

The I. R. A. activist group, working in large British cities, is estimated at a thousand men. They have been able to get British uniforms for certain acts, and to procure reams of official government note paper. They have been able to get people into the innermost control rooms of British power stations in order to get plans of them. They have munition agents who move explosives—by the ton!—across England, and even dare to ship them by rail.

Who are the master minds that control this terror? Three of them are already under lock and key. The first was John Healy, a forty-year-old business man, happy husband and father of two children, a respected citizen of the quiet London suburb of Highgate. He made repeated purchases of potassium chlorate, which, mixed with sugar in a certain way, becomes an effective explosive. For years tons of it were delivered to his garage in Fordington Road.

One day a truck driver became suspicious. The police found among Healy's papers the "grand plan" for the next acts of the I. R. A. The big London department stores, the newspaper palaces, and the Victoria and Waterloo railway stations were to be blown up with incendiary bombs containing chlorate of potash. The London water supply was to have been poisoned; but, as the planners of the outrage naïvely explained, they would have had to drink the poisoned water themselves.

John Healy bore the proud title of "Quartermaster General of the I. R. A." Scotland Yard's next important catch was the "Chief of the General Staff." His name is Peter Stuart. A series of British uniforms were found in his house, from aviation officers' to letter carriers'. Home Office letter paper was also found, as were chemical textbooks and boxes of explosives.

Scotland Yard's biggest success so far has been to render harmless Michael Joseph Mason, alias Cleary, who as "Officer commanding Great Britain" was the head of the terrorists. Mason, who has been condemned to seventeen years' penal servitude, left an incomplete thumbprint on a piece of brown wrapping paper containing an infernal machine that was discovered in time.

At Scotland Yard, Inspector Cherrill reconstructed a complete print. At the same time, out of a suitcase deposited at a London station some liquid was seen running. The suitcase was found to contain bottles of sulphuric acid. The thumbprints on it were the same. When Mason came to get it, the detectives caught him.

But the moment the police catch an "O. C."—Officer in Command—another automatically takes his place. That the new men outdo their predecessors in ruthless determination is plain from a document in the possession of Scotland Yard. This manuscript is being kept from the British public for the present, lest it cause panic. It is the "S" plan, the outline of a general offensive by the I. R. A. against England. Here are passages from it:

"In order to exercise maximum world effect the diversion must be carried out at a time when no major war or world crisis is on, but if it is carried on when trouble is anticipated with jumpiness and nervous expectation of the government as well as the nervous potential panic of the people it can be exploited to the full.

"The most important action is sabotage. . . . An important aim is the legitimate destruction or sabotaging of aeroplane factories and stores, munition factories and stores, etc. But these would probably be so well guarded that success would be chance. The most effective is the public services. Those and such key industries as would be at all accessible are the first targets. Commerce, banking, shipping, ordinary industries, cotton mills, grain, tobacco, and spirit stores, motor-car tyre stores, timber yards, etc., would constitute the second most important group, but reaction might render it inexpedient. The large-circulation English press is to be the last target."

The document also deals with the telephone and telegraph system, radio and broadcasting, cables and water. Of government offices it says: "Under the circumstances they are a legitimate target."

As to transport: "Serious dislocation would have a paralysing effect on every branch of industrial life. Consequently railway cloakrooms, luggage stores and merchandise sheds constitute the first objective for the application of Unit No. 2."

So far the I. R. A. has spared human lives as far as possible. Scotland Yard accounts for this restraint largely by American influences. Some time ago, an informed source declares, a prominent member of the I. R. A. visited the United States, collecting funds for a big drive against the Irish government and the Eire Premier, Eamon de Valera. Returning to Eire with his money, he found himself confronted with a demand for a terrorist campaign to be carried out without regard for human life. A split in the party ensued, leaving the "humanitarians" in possession of the money.

Of course there are also sources of money which are not burdened with humanitarian considerations. The agents of the Gestapo have come down on Ireland like a swarm of grasshoppers. Evidently Mr. Hitler intends to free Ireland, after the pattern of the Sudetens, and Mr. Himmler is spending a pretty penny on this idea of his leader's. The men of the I. R. A. smile at this. "We get money where we can," one of them said. "But we don't sell ourselves to any foreign party, and have no interest in their political aims. With us it's Ireland first, last, and all the time."

THE END

RICH MAN IN PRISON

An Authentic Close-Up of Whitney

The daily life of Sing Sing's most prominent guest. The facts are from "inside" in every sense of the word

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

RICHARD WHITNEY has been in Sing Sing over a year. They say he can take it.

Since the moment he went through the heavy prison doors on April 12, 1938, he's never been hysterical nor shown the slightest sign of jitters. No emotional depression or "anxiety state" has sent him into the prison hospital.

Now that all the newspaper ballyhoo—which heralded his arrival and played up his early weeks in the Big House on the Hudson—has died down, the former president of the New York Stock Exchange has practically lost his identity in his surroundings.

No longer does Dick Whitney walk with impatient arrogance, as he did the day, ten years ago, he crossed the Exchange floor to make his famous bid for 10,000 shares of steel at 210. Nor does he shamble like some old-timer whose spirit is broken. He's doing his stretch in a businesslike way. He never shows a repentant attitude for his crime of embezzlement; never speaks of it.

The point that prison officials today make about Whitney is that he has become a part of his background. He's known as plain "Whitney" now. He's never heard himself referred to by number, and the word "convict" is not permitted in the Sing Sing vocabulary.

All swank is gone from Whitney's appearance. He wears the regulation white shirt, gray sweater, and gray trousers. He doesn't bother to bleach the trousers a light gray, as some of the dandified men do. But he wears his own, not the prison's, white cotton underwear and shoes. Any inmate may do this.

Today, if Whitney passed you on one of the rock-hewn terraces of the hillside prison grounds, ten chances to one you wouldn't recognize him. There are lots of tall rather good-looking men at Sing Sing.

Quite different the situation a year ago.

Then Richard Whitney was nervously self-conscious. He felt his six feet two the center of every one's attention. He would slump down as though to appear smaller, trying to look like the men of average height around him.

Then, too, nearly every prison visitor, eyes peeled to see how the mighty hath fallen, could easily have spotted him—had he been in sight.

But for months Richard Whitney was never visible to outsiders touring the prison. The guards saw to that. So did his fellow prisoners who happened to be near him.

Whitney didn't rate this "protection" as any special privilege. He had an unspoken understanding with the guards. When a man enters Sing Sing, he has just about one thing left, officers say. One personal possession. An abstract one: His right to seclusion from prying, outside eyes. They will help him retain this if he shows a decent general attitude. Whitney did just that. Without question, he followed prison rules and regulations.

Long before a stranger came into view, the fact was made known to Whitney's group by means of the mysterious prison grapevine. Wherever they were, on the prison grounds or indoors, Whitney had ample time to make himself scarce.

When visitors approached, Richard Whitney could make a getaway! That is, he could drift quietly around a corner or disappear into a washroom. Or just bend over while several men casually formed a screen about him until the visitor passed by.

Many a curiosity seeker walked within three feet of Dick Whitney, but not one of them realized it.

Richard Whitney is the most prominent guest Sing Sing has ever had. Staff members say they've been questioned more about him than about any two other fellows. Yet, as a personality, they add, Whitney isn't imposing. More colorful men have stayed there. For instance, the late Charles E. Chapin, one-time city editor of the New York Evening World, sent up for the murder of his wife. His presence is still felt at Sing Sing. The rose garden which he laid out and took care of, the birdhouse he helped design—they are still reminders of his outstanding personality.

Whitney is invariably described, "A good guy. Just run-of-the mill type. Gives no trouble."

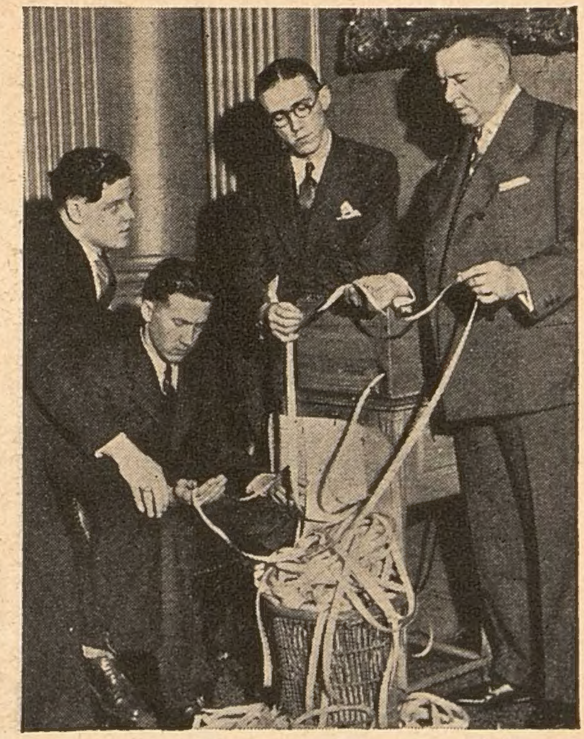
Right now, Dick Whitney is overweight even for his height. If he hadn't gained since coming to Sing Sing he would have been placed under observation, automatically, by the medical staff. A man has to put on weight after his first few weeks, or he is suspected of having some chronic ailment.

Lack of sufficient exercise for all healthy inmates—of enough regular manual labor—is one of the prison's perpetual problems. Whitney plays baseball fairly often and is popular at the bat, but some younger fellow runs the bases for him, possibly on the advice of a prison physician. He also plays handball. On the athletic field Whitney frequently laughs out loud at some one's antics. He sat in the bleachers on Saturday afternoon, May 20, of this year, when the New York Stock Exchange Baseball Club played the Sing Sing team. The club is made up of Exchange page boys, many of whom knew Whitney personally. They came away from the prison with stories that jibed. Whitney, cigar in mouth, smilingly waved and called some of the boys by name. They felt, they said, he was putting up a bold front. Ordinarily his long, aristocratic face, gray-white when he came to the prison but ruddy now under a light coat of tan, seldom shows any emotion.

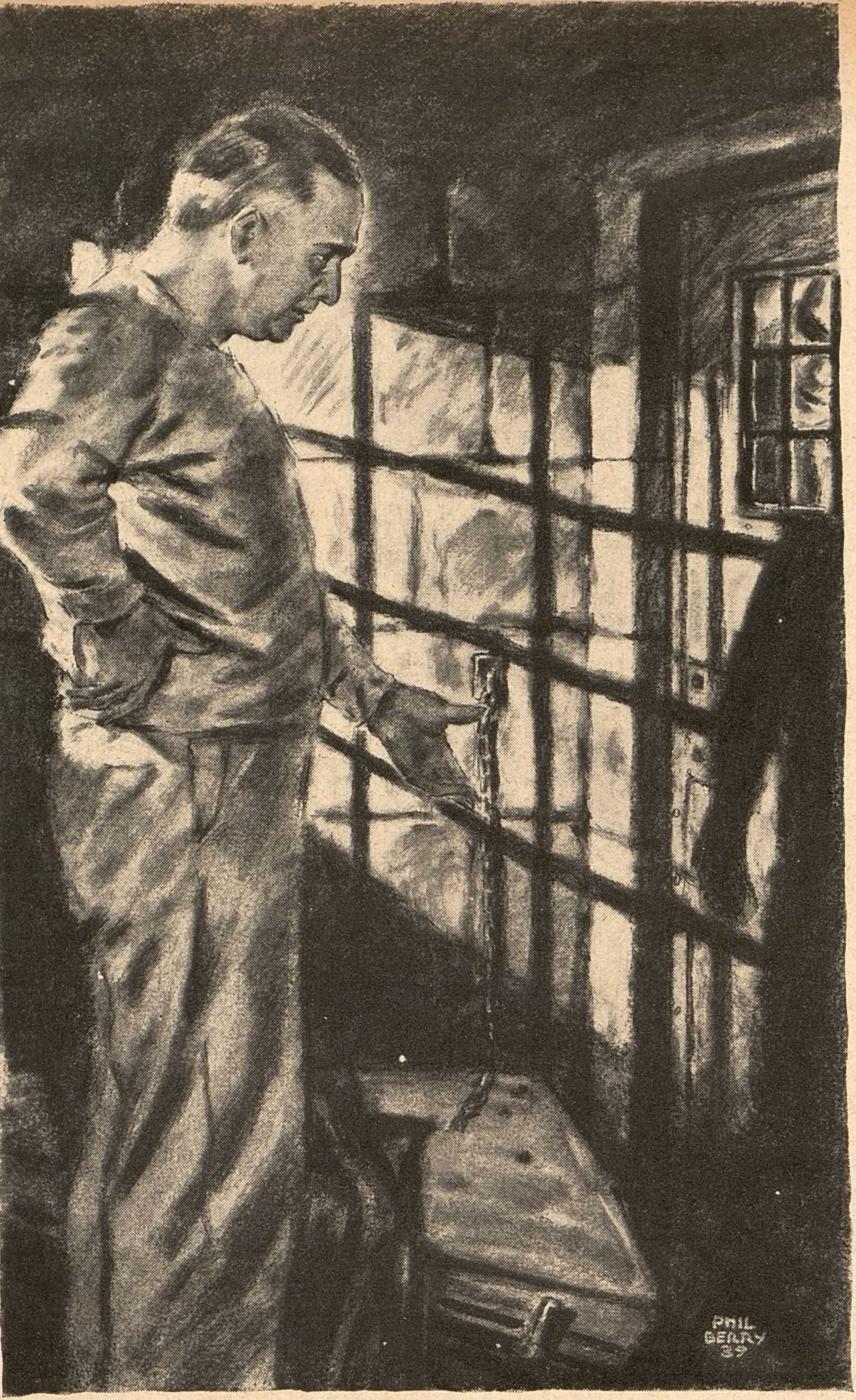
Occasionally an iron expression of bitterness has been noted on his features. In the sunshine of the prison recreation ground he may be squatting on his haunches, one of a group, kibitzing a card game. But his eyes are a thousand light-years away. His mouth sets in a hard, tight line.

Or he may be on his way to the visitors' room in the ivy-covered Administration Building. Several guards have noticed his tense expression, particularly on Thursdays before his wife, Gertrude Sheldon Whitney, arrives, or his daughters, Nancy and Alice. And on the occasional Tuesdays when his brother, George Whitney, may come to see him.

Because Whitney is a "good"



A few years ago: Whitney, president, with three Stock Exchange page boys.



"How are you feeling?" Whitney shrugged, pointed to the sagging bunk.

prisoner, and has no record of ever having used or trafficked in narcotics, it's his privilege to receive his relatives in the large open "A" visitors' room. It has the privacy of the Grand Central Station waiting room. And, while there is a guard stationed on pulpitlike platforms at either end, it would be impossible for them to "listen in" on any one conversation. Here the Whitneys sit familiarly together on one of the benches, separated from others by a fencing of gas pipe. There may be from three to four hundred people in the room, but no one stares at Whitney. Each man and woman—children play noisily up and down the aisles between benches—is too engrossed with his or her own troubles.

His relatives may bring Whitney packages of groceries—supposedly no more than ten pounds—and cigarettes are allowed in their original packages with seals unbroken. All parcels must be deposited first at an inspection room. There the boxes of crackers, cakes, tinned fish or meat he likes are examined and passed on by special guards. Later they are given to him inside the prison. Money is not permitted to circulate among the inmates. His allowance of three dollars weekly is credited at the prison commissary, where he may buy other canned goods, cheese, jams or jellies not a regular part of the prison fare. Cigarettes are the medium of exchange. Whitney uses them as payment for his laundry and other small menial tasks. Such chores are sought after by those even more unfortunate inmates who have no friends or resources.

Because Sing Sing is so crowded, and each meal has to be served in three shifts, men with good-behavior records are allowed to form groups and eat outside the dining room. Whitney, with two or three others, may pool his food and picnic outdoors in good weather, or club together indoors in one of the recreation rooms where there are units in which to prepare and cook food. Just as in the outside world, here there is always some fellow glad to make a little—cigarettes—for his services. Not too seriously he's called the group's "chef."

From that April afternoon when Richard Whitney was herded with other new arrivals to the Old Cell Block—that dark ill-ventilated six-tiered building set along the Hudson shore over a century ago, on the former camping grounds of the Sintsink Indians—he has shown a calm, even philosophical interest in his surroundings.

He had just come down the hill. He had been "mugged" and fingerprinted. After the required bath he was given his prison clothes.

In the Old Cell Block Whitney had to stoop, push his broad shoulders sideways through the low iron doorway of his cell in the "Reception Company." This, the most miserable section of nine hundred medieval cells, is assigned to new prisoners. During the first fourteen days they are allowed out only for meals.

Whitney could just stand erect, the top of his head barely missing the unfinished hewn-stone ceiling which swept like a frozen surge of sea above him. But it was the iron bunk which immediately caught his eye.

Leaning on one elbow against the damp wall, he stared down, perplexed. Two stained dark blankets—no sheets—lay across the thin mattress. The inside edge of the bunk was hinged to the wall, the two outer corners held up by rusty chains. One was broken. The bottom corner sagged almost to the stone floor.

Whitney's face, a haggard mask, was even then beginning to relax. The awful uncertainty of his trial was over. He knew his sentence, a stiff one. For, while less prominent embezzlers generally get two to four years, he had been handed five to ten.

Down the cell block, that first day, a colored boy was moaning low; against those minor tones an elderly Jew wailed hoarsely. Muffled sounds of distress, weeping, gibbering fear, filled the dank air. Whitney apparently heard none of them.

His eyes were still fastened on the

rickety bunk. They seemed to ask, How the devil am I going to fit myself into that?

Along the catwalk outside the cells came one of the prison physicians on his rounds. His responsibility at the day's end is to look over, as though casually, all newcomers. He peers through the small grilled opening in the locked iron door, and tries by cheerful comments — often falling back upon banal jokes—to get some reaction from each new inmate. His experienced eyes, his professional instinct tell him volumes. He is checking these men for evidence of suicidal tendencies. The ones he suspects he transfers immediately to cells behind the principal keeper's office near by, where they can be closely observed.

As the doctor stopped outside his cell, Whitney looked up. "Who are you?" he asked. "The warden?"

The doctor saw that he need not fear any attempt at suicide behind Whitney's door. "No; I'm just a doctor. How are you feeling?"

Whitney smiled faintly, shrugged, pointed to the sagging bunk. "I'll report it," said the doctor. "I must get on. I've a horse needing exercise."

Interest came fleetingly over Whitney's face. "I used to be very keen on riding," he said. A sudden quality of embarrassment flooded the divided space between them. Two men of similar intellectual backgrounds—one free as air, the other pinioned—they eyed each other.

"Good night," said the doctor hurriedly. "Just keep in mind the two weeks in here will be the worst!"

OFFICERS at Sing Sing say Whitney hasn't shown any signs of the "snootiness" for which he was noted downtown. Never loquacious in the outer world, he's not talkative behind "iron drapery." After taking the routine battery of intelligence tests the first weeks, he made a few suggestions concerning his future. He asked if he might be permitted to do some useful work, something which would be of benefit to his fellow inmates. The prison school, for instance. Could he teach there?

While waiting his occupational assignment Whitney had time on his hands. Avidly he read the New York Times. The first page first; then he turned quickly to the financial section. He went often to the library. And he began to make friends.

Birds of a feather flock together in Sing Sing, exactly as they do outside. Men of education and cultural background naturally appealed to Whitney. Among them were bankers, doctors, lawyers. Richard Whitney began to read law and study legislative procedure with the lawyers.

When it was finally announced that Whitney had been assigned to the Educational Department, a rush for enrollment followed. Whitney seemed pleased. For him, teaching, directing, telling other men was stimulating business. Also the quickest way of marking time. But his enthusiasm was short-lived.

Naturally, he had expected to teach subjects he knew. English. History. Economics perhaps, or mathematics. He made no secret of his disappointment when he learned his job—visual education. Nor, soon after, of his sheer boredom when the "teaching" proved to be little more than making a running commentary on travel movies. He considered this futile educationally, especially as most of the pictures were of places which few of the men would ever see.

The films were shown in the general assembly hall of the W-shaped prison chapel. In a short time rumor came through the prison grapevine that a certain political bigwig connected with the Department of Correction in Albany disapproved the visual educational "course." Suddenly it was called off.

Not because of its dubious educational value, but because, the grapevine said, if any kudos should accrue, it might go where it was due. Praise might be given to the three prison chaplains — Presbyterian, Catholic, and Jewish—who, by throwing open their chapels which form part of the general assembly hall, made it possible to seat Whitney's crowded classes. The upstate bigwig wouldn't stand for the chaplains getting too much credit.

Whitney appeared mystified. Men of his caliber, with an extensive business and executive background, find it difficult to understand how such institutions as Sing Sing operate as successfully as they do under the handicaps of political obstacles.

Now, with no routine work, he felt wasted. He couldn't believe that there wasn't something constructive for him to do. He continued to read law, and still does today. He also tried to get a job in the prison library, cataloguing books, or perhaps as assistant librarian. He could get nowhere. Slowly he began to realize that one of the great difficulties at Sing Sing is, and always has been, to find enough work to keep nearly three thousand men reasonably occupied. He could well understand the desperate plea of one inmate, an architect, who hysterically begged the guards for work, if only on the rock pile.

THEN, unexpectedly, Richard Whitney's prison luck turned. His active mind need no longer be idle. Assigned to the office of the principal keeper, his job is a vital one in the official life of Sing Sing. In the P. K.'s office with five other inmates, it is his business to check the "count" of the prison population, which is made three times each day. Through Whitney's hands pass the lists of prisoners, divided into groups, with the names of their guards.

If at any time a man leaves his group—that is, if he is transferred to another group, sent to the hospital, or placed in the Segregation Building —Whitney is immediately informed and must make a notation of the change, and why, on his lists. At count time the guards report by telephone to a lieutenant at a desk, where he checks with Whitney each report as it comes over the wire. A mistake or collusion made by a man in Richard Whitney's position might easily give a prisoner planning escape a head start.

For this job Whitney receives twenty cents a day, half of which he can spend in the commissary. The remainder accumulates. It will be given to him, plus ten dollars, a new suit of clothes, and a pair of shoes, with a ticket home, on his release.

But the time of Richard Whitney's release is a matter of conjecture.

If he continues to conform to prison routine, four months will be deducted for each year of his minimum sentence, five years. Thus he will be eligible for parole at the end of three years and four months—the early autumn of 1941. People who say he will be out before then, through some mysterious "pull," don't know what they are talking about. Those forty months are mandatory.

YET even the end of that fortieth month may not bring parole to Richard Whitney. There's that catch in the ruling of the State Parole Board.

Every man eligible for parole must have a bona fide job waiting for him on Liberty Street, as inmates call the outside world. That job has to be, after thorough investigation, completely satisfactory to the Parole Board.

It is not generally known in the prison that Whitney's eyes were recently opened to the board's meticulous demands. Through his outside connections, and with official permission, he secured what he and others believed to be A 1 employment for five of the prison inmates eligible for parole. Three of the five men were turned down by the Prison Parole Board and are still cooling their heels in Sing Sing.

Unless Richard Whitney can find the right job, he will have to serve his full minimum sentence.

It is believed that he could take that, too.

Prison has given him patience, if it hasn't made him repentant.

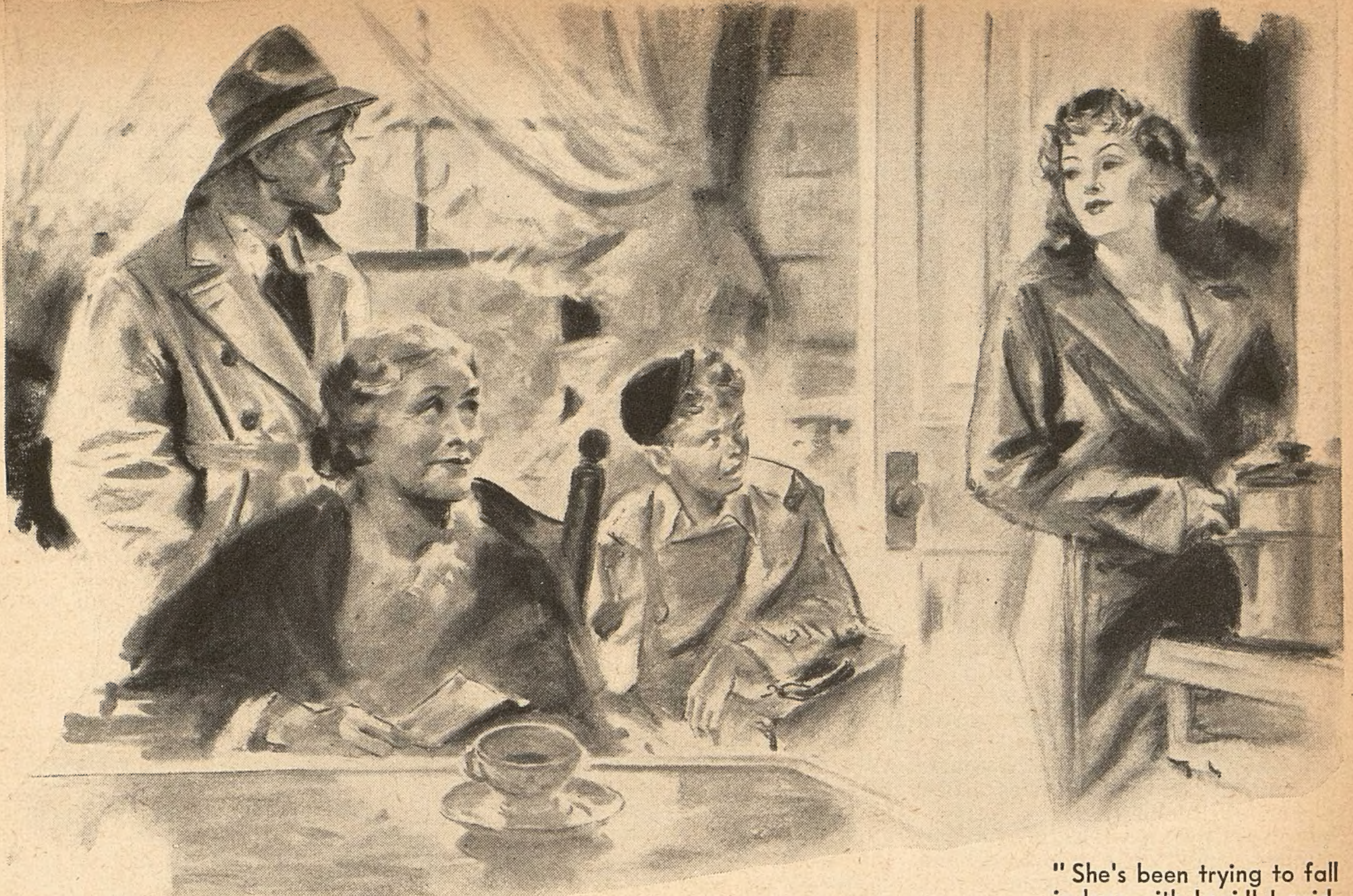
He is finished, and he knows it, the grapevine says, in the great outside world of finance. He has few illusions.

Only he, his wife, and his brother are aware of his now vague plans for the future after he has attained freedom. First will come, it is believed, a period of semi-seclusion in which he will have to adjust himself to a new life. Perhaps on a farm or ranch where he can raise horses.

But, the grapevine adds—and the grapevine is seldom wrong—Richard Whitney has indicated already that he will not look back merely with horror on his "stretch" in prison.

Officials believe that the former president of the New York Stock Exchange intends eventually to try to better the conditions of present and future inmates in Sing Sing.

THE END



"She's been trying to fall in love with Levi," I said, talking to Little Sam.

I'm Katy

With salty humor an old housekeeper tells the story of a man suffering from an acute case of charm poison

BY LEONA DALRYMPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

"THE birch grove!" Judith said, and you'd have thought, to hear her voice, that the birch grove in her father's will was miles away in another county.

She was eighteen that spring, and even prettier than her mother had been. Same quick kind of color in her clear olive skin and warm brown eyes.

"The old birch grove on the south side of your grounds, Judith," Dr. Larison said again. He was in charge of Mr. Warner's will. "That'll be Sam's. And money enough for Sam to build a house for himself and Little Sam. Katy"— I'm Katy—"your legacy is a small trust fund. It reverts at your death to Judith in trust again for Little Sam."

It was still tight in my throat, Mr. Warner putting an old cook like me in his will, and I couldn't answer. Sam—he was Judith's brother-in-law—looked as if Mr. Warner had willed him more than he wanted.

"But, doctor"— Judith's voice was none too steady—"father must have forgotten—this has been Sam's home so long. And Little Sam's! He was born upstairs."

Little Sam, all eyes and ears, was at her elbow. He was a little towhead with dark blue eyes, six years old, and the living image of Sam. Door bangers, the pair of them, lifting potlids in the kitchen, sniffing food, and talking you into cutting a hot loaf of bread.

"Gosh, Judith," Little Sam said in a stage whisper, "if pop builds a house, do we got to move?"

Judith caught him up in her arms. I was upset myself.

"Your father thought of all of it, Judith," the doctor said. "You'll be alone in the house with Katy, and this is a gossipy town. People remember," he finished bluntly, "that Sam's been a widower now for six years."

Sam was provoked. "Heavens, doc," he said, "Judith was eleven years old when I came to live here. I'm almost old enough to be her uncle."

The doctor snorted. "All Cumberville, Sam," he said dryly, "knows you eloped with Bessie Warner when you were twenty years old. You're twenty-seven now."

He followed me out to the kitchen, and while he stood by the table, munching cookies, I spoke my mind about the birch grove.

"But look here," he said. "There'll only be the width of the lawn between that boy of Sam's and Judith and you. So why in thunder are all of you up in the air?"

"Doctor," I said, "from the day that boy was born Judith acted as if he was her baby, and her only twelve years old when we buried his mother."

That night, twilight, I switched on a lamp in the living room and found

Judith curled up in a chair by the window with no color in her face.

"Judith," I said, "you quit that moping!" I've been with that girl since the day she was born.

Next day I moved her out of her old room to a room over the kitchen. I sleep in a ground-floor bedroom in the kitchen wing, and I figured the empty bulk of the house between us would be too dreary.

Judith liked the back room. "Up there I can hear Katy banging around in the kitchen," she told Sam. Sam looked glum.

All spring the birch grove was full of hammers.

Sam said since his house was on Warner grounds except in a legal paper, it better be white, like Judith's, with green old-fashioned shutters and a big stone chimney.

"You think nice things, Sam!" Judith said. Queer, that warm quickness in her voice for Sam worried me even then.

WELL, three years later, with the investments in the will skipping a dividend here and a dividend there, Judith started a private kindergarten in the big loft over Morrison's store, and vacation time we took a couple of summer boarders. It was either that or sell the house.

It worried Sam. "Katy," he kept saying to me, "I ought to be helping her with money. Trouble is, Judith would have a fit!"

It was still on Sam's mind when the first big snow of the winter blew down from the hills. It blew down on a Sunday morning, and Little Sam dragged his red sled out of the cellar and made Sam pull him over the first inch that fell.

Twilight, even the trees were heavy and white. Little Sam was asleep then in our living room and Sam was absent-minded at the window, watching the snow and folks crunching and stamping by under the big trees on the avenue.

"Judith," Sam said over his shoulder, "I've been homesick for this house ever since I moved. If you want two table boarders, I'll fire my cook."

"Cook!" I said. I was raking baked potatoes out of the embers in the fireplace. That's the kind of potatoes Little Sam likes when he eats over here. "That woman's no cook! I've been trying for six months to crisp up her piecrust, but she don't seem to have any feel in her fingers for the right mix of shortening."

"Well, whatever she is," Judith said, color coming up in her face, "she could come in the morning and clean Sam's house—"

"Swell!" Sam said. And I thought, That boy's lonesome. He ought to marry.

"Just the cost of your food, Sam," Judith warned. And Sam said, "I'll fix it up with Katy."

Sam fixed it all right. Judith never knew how much extra he put in the old black pocketbook that was running the kitchen. The table allowance was my job even in Mr. Warner's time, and after Sam cut loose, I kept it in my room.

At thirty-one Sam looked no more like a father than he had at the start, though he'd built up a coalyard business his grandfather had left him and his men were trucking coal all over the valley. It was partly his hair. It was sandy and thick like Little Sam's and it waved every which way all over his head.

Plenty of girls were still setting their caps for Sam Warrington.

I was weeding the pansy bed on the shady side of the lawn when a long black roadster pulled up in front of the picket fence. The girl in it was handsome. Bare head, plenty of lipstick, and crow-black hair slicked back from her forehead. I figured her twenty-six.

"Can you tell me," she called over the fence, "where I'll find the old Warner house?" I told her she'd found it. "But," she gasped back, "I was told at the filling station that Miss Warner sometimes took in—paying guests!"

You could tell what she was thinking. A grand old house like that in an acre of trees and gardens.

Judith was up in Morrison's loft with her kindergarten, so I showed this Hildegarde Heath one of the bedrooms. She popped her eyes at Judith's old black walnut furniture, the four-poster beds, and the bright chintz at the windows, and the old-fashioned roses in the wallpaper.

Her uncle, I found out first, was a banker in Michigan. She had some of his letters in her handbag. "You'll see by the address," she pointed out, "that I live in New York. I have a studio in Washington Square and I'll probably sketch around all summer in this beautiful valley!"

Gushy! I thought. But Judith and I needed that money.

Hildegarde painted Judith's hedge of bleeding hearts behind the well sweep, the red rambler on the barn, and Sam's grove of birches. And she painted Sam. That girl in two week-ends made more of a fool of Sam than you'd imagine, even posing him under an apple tree in a sheet she called a Roman toga. I burned a loaf cake watching him through the window.

SUNDAY morning Little Sam stopped under the kitchen window and said, "She's got pop down by the brook in his shorts, paintin' his muscles!"

He was limp with disgust.

By the time Judith's kindergarten closed for the summer, Sam was dancing Hildegarde around in inns and eating with her all over the valley.

I'll say for Judith she took it with her chin up. Week-ends she spent most of her time at the tennis club, and Dr. Larison said he hoped to heaven she'd fall in love with young Levi Drake and his father's mills. But Judith somehow always traveled in crowds.

Middle part of the summer I took a whack at Sam.

"Sam," I said, "you planning to marry that girl?"

"Be your weight, Katy," he grumbled. "You can't ask a girl like Miss Heath to marry a coalyard in a small town. Besides"—Sam's neck was getting red—"that girl is all artist."

"Sam," I said, "are you all coalyard?"

"No," he said in a voice I couldn't fathom. "Who wants to be a coalyard? But Miss Heath's pretty modern, Katy. I'm not even sure she's the marrying kind."

She wasn't then. "For the life of me," I said to Judith one Saturday afternoon, "I can't make that girl out!"

A thunder shower had driven Judith out of the black-eyed Susans back of the barn and she was running in with an armload of wet yellow flowers.

"Katy," Judith said, fixing the daisies in a bowl for the table, "do you realize that you never call Miss Heath anything but 'that girl'?"

For a minute, with her dark hair ruffled up in damp curls all over her head, it was Judith's mother talking. It caught in my throat.

Little Sam came in, tracking mud, looked for something to sink his teeth in and ate a ripe tomato. Judith taught him that. Vitamins. You'd never think to look at him that he'd been a puny baby. We had to fight to keep him alive.

THE telephone bell started up in the living room, and after Judith went to answer it, I said, "Where's Hildegarde? I thought she was painting your pop's profile with a honeysuckle behind it."

"She was." Little Sam pulled off his raincoat and hung it up in the cellar stairway. "The rain drove 'em indoors. She's in our living room calling up Michigan about her allowance. It's late. Every month her uncle sends her a big check."

If that's the case, I thought, maybe she's flying too high and easy on her uncle's money to marry and settle down, and Sam's just another fruit boat and some more excitement.

"Katy"—Little Sam wrinkled up his nose—"when pop's around, that dame is even afraid of crickets!"

I was stirring a pot of vegetable soup on the kitchen range and I gave him a glint over my shoulder. "You better mend your manners about calling people 'dames,'" I said. "Anyhow, if that hussy's planning to leave here Labor Day, she's only got a couple of more weeks to get your pop painted up, and maybe that'll end it."

But it didn't. All winter Sam got letters from New York City, and Judith danced herself thin with the young crowd up at the Country Club.

Time school closed again in the middle of June, Sam, it seemed to me, was getting to be himself, banging around week-ends in an old pair of sneakers and scrubby shorts and nagging at Judith to rest her heels. "You're worse than a bee!" Sam grumbled. "In my day we didn't fly around in swarms. Are you ever alone with anybody, Judith?"

"Nice old Uncle Sam!" Judith said.

"Things around here," I bragged to Dr. Larison, "are getting normal."

The postman had told me in May that Sam was getting fewer New York letters, and I still think he'd have got that Hildegarde completely out of his head if her uncle that had raised her hadn't up and died in Michigan in the latter part of June.

"Sam's girl in Michigan?" the postman asked me. Sam was getting a letter a day in Hildegarde's big splashy handwriting. She was still in Michigan when the red pie cherries on the tree behind the grape arbor were ready to pick. Dr. Larison stopped in to pick himself a pailful, and I went out and told him what I thought about Michigan and Hildegarde Heath.

"You can't tell me," I said, "that Hildegarde's letters aren't mushier, because Sam's downright moony! He'll salt his food twice unless you see him in time and stop him—"

"Get me that cherry cobbler recipe," the doctor cut in. "Aunt Het lost it." Aunt Het's his housekeeper. Once a week Aunt Het stops by for me and we go to the movies. I got him the recipe.

"I'll bet you a chocolate pie," I said, "that that family in Michigan is telling Hildegarde to stay home and paint the bathroom if she has to paint. If the heirs stop her allowance, Sam's coalyard may look like money from home and plenty of it!"

The doctor grunted and moved the ladder. "My good gosh, Katy," he said, "you can put two and two together and get more arithmetic out of it than a tax collector!"

Hildegarde, it came out, was due back in New York on the second of August to pack up her painting gadgets and settle down in Michigan.

"Well," I said to Sam, "I guess that'll upset her, won't it?"

Sam said, no, she was tired of New York, and Little Sam opened the back door and bounded into the kitchen.

"Katy," he yelled, "I been calling everybody up—pop's takin' me on a trip for my education!"

I was dishing up Sam's favorite dinner, fried country chicken and fresh green peas, and by the time I headed into the dining room with the platter, Little Sam was in his chair at the table, talking a mile a minute. "Gettysburg," he told Judith, his face all eyes, "Valley Forge, Washington, D. C., and New York City!"

"H'mph," I said, "when does your education hit New York? Second of August?"

Judith said, "Katy!"

Sam passed it off. "I've figured the costs of the trip," he said, "and that kid will start out with his costs in his pocket and pay his own bills. High time he learned the value of nickels and dimes."

"Not in pop's car either," Little Sam crowed. "Pop says this is a stiff course in train fares, hotel bills, and taxis! Judith, how'd it be if I took a little book along and wrote down every cent I spend? Could you figure me out some budgets, like yours?"

"Could I!" Judith said, no hint in her face of what she was thinking. "We'll break Sam's costs up into splinters and figure it all out."

Sam snorted. "I'll be on a budget too, kid," he warned. "And, believe me, if you try to nick me for as much as a dime, I'll yodel like a war chief!"

THAT night I let my weight down heavier in the old rocker on the kitchen porch. Judith's grandmother bought me that rocker when I first came to work for her, a green girl of nineteen.

In it I've seen forty years of fireflies winking around in the lilacs, and through the kitchen window I've heard the voices of forty years of Warners foraging in the icebox.

Judith's the last of them, I thought, a pull in my throat. And then I got to thinking that in some queer way Judith was all of them, all of the old voices in the kitchen, and there was no way I could help her. If Sam meant to marry Hildegarde Heath we'd all have to take it.

Little Sam's traveling education began in a hailstorm in the early part of July. Judith drove the car down to the depot and brought it back.

Half an hour later she came downstairs in a rose-pink organdy dress, her eyes too bright, and sat down a minute in the kitchen. "Katy," she said, "would you mind if I have Levi Drake to dinner?"

"He'll have to eat hash," I answered.

I'll say for Levi he grabbed his chance to eat hash alone with Judith. By the end of the week he was either driving her out of the driveway or driving her home, and the mail was full of Sam and Little Sam in post cards and letters. "I bought pop a notebook to keep his expenses in," Little Sam wrote once. "Nine cents."

"If Sam's dipping flighty enough in his budgets to worry Little Sam," I said to Dr. Larison, "I'll bet a hat he's calling Hildegarde on the long-distance telephone to Michigan and wiring her flowers."

The doctor was prowling around in the kitchen and he stopped and looked at the blue china hen on the mantel where I keep my change. "Judith's too thin," he said.

"Doctor," I said, "I can't get her to eat! And Levi Drake is running her ragged. That boy's got to be chasing dust or tennis balls or swing music!"

On the second of August, Sam's due day in New York City, a letter came from Little Sam in the last mail in the afternoon. Judith was upstairs.

"What's Little Sam say?" I said, waiting around in her room while she read the letter.

"It was written in Washington, Katy," Judith said. Her voice sounded steady enough. "Little Sam is worried. He thinks his father intends to marry Hildegarde Heath."

I took the letter and read it myself. "Well," I said, "she'll never get any place with Little Sam. She's too gaspy."

I had some fresh bags of lavender in my hand for the linen room at the end of the hall and I was digging the old bags out of the sheets when I heard a sound in Judith's room as if she'd fallen. I bolted up the hall. She was lying face down on the rug in front of the bureau.

In my time no Warner's ever fainted but Joel Warner's second wife, and she could faint if she had to and tell you where to find the softest pillow for under her head.

It was no talking faint with Judith.

I've heard enough talk from Dr. Larison not to risk a heart strain, lifting a patient around, and I covered her with a blanket and got to the telephone. In ten minutes the darky who drives the doctor's car was racing up the driveway.

In some ways Dr. Larison tries your patience. He walked into Ju-

dith's room as if he was deaf and dumb and clapped a stethoscope on her heartbeats. "Well," he said, unhooking his ears, "thank God she's got a Warner heart." We lifted her on the bed. "All of this, Katy, is too many flighty heartbeats on a thimbleful of food. Has anything upset her?"

I told him about the letter. "Quit blubbering!" the doctor snapped and drove me back to the kitchen. When he came downstairs with some medicine for my nerves, Judith was still unconscious.

I'D been doing a lot of thinking alone in that kitchen, and after he went back to Judith's room I wrote Sam Warrington a telegram on the kitchen pad and took the pad upstairs. The doctor read it in the hall:

Judith still unconscious. Come at once. KATY.

"If you got a telegram like that," I said, "what would you think?"

"I'd think," he said, staring at me over his glasses, "there'd been another emergency telegram ahead of it that I hadn't got and Judith was worse."

"I'd think so too," I said. He hit the ceiling.

"Katy," he flared, "did you actually think that I'd endorse a shady telegram like this? Judith's in no danger!"

"Her future's in danger!" I said. "Maybe if Sam still don't know his own mind, this'll scare it out of him! It works in the movies."

"You're out of your head with worry," he said, his voice as quiet as Judith's room. "You haven't even considered what a shock like this could do to Sam's boy."

"Listen, doctor," I said—I was quiet too—"no matter what kind of a fool Hildegarde's making of Sam, he's never yet failed that boy. If I know Sam, Little Sam'll never even see this telegram."

"You're darn right he won't!" the doctor said. He tore it up.

Ten minutes later I was out on the back porch and I heard him on the kitchen stairs. "Judith's pulse is stronger," he growled at the screen door. "Write that telegram again and get it out of here before she's conscious! In a few more minutes it'll be a lie."

"It's gone," I said. "Your driver's taking it down to the Western Union." He tramped out of the kitchen swearing mad, and after he got Judith asleep, full of a medicine to keep her heart quieter, we tied up again in the kitchen.

"If I were you and had picked myself a life of crime," he said, beetling at me under his brows, "I'd try to look a little tougher."

"I feel plenty tough whenever I think of Mr. Warner's will," I said. "He left his money to Judith in trust for Little Sam, but he left this house to her, and her working all day in a kindergarten to keep it for Sam Warrington's son. It's in her will!"

The doctor blew up and snorted around the kitchen. "What's that got to do with it? . . . Chances are," he started up again, "Sam'll call you up. Well, thank God, what you'll say to him then is your worry and none of mine!"

"It's none of mine either," I said. "I've already unscrewed the telephone bell. If Sam takes this the way I hope he will, I'll tell him the truth when he gets here!"

The doctor looked at his watch. "From Cumberville to New York," he said, "is four hours' ride in a train, with a wait at the junction. If Sam's coming he ought to be here by eleven o'clock."

The doctor was back himself at midnight. Judith was still asleep, her pulse normal. "No Sam!" I said.

In the old days, before Hildegarde gushed up in her roadster, Sam would have waded home through hell and high water after a telegram like that.

THE night was full of clock ticks, spooky creaks in the kitchen, and the sound of rain blowing against the windows. All night my head was full of ghosts.

Judith keeping Sam's baby alive and feeding him fruit juice and vitamins. Judith racing home from school and wheeling the baby on the brick paths in the garden, up and down, up and down in the sunlight. Judith was sixteen before his pinched little face bloomed tan and pink and his smile picked up a dimple. "Sam," Dr. Larison said, "don't thank me. Care kept him alive."

Well, I thought at the kitchen window, if Sam'd remembered any of that, he'd be here!

The rainy dark in the garden was turning to gray. I stared a long time at the paint on the barn—Hildegarde's paint—glimmering white through the pine trees around it. Then I put some coffee beans in the grinder on the end of the table and made myself a pot of strong black coffee.

Telling the truth about Sam is like making a patchwork quilt. It has to be pieced together, a patch here from Little Sam and a patch there from his father.

In every town Sam Warrington hit from the early part of July to the second of August he was streaking it in and out of flower shops, and every morning in Michigan Hildegarde was either oh-ing and ah-ing over five or ten good coalyard dollars in a fresh bunch of posies or gasping into a long-distance telephone call at Sam's expense.

In Washington Sam counted his money on the q. t. and looked for his checkbook. It come over him then that he'd left it in his office. Plenty of gossip starts in Cumberville through the local switchboard, so Sam wrote to his banker to wire funds on the second of August to a hotel in New York.

Little Sam and his father flew from Washington up to Newark, each planking down his own plane fare, and by the time they checked into the hotel in New York City, Sam's budget had curled up its toes.

He sent Little Sam upstairs with a bellhop and the luggage, sneaked back to the desk and asked the clerk for the money his banker had wired him. The clerk gave him a shock. All he had for Sam was a letter from me, thanking Sam for the post cards he'd sent me and telling him all the news.

At five o'clock Sam's money hadn't come in, and Sam was beginning to squirm. He'd wired Hildegarde's studio from Washington and invited her out to dinner, and unless that money hit the hotel in time, Sam was out on a limb. He could borrow money from Little Sam, but Little Sam, he kept remembering, was his money pupil in a course in dollars and cents, and whenever Sam thought of showing himself up as a teacher, he went limp and shuddered.

All this time Little Sam was strolling around with his pockets full of the money he'd saved out of his budgets.

It got to a point where Sam had to work himself up to a touch!

"Well, pop," Little Sam said, "I've been expectin' it!"

And then the telephone rang and there was Hildegarde in her studio.

Hildegarde said that one of her aunts was due in New York in the morning and, since this was her only day alone, wouldn't Sam like to eat dinner with her in her studio?

Sam hung up and grunted, "Well, kid, we eat free!" Little Sam looked worried. He was thinking about the flower shop downstairs in the hotel, and while he was kind to his father, he didn't let up on him. "Pop," he said, "since we won't have any dinner expenses, maybe we'd better play safe and let me keep the money."

SAM fingered three cents in his pocket and took his medicine. Downstairs, he told the desk to call him up at Hildegarde's studio the minute his money hit town.

It was beginning to drizzle, and Little Sam, doing it up brown for his father, poked up his finger and hailed a taxi.

"Pop," he said, after Sam directed the driver, "you get in first. I want to sit over here and keep an eye on the meter."

Sam crawled in, feeling like a bankrupt. My heavens, he thought, this kid is a natural-born thrift machine!

Little Sam didn't think much of Hildegarde's studio. It was full of pictures stacked against the walls and foreign-looking gimcricks, and the skylight was dusty. The table, Sam noted, was set for two.

Hildegarde oh-ed and ah-ed, rushing in and out of a kitchenette in some flighty wisps of lace, and when Sam looked again, the table was set for three. Sam was sore. It looked to him as if Hildegarde had expected him to leave Little Sam alone in a strange hotel, and the more he thought about that, the less he liked it.

If Sam'd had a grain of sense, he'd

have guessed that girl considered him all but sewed up and wanted to get him alone so he could pop the rest of it.

At nine o'clock Little Sam stretched himself out on a divan with some green rays of moonlight shining over it out of a colored light bulb in some tissue-paper leaves, and Sam tried to get him off it. The green light, Sam said, made him look like a lizard.

"Gosh, pop," Little Sam complained, "I'm sleepy." He went to sleep.

As Sam wasn't popping, Hildegarde finally took him across the hall to a party in another studio where she could dance around in his arms, and Sam left the doors open both sides of the hall, so he could keep in touch with Little Sam.

At the studio dance the punch bowl got to running low and the men were chipping in to buy some stuff to fill it. Sam, having no money, had to sneak back across the hall while Hildegarde was dancing with some kind of an arty fellow in French pants and a smock.

By that time Sam was so mad about his money that he closed the door of Hildegarde's studio and called up the Walcott Hotel, planning to make sure his money wasn't there before he telephoned to Cumberville and blew the banker up.

The banker, poor man, was off on a motor trip with his family, and Sam's letter, marked "Personal," was still sealed up on his desk in the bank.

The clerk at the Walcott Hotel said no, the money hadn't come in, but Western Union had called Sam up with another message right after he left.

"They said the message was urgent," the clerk explained, "so the desk took it and telephoned it to Miss Heath at six thirty-five." He read the message to Sam: "'Judith still unconscious. Come at once.'"

IT was eleven o'clock and Hildegarde's doorbell was tinkling. Little Sam opened the door. It was my telegram again. Sam was white. He looked at the time marked on the message—6.25—and the messenger boy said, "It's a copy. Somebody at this address called up the office and told us to bring the copy here at half past eleven. I'm a half an hour early," he says, "but I had another wire in the building and brought it along."

"Early!" Sam said, and Sam was beginning to wonder if Hildegarde had intended to answer that doorbell at half past eleven and take the message herself, so he couldn't talk to the messenger.

The door across the hall was still open and Hildegarde's friends kept dancing by the doorway and staring at Sam. It smoked Hildegarde out of the other studio and brought her home on the run.

Little Sam said his pop looked right at her as if he'd never seen her before. "Hildegarde," Sam said—and Sam was beyond caring who heard him or what they heard—"did you deliberately withhold a telegram of mine at half past six and tell the Western Union to bring it here at half past eleven?"

Hildegarde pushed the messenger out of the way and rushed in and closed the door. "Sam"—she was upset and talking in jerks—"I couldn't bear to have you bolting away as soon as you got here!"

What she meant was, she couldn't chance him bolting away before he popped.

"It was only a few hours!" Hildegarde said. She was beginning to shake. "I thought if—if—I thought if you found out, I could make you understand!"

"You can't!" Sam said.

Sam heard a sound behind him. It was Little Sam. He'd spelled out the telegram in Sam's hand, standing back of his elbow. "Pop," he choked, his face all twisted up, "if—Judith—if we don't get there in time it's Hildegarde's fault!"

LEONA DALRYMPLE

not only is a highly popular short-story writer but has best-seller novels to her credit. She says she once stopped writing—but after '29 went back to work, never to stop again! She is married; summers in Connecticut and winters in New York.

Sam was sick. You know the way a boy cries when he's lost his head in a panic. And Little Sam was crying. "Pop," he said, tears splashing over his cheeks, "Katy always said she was a hussy!"

Trust me to get into it even in New York City and get exposed!

From eleven o'clock on, whenever they could they tried to get through to me on the telephone. At four o'clock in the morning it had taken all of Little Sam's surplus money to get himself and his father to the junction.

When they boarded the milk train to Cumberville, Little Sam had a dime in his pocket. "Pop," he said, as if Sam was too flighty to think for himself, "try to get some sleep."

I was worn out in a chair by the kitchen window when I heard them coming around the house, and if ever a home-coming looked like a pair of wet done-up stragglers about to be hung, that was it. Both of them tired. Both of them dead broke.

"Judith?" Sam said and put his hand on Little Sam as if to keep him steady.

"Sam," I said, lashing out at him with tears all over me, "Judith's in no danger. But I'll never forgive you for coming late! The telegram was a humbug. I sent it to get you away from that hussy!"

It was like lashing out at a statue. Sam took it, a hot angry blue in his eyes, and then, with me dropping back with a palpitation, he was standing over my chair.

"Katy," he said, "you put me—through this—all night—"

His hand groped in his pocket and a letter dropped in my lap. It was my letter thanking Sam for the post cards and telling him all the news. Most of that news had been Judith and Levi racing around together without a swarm.

"Hildegarde dropped out of it," Sam said, turning away, "after I read your letter."

"Letter!" I croaked.

"This is the first time Judith ever fell in love," Sam said, his voice short, "but, my heavens, Katy, did she have to pick a jumping jack like Levi?"

Jealous!

"Sam"—I shuddered—"don't tell me the letter woke you up! Don't tell me I didn't have to send that telegram and tear you to pieces!"

MANY'S the time, talking to Dr. Larison, I've lowered my voice to a whisper and looked at the hole they cut in the kitchen ceiling in the old days to heat the room above. You might know, when I should have remembered it most, I'd forgotten all about it, lashing out at Sam. It never entered my head that Sam and I between us had woke Judith up, until the door to the back stairs opened and she stood in the kitchen in the red woolly bathrobe I gave her on her birthday, her hair a dark curly cloud around the color in her face. Judith was angry.

"Katy!" Judith said in a tone like her grandmother's, and believe me, there was a high-mannered lady if ever there was one! "What did you put in that telegram?"

Little Sam saved my bacon. "Judith," he said, "are you in love with Levi? Pop thinks he's a jumpin' jack!"

You could tell by Sam Warrington's face that even yet he didn't know Judith was in love with him.

"She's been trying to fall in love with Levi," I said, talking to Little Sam, "but she's making a rotten job of it. She's in love with your father."

Sam crossed the kitchen as if some dynamite had blown him out of a cannon. "Judith!" he said.

Don't ask me what he read in Judith's face. All I know is, he took that girl in his arms. Not an idea in his head of the right kind of manners with a youngster around, and I grabbed Little Sam by the scruff of his neck and got him out on the porch.

"Sam," I said to him, thinking about that telegram, "always keep it in mind—crime don't pay!"

"Katy"—Little Sam cleared his throat—"I felt so sorry for pop after he got your letter. He was awful low. I didn't even get to see it. And, Katy—something will have to be done about his money. Judith would have a fit if I kicked to her about him, but you tell her—pop needs an awful lot of help. It's not just his nickels and dimes," Little Sam said, shaking his head. "He can't even keep track of his dollars!"

THE END

WHAT MAKES RADIO ANNOUNCERS *that way*

HARRY VON ZELL

BEN GRAUER

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

"GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience."

"How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, how *do* you do?"

Yes, in the beginning there were two—Graham McNamee and Norman Brokenshire.

When we first began to recognize them, long before there were any so-called stars of radio, we got the same kind of thrill that early movie audiences must have gotten when the little Biograph girl became Mary Pickford.

Now there are six: six delicious—I mean six distinguished—radio heralds whose names and slogans and personality trade-marks are familiar everywhere.

As a matter of fact, there are many more than six. You'll have your six and I'll have mine. And I won't quarrel with you so long as your list includes—as it surely will—Harry von Zell, the man who can do everything, and "Yours truly" Don Wilson, the laughing mastodon, of whom somebody said:

"He has radio's most famous belly laugh."

And Jack Benny promptly quipped: "Why laugh?"

Each of these men, at one time or another and on one program or another, has become much more than "he, from whose lips divine persuasion flows."

And much the same thing can be said for David Ross, Ken Carpenter, Paul Douglas, Milton Cross, Ben Grauer, and many others.

Fully fifteen years ago McNamee and Brokenshire had already shown that announcers could be artists, and should be. Still, the only technique the run-of-the-mill announcer knew was to fill in the pauses with plugs for his sponsor. It was in one of the first papal broadcasts, I think, that a St. Louis announcer said:

"The next words you will hear will be those of Pope Pius XI."

A pause—then, loud and clear:

"Ajax is the beer for me."

Norman Brokenshire, good old "Broke," potentially the greatest announcer of them all, certainly the one with the most caressing voice, doesn't figure today, except in an occasional delightful radio recital of immortal verse.

McNamee, less poetical but with a fury in his voice, went on to make radio history and, incidentally, to make the radio public announcer-conscious. Mac is still in the top-ten class. His career synchronizes step by step with the advance of the announcer as a radio attraction.

His account of the second Dempsey-Tunney fight was probably an all-time tops for vividness, picturesqueness, and concentrated emotionalism. But the qualities which made McNamee a great sports chronicler were his undoing in this highly technical field. To him every fighter was a Dempsey, every batter a Babe Ruth, every baseball series crucial, every prize fight the battle of the century. He had such a good time himself and became so excited he couldn't talk.

Mac ranked sixth in popularity as a sports announcer last year. But, carrying considerably more weight than he used to, he is quite willing to leave the quick-action stuff to Columbia's Husing and NBC's Bill Stern and Clem McCarthy, whose controlled enthusiasm, coolness under pressure, and deadly accuracy have made them quite as popular as the titans they describe.

For years no candidate for President of the United States could be nominated or notified or, for that matter, inaugurated without Graham McNamee.

At the Washington Navy Yard, when Lindbergh arrived after his solo flight to Paris, the waiting crowds rushed forward with an enthusiasm as uncontrollable as McNamee's own. They knocked him down, they tramped all over him, they bruised and bent him and tore off his clothes. But not for a minute was Graham off the air!

Though the master still covers some of the big political stuff, he finds the modern game of fireside chatting tame sport. This field he leaves to twenty-nine-year-old Bob Trout, who, after having led the comparatively peaceful life of a soda jerker, a cab driver, a seaman, and a bill collector, finds high adventure in announcing two of the greatest radio attractions of our time: Franklin D. Roosevelt, and "the one, the only, the original Professor Quiz."

Spectacular outdoor news assignments these days go to George Hicks, a young man with young ideas, who, after doing a neat job with Bill Stern at the German Olympics, achieved a kind of broadcasting immortality on his own account by walking down Fifth Avenue on Easter Sunday, describing costumes and interviewing celebrities with the help of a microphone in his hand and a 270,000,000-

KEN CARPENTER

MILTON CROSS

Some very personal glimpses of the boys behind the mikes who make good selling goods

BY
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

DAVID ROSS

GRAHAM McNAMEE

cycle broadcasting transmitter concealed in his top hat.

Men like Ted Husing and Bill Stern and Clem McCarthy and Tom Manning and Bob Elson and Red Barber and Bill Slater have done, and will continue to do, their bit toward making the announcer an increasingly dominant factor in the field of radio entertainment.

But it is not to these spectacular heroes of the mike that the present emergence of the announcer is primarily due. It is the once despised commercial announcer—the guy, as Bing Crosby says, who sells the stuff —who has at long last sold himself.

Credit for pioneering in this achievement McNamee must share with another old-time favorite—the one and only Jimmy Wallington. Mac had his moments, though. I remember well the Sunday night when Reinald Werrenrath, at the end of a long series of radio concerts which Mac had announced, walked up to the microphone and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us tonight the favorite American baritone Graham McNamee, who will sing for us Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.

The old boy—not very old, either—came through nobly. To be sure, Larry Tibbett kept his following, but at least Mac had proved that a commercial announcer could be something besides a pest. Years later, when his big chance came with Ed Wynn, he also proved that he could be an accomplished actor. As the chuckling recipient of Ed's confidences about his aunt—"She's a mess, Graham, she's a mess!"—Mac proved himself quite the most successful straight man since Mr. Gallagher stopped feeding gags to Mr. Shean.

Meanwhile Eddie Cantor had introduced into radio broadcasting the orchestra-leader stooge—a species which we listeners today find in its fairest flower in the noble person of Ray Noble, with his very British jokes, and Romeo Phil Harris, who steals Jack Benny's girls and is now stealing his pictures.

The act, when Cantor sprang it nearly two decades ago, was a riot. He soon found he was getting more laughs out of Rubinoff's private life than he was out of his own. Realizing that he had something there, the comedian began looking around for new stooges to conquer. So one night, after he had stripped his maestro right down to the violin, he turned on his announcer, the suave and elegant Jimmy. The next few minutes made broadcasting history.

Wallington was the last man you would pick for a black-faced comic's stooge. University educated, he had come to radio through music, medicine, and the ministry. He had won his radio spurs sitting in the General Electric short-wave station in Rochester keeping Admiral Byrd at the South Pole informed of the news of the world. His biggest moment had been when he went down the bay to meet the returning expedition—and Byrd, recognizing the voice that was calling to him through a megaphone, cried out:

"That you, Jimmy Wallington?"

Wallington stands six feet two, weighs almost two hundred. Cantor you know. Wallington stands immobile at the mike, his left hand in his coat pocket, his eyes smiling, his brows arching. Cantor buzzes around like an infuriated mosquito. But Jimmy, attacked without warning, soon proved that he had what it took.

In those days, humor on the air was what it purported to be—spontaneous. The man who thought fastest got the most laughs. Jimmy was a fast thinker. He has since swapped gags with the best of them—Jessel, Chevalier, Richman, Bernie, Price, Berle, even Benny — and he has always been a better ad libber than his boss.

Self-educated, but no *less* educated than Wallington, David Ross chose a quite different way to announcer preeminence. Ross is no gag man. He has published at least one book of verse in the classic manner. He has in his voice the Brokenshire throb. Since he put on his own long popular Sunday program, Poets' Gold, Ross has never been out of the big ten—or the big money.

Ross not only is a poet but looks like one. Milt Cross, on the other hand, doesn't look like a tenor; he looks like Dave Selznick, the movie producer, far gone with the wind. Yet it was as a tenor that Milt first crashed the air; and it was his erudition as an announcer of musical programs which won him the popularity which has been so greatly enhanced of late by his carefully clocked interludes on Information, Please.

Cross is not only an announcer of music; he is a musical announcer. His voice becomes a major factor in any program on which he appears. Even on Information, Please, whose master of ceremonies, Mr. Clifton Fadiman, has one of the finest voices that have ever come into radio, Cross stands out.

Bill Hay, neither poet nor tenor, has achieved his ends by sheer durability. Every follower of Amos 'n' Andy hopes that it will be many a day before he is forced to break his string of continuous performances. His ac-

PAUL DOUGLAS

DON WILSON

counts of his own and of Mrs. Hay's enjoyment of soup and beans take on the flavor of imperishable drama.

Ben Grauer, who announces Walter Winchell and sometimes subs for him, didn't have to learn to be an actor. As a juvenile he had supported every one and everything from Hollywood's Theda Bara to Maeterlinck's Blue Bird. Nor did he need to learn to be a comic. All America gasped one Sunday evening when Ben ended his stint with the solemn announcement:

“This is WPA, New York.”

A few weeks later, Ben himself gasped when he found out, after playfully whispering “This is W. J. Zilch” to what he thought was a dead mike, that he was on the air.

Bunny Grauer is smart. I still expect him to crash through big with a program of his own—but he is an excellent example of how a program and an announcer help each other. In 1935 Grauer ranked fifty-three among the heralds of the air; in 1939 he is tied with Graham McNamee for seventh place. Apply the same test to Winchell, and you find that Walter ranked twentieth in 1935 and now he is tops in his line.

SOMETIMES the star, even more than the program, catapults a once obscure announcer into public favor.

Ken Carpenter, the jovial youngster who sells Bing Crosby's stuff, is a prime example in point. Chubby Ken had been knocking around doing sports and news stories on the Coast without setting the air on fire, when he drew the studio assignment on the Bing Crosby hour. He wasn't so pleased. What chance did a commercial announcer have to make himself felt on a double M. C. program like the Crosby-Burns? But the fuss that Bing puts up every Thursday night about Ken's striking the chimes at the half-hour program break made the cherubic son of Peoria, Illinois, a national figure.

Five years ago he wasn't listed in a ranking of sixty leading announcers. This year, thanks to a pleasing personality and a generous star and a sol-mi-do, Ken ranks right up with the studio kingpins, Wilson and Von Zell.

When I first met Harry von Zell, he was subbing for Dave Ross on Evangeline Adams' hugely successful dentifrice-astrology program. He was just a big bumbling boy at that time, not nearly so impressive to the studio audience as the elegant David. But look at Harry now—the only announcer in the business handling five big shows: Fred Allen, Ben Bernie, Al Pearce, Phil Baker, and We, the People.

Harry had been around the Los Angeles studios, and had drifted into doing run-of-the-mine announcing chores without attracting much attention as a singer, a strummer, or a plugger, when, one night in 1929, he got a hurry call to pinch-hit for Ted Husing on the Whiteman hour. Paul liked him, brought him East, got him an audition at Columbia—and five years later the bumbling blond was telling the world:

“New features! New music! New laughs! It's Town Hall tonight!”

Allen, shrewd New Englander, just couldn't bear to see a great strong boy like Von Zell sitting around growing bigger and stronger while he worked himself skinny for laughs, so he enrolled him among “those scratches of the stage,” the Mighty Allen Art Players. It wasn't long after this that Fred had to enlarge the star's dressing room to make it big enough for two. The Mighty Allen Art Players were caught dead to rights with a real actor.

The bumbling blond had come a long way since that day when he rushed to the microphone shouting:

“And now may I introduce the President of the United States, the Honorable Hoobert Herver.”

Little by little, Allen eased Von Zell into the rest of the show, until Town Hall fans knew that whenever they met there would be “a skirmish of wits between them.” It may all sound a little less than Shakespearean to us classicists, but to the sponsor it's the cat's.

The technique is simple. One night Fred's the goat. Next night, Harry. Once you have laughed at and with an announcer, as you are bound to do if the announcer is Harry von Zell, you don't turn him off without a hearing when he begins to do his commercial stuff—and on the Allen-Von Zell program you get a laugh along with the sales talk.

THE Jack Benny-Don Wilson technique is to make the commercial creep up on you.

I have in mind at the moment Death in the Night Club, or Sally, Irene, and Murder, in which Fearless John Benny, “the district attorney who has sent more people up the river than the Albany night boat,” is trying to convict Three-Tonsil Devine of the murder of one Hamilton J. Vance. The witness, Gertie La Strip of the Hotsy Totsy Club, is played by Mary Livingstone; the defense attorney by Don Wilson.

“And now, Miss La Strip,” begins Fearless John Benny, “tell us in your own words what happened on the night of the murder.”

“Well . . . I was right in the middle of my bubble dance when a man came in with a gun and fired a shot at Mr. Vance.”

“How many times was Vance shot?”

“Just vonce.”

“Vonce, eh? And where was he shot?”

“In the ponts.”

“I see. Vance was shot vonce in the ponts. That'll be all, Miss La Strip. Your witness, Mr. Wilson.”

Don rises to his six feet two, assumes “a station like the herald Mercury,” and faces both the witness and the microphone with his “front of Jove.”

“Now, Miss La Strip, on the night of the murder, you had dinner at the Hotsy Totsy Club, did you not?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you had dessert, didn't you?”

“Well, I er—I er . . .”

“Come clean now—what did you have for dessert?”

“The most delicious dessert in America today.”

“I thought so. Now, what flavor did you have?”

“I had Strawberry . . . no, no, it was Raspberry . . . no . . . now wait a minute; I think it was Cherry.”

“Are you sure it wasn't Orange or Lemon?”

“Now I remember—it was Lime.”

“No more questions, Miss La Strip.”

The Mr. Wilson who thus insinuates his stuff into the most sacred scenes of modern “masterpusses,” as enacted by the Benny Chautauqua Players, started his public career as a football tackle and guard at Whizzer White's University of Colorado. Don played both positions at the same time, and no opposing team ever gained an inch through either of him. They didn't even try. They would have preferred to try to move the Rocky Mountains.

From playing football to announcing football games seemed a natural step to Don, who would otherwise have had to go to work. In fact, he was persuaded by his family to try his huge hands at selling drugs, coal, gasoline, and oil. Once he struck oil, he knew he had found his vocation. So he formed a Harmony Trio—no one seems to be clear as to whether there was anybody else in the trio—and rolled down the mountains toward Hollywood and the sports announcer's job for KFI, where, from the beginning, he was a 215-pound wow.

SENT East in 1933 to handle the NBC's principal football broadcasts, Don met up with Jack Benny, to whom his bulk appeared as an easy mark for a radio comic's wit—and he's been giving Benny target practice ever since.

Don either recognizes the impossibility of hiding said bulk or glories in it. He wears checked coats and suits with wide stripes and dotes on Good Humors, a most appropriate dainty. When some one wisecracked that his chins were quivering like a dish of his favorite product, he took it in his quiver.

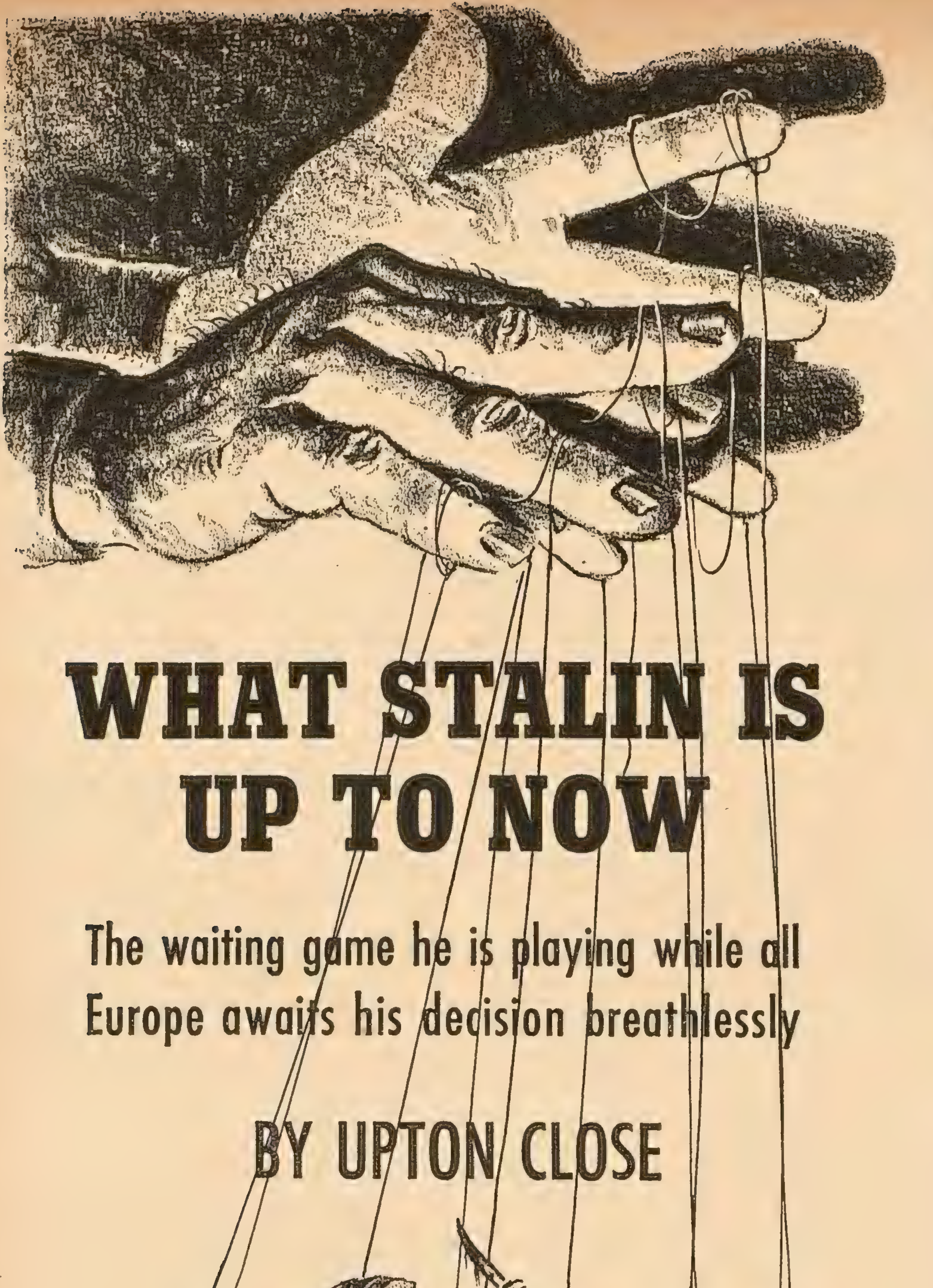
These boys, for all their clowning, are selling goods, and because they are selling goods they are keeping on the air the programs we love.

Men like Wilson and Von Zell—and Wallington himself—are making Jimmy Wallington's dream come true.

“Some day,” Jimmy told his pals when he left Rochester for New York, “the announcer will be the most important factor in broadcasting.”

At the time, it was explained that Jimmy fell out of his baby carriage when he was a year old. But maybe he wasn't so far wrong, at that!

THE END



WHAT STALIN IS UP TO NOW

The waiting game he is playing while all Europe awaits his decision breathlessly

BY UPTON CLOSE

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

CANNY Asiatic Joseph Stalin holds the aces in Europe's game of war and peace. But he will cash in in Pacific Asia rather than in Europe. Europe is dangerous and uncertain, but both Japan and China will fall into his lap—unless Uncle Sam does something about it.

This may sound like a bold and startling prophecy, but some observers have seen it coming for many years. In the lesson of the Command and General Staff School of the United States Army of November 4, 1932, the belief of this writer is quoted that: "Russia is biding her time and awaiting a favorable opportunity to Sovietize both China and Japan, and we may yet have to face a Yellow Peril under Red leadership. The Japanese-Chinese situation ushers into the politics of the Pacific the possibility of America facing a communistic Asia."

Stalin always believed Russia's future was in Asia rather than Europe, as I learned when I was in Russia in 1927 doing the first biographical sketch of him in English for my book Eminent Asians. Now it is clear how he may proceed. So long as Russia was in danger of Nazi attack with the tacit encouragement of Britain, Stalin had to give Asia second consideration. That's why he had popular Marshal Vassily Bluecher kidnaped from command in East Siberia. Bluecher wanted decisive action against Japan.

But once the European democracies were on their knees to Stalin for help, and he was sure that by a signature he could create a front with them against Hitler in case of need, he had his Mongols give Japan a distracting dig in the ribs. The purpose was not to help China but to exacerbate the nerves of Japan at a critical moment when Japanese navy and big business were opposing Japanese army over entrance into the German-Italian military pact. Also the preoccupation along the Gobi made a fine excuse for keeping Britain and France dangling.

While Stalin holds the balance of power between the Fascist and democratic groups, and keeps both on tenterhooks, his western front is safe, and he can proceed in leisurely fashion with his cool, ruthless policy in Asia. He does not want Chiang Kai-shek to save nationalist China. He wants Chiang Kai-shek, whose past wars against Communism he will never forget, to fail. He does not want Japan's armies to be defeated in China and to retreat to conserve Japan's force at home. He wants Japan exhausted. He wants Chiang Kai-shek to survive long enough to exhaust Japan completely, then fall of exhaustion himself, leaving the avowedly Communist armies of northwest China as the only organized force remaining in that vast country. Yet he does not want those armies to be so strong that they will be tempted to reorganize China on nationalist lines without him. His purposes are splendidly served by the Japanese jingo attack on Britain—so long as Uncle Sam is not drawn in.

So he supplies Chiang Kai-shek with a few stingy squadrons of airplanes. He keeps the fatuous Dr. Sun Fo, son of modern China's founder Sun Yat-sen, flying back and forth on fruitless missions to Moscow. He gives just enough encouragement to keep Chiang fighting. To the Communist guerrillas he sends a few truckloads of machine guns over the long Gobi Desert trail. His confidential propagandists secretly egg on the fanatic "military Socialist" Japanese army group to starve, insult, and bludgeon British communities in the Far East. Whenever his Tokyo embassy tells him a threat of Russo-Japanese war would help his purpose along, an incident occurs between Mongolia and Vladivostok.

The statesmen of the world have played into Stalin's hands. Their smartness outsmarted itself. Germany, Italy, and Japan founded the anti-Communist alliance for the ostensible purpose of destroying Communist influence in the world. Instead of pushing Russia, they pushed the democracies. Chamberlain and Daladier, who sacrificed Czechoslovakia at Munich, flirted with Hitler and cold-shouldered Russia, now cry for Uncle Stalin to save them from the big bad wolf they pampered. Together the two quarreling groups have made the Soviet dictator master over the immediate destiny of the world.

WHILE he quibbles over terms of alliance with England and France, Joseph Stalin can say to the Fascist flood: "Stay where you are!" By winking an eye he can say to Hitler and Mussolini: "Press the democracies harder!" Or to Japan: "Wipe out the white man's interests in Pacific Asia!" Without his support British diplomacy in Arabia and Palestine is insubstantial as a dream, the heavy British investments in Turkey and Persia are lost, and the thin British line in great India must retreat before revolutionary pressure. More canny than Litvinoff, whom he retired, Stalin will not give up this most strategical position in all world politics for any alliance. Only a Chamberlain and a Halifax, whose hope, fear, and egotism have so repeatedly deluded them, could have been saps enough to believe that he would play a straight guileless game.

It is a sight to make the gods laugh. It might make Americans laugh too—but there are prospective consequences too close to home. We can be formal friends with a stay-at-home Communist Russia, but we can hardly be comfortable neighbors to a Communist-directed hemisphere stretching from the archipelagoes of the Pacific to Poland. For nearly a century we have regarded the Pacific as our ocean. We have no territory in mid-Atlantic, no adolescent nation under tutelage in the Far Atlantic, no time-established open-door policy. We have all of these in the Pacific.

This difference of attitude toward the two ocean basins may be illogical of us; it may be called imperialistic. But it is doing no one any harm; it prevents, when enforced, a great deal of exploitation and injustice; and it is a tradition built so firmly into the fabric of this nation and so fundamental to our essential commercial growth that no administration and no ganging up of our incongruous groups of isolationists can change it.

For in the Pacific lies this nation's fate. Pacific events will decide if America is to be for a time a nation of frustrated ideals, bottled up economy, and low prosperity—and then, in reaction, a ruthless empire builder itself. We can avoid both extremes if the United States will be a wise great force acting decisively now.

STALIN may be able to keep the two European camps nicely balanced under growing weights of armament until both break down under their fear-imposed loads. If so, radicals whom he can control or influence will come into power. If not, nothing lost, and security for Russia's western front gained. But in Asia he looks forward to larger, more certain profit.

The reader may be startled by the thought that Japan, avowed enemy of Communism, might go Communist. Those who know Japan as do Stalin's agents know that there is more genuine popular distrust of capitalism and hatred of the exceedingly small disproportionately wealthy capitalist class in Japan than in any other capitalist country in the world. They know that Communist ideology has gripped the imaginations of the junior-officer class of the army and is permeating to hundreds of thousands of private soldiers. They know, as I knew while I watched the Japanese kettle boil over in Manchuria in 1931, that the pretense of "fighting to save China from Bolshevism" was but a mask to hide the fear of magnates and generals that Japan would go Communistic. Their first move was to screw the lid on press, speech, and even thought in Japan, and noiselessly do away with thousands who might express the popular thought.

But they proved unable to suppress Communism in the army, which masqueraded under the disarming phrase "military Socialism"—as if Stalin's were not military Socialism! They did not even dare honestly to punish the young junior officers who set out to assassinate statesmen, generals, and plutocrats generally! So they hid Japan's Bolshevism under the mantle of the anti-Communist alliance. Easy success in China might have smothered it. Instead, Japan will have exhaustion—Stalin will see to that unless outside pressure stops the mad war soon. Exhaustion, army revolt, "military Socialism"—and then the frantic search of new leaders of a generally disliked bankrupt, anti-capitalistic nation for economic aid: food, oil, minerals, cotton, timber, gold, trade! Where but to Russia can they turn for them? Stalin has them all—for his price. Japanese military Socialism can become Red overnight. Japanese military are even keeping some Communists with great executive ability in "cold storage" for such a need. One has been kept in Chicago, maintained by remittances through the Japanese consular service. Stalin can openly encourage Japan to squeeze British, then French, then American interests out of Pacific Asia. And Russia and Japan can unite in a Comintern to reconstruct China!

But does America, in her own interest, want to see these things happen? If not, have we the power to stop this degeneration of events? Those who know the picture know that a Secretary Hull backed by Congress and people could bring the mad adventure which is bleeding China and exhausting Japan to a stop with one incisive statement. That would simply be notice that Japan must cease further attack while the dispute is taken out of the realm of violence and put back on the conference table at once. We are fully and legally entitled to make that demand. Japan is pledged to us, by treaty which she has never dared denounce, not to do the thing she is doing.

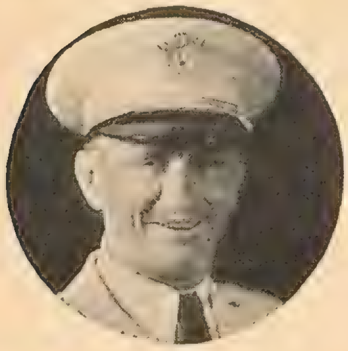
The demand, backed by the American people, would be sufficient. The Japanese have no fear of Britain, but they all know that Japan's economic life is in Uncle Sam's hands. No element in Japan has ever suggested that Japan would proceed against the actual opposition of the United States. No one suggests that Japan try to fight the United States now. Japan has gone ahead simply to the degree that she was sure Uncle Sam would not stop her.

JAPAN is riddled with plotters, civilian and military, preparing to "land on top" on the day of overturn. Their agents are abroad. One introduced himself to me the other day as I stepped off the platform of New York's Town Hall. "Soon," he said to me in his clipped Japanese accent, "we shall see the end of all capitalistic empires. Britain must go first! We Japanese shall do that! American isolationists are a great help." But Japan also has millions of decent intelligent people who wish that Uncle Sam would say the word that would stop this foolishness.

If we Americans really wish to lift the world out of the deepening rut of impoverishment and armament and end the world epidemic of jitters that is catching on here—if we wish to avert the spread of the Red plague of Communist tyranny over the Pacific, and possibly following that over western Europe—we will take our minds off tangled Europe and the egomaniacal threats of her dictators and imbecilic mistakes of her Chamberlains long enough to tend to a simple necessary little job in the Pacific. That's where began the wave of national gangsterism that has spread around the world since September, 1931. That's where we can halt it.

THE END

Castle Heights Prepares Your Boy For Life



BERNARR MACFADDEN

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Lieut. General Robert Lee Bullard, U.S.A. (retired) Chairman of the Advisory Board.

Here at Castle Heights in the hills of Tennessee—away from cities and their distractions—boys learn to develop the inherent qualities which make them leaders in after life. Not alone do they acquire knowledge from books and laboratory. They learn the meaning of responsibility, of self-control, of initiative and orderliness. They learn to respect the rights of others as well as their own. They achieve a high regard for their bodies as well as their minds. They learn that to command, one must first learn to obey.

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I DISAGREE

Father Coughlin, "skillful technician of mass emotion," at the mike.

For liberals with common sense, a well known liberal answers the priest on anti-Semitism

BY GEORGE BRITT

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

MANY an average American who read Liberty last week must have been taken aback by the article Is Father Coughlin Anti-Semitic?—to discover the full and vigorous answer in Father Coughlin's own words that he is *not* anti-Semitic.

The impression has got around widely that he is. It is one of those flash impressions which he himself as a skillful technician of mass emotion can understand so perfectly. It means that the Jews I know are afraid of what Father Coughlin may do to them and their children, and that persons who go around knocking the Jews feel that he is their man.

Last week's interview with him in Liberty spoke of the policing necessitated by brawls between the sellers of his magazine Social Justice and the Jews in busy midtown spots in New York. These brawls are unusual in the city and cannot be overlooked. To understand the issue it will help if we too glance at these loyal zealots selling the magazine. Father Coughlin has in New York one of the most devoted bodies of followers that any one ever had—men and women of all ages and all religions, of whom several thousand young men have organized themselves into what is known as "the Christian Front."

The members are sectarians of Father Coughlin rather than of any church. Even the Catholic majority takes sides eagerly with him against eminent churchmen who oppose him, and gives the razzberry to such critics as Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop Mooney of Detroit, Monsignor John A. Ryan of Washington, and Alfred E. Smith. Their personal loyalty, first and foremost, is to Father Coughlin; they get their ideas from him and are on fire to do his work. They frankly hate the Jews.

Speakers at Christian Front meetings identify the Jews as Communists and stand them all up together for common attack. Their more moderate speakers on street corners shout to Jews on the sidewalk to move on—and then refer in worshipful tones to Father Coughlin. The vendors of Social Justice around Forty-second Street every week and the husky young men who stand guard over them are heart and soul believers in Father Coughlin and, for the most part, are Christian Fronters. They sell with loud outcries, not merely extolling their hero, not just denouncing Communists, but making direct insulting Jew-hating remarks.

The Christian Front debouches into midtown Manhattan like an invading horde, looking for trouble. Then the Jews fight back, the cops are overworked, and the street is in an uproar. This is one of the conspicuous fruits of Father Coughlin's work this year past—since last summer when he began publishing the inflammatory disproved and discredited Protocols of the Elders of Zion and launched his regular discussions of Jewish matters.

Aside from the rule that "every tree is known by his own fruit," there is still another common folk saying that seems pertinent—the proverb that "Birds of a feather flock together." Most newspaper readers still remember the startling rally of the German-American Bund in Madison Square Garden, New York, last February, when Father Coughlin's name was wildly cheered at its every mention. And that definitely was an anti-Semitic meeting. Banners on the wall said "Stop Jewish Domination of Christian America" and "Smash Jewish Communism," and speaker after speaker expressed a contemptuous, rabid, murderous hate for the Jews. I was there and heard it. And those anti-Semites of the Bund thought Father Coughlin was wonderful.

Most of the native Jew-haters and their organizations speak of Father Coughlin as a co-worker. The violent unblushing William Dudley Pelley of Asheville, North Carolina, referred a few months ago to "the same things that Pelley (himself) of the Silvershirts—for instance—has been saying for seven years, confirmed by men like Edmondson, True, Deatherage, Father Coughlin, and Pastor Winrod." That listing places Father Coughlin in the midst of the all-America team of anti-Semites. Father Coughlin in his magazine reprints the anti-Jewish material of Gerald B. Winrod, "the Jayhawk Nazi" of Wichita, Kansas, and puts into an article of his own the speech material of Herr Dr. Joseph Goebbels. The officially anti-Semitic government newspapers of Berlin and Rome praise his remarks about the Jews. Items of this sort could be cited in indefinite number.

However, Liberty's interviewer asked him point-blank if he were an anti-Semite, and Father Coughlin made a forthright denial. He said:

"No Catholic priest could be anti-Semitic. It is ridiculous to say I have any bias against the Jews as Jews. . . . I am against the atheistic, the irreligious, the Communist Jews, and only them. I am also bitterly opposed to all Communist Gentiles."

But the interviewer persisted.

FATHER COUGHLIN

"Then, father," he said, "why don't you make it clear that you are opposed only to Communists? Why mention Jewish and Gentile Communists?"

For answer, Father Coughlin took a wind-up about the Jews in the Russian Revolution and the spread of Communism into Germany.

On many past occasions, when employing this line of argument, he has supported it with a long list of Lenin's quasi-Cabinet members, presented as entirely a Jewish group. The authority for these names admittedly was the Nazi government in Germany. But the list has been riddled by the observation that it did not mention a number of first-rank officials who were not Jews, that it dragged in Jews who were not Bolsheviks and not Cabinet members, and that it also listed several insignificant Jewish bureaucrats.

His answer, in short, is Hitler's answer. He himself is careful to specify "atheistic, irreligious Communist Jews" as objects of his attacks, but seldom does he fail when mentioning Communists to tag on "Jews." And that constant harping on the word "Jews" is a great deal for any disclaimer to overcome.

I think Father Coughlin might keep his skirts more clear if he could bring himself to a strictly impartial treatment of both Jews and non-Jews. He has been extremely free in speeches and writings to identify Trotsky as a Jew, Litvinov a Jew, Bela Kun a Jew, and so on. To my knowledge, he doesn't go into the religion of the non-Jewish dictators and bogeymen, such as Hitler the Roman Catholic, Mussolini the Roman Catholic, Stalin the Greek Catholic—men who aren't very good representatives of their childhood faiths; but, for that matter, neither is Trotsky of his.

Father Coughlin says "Nazism found Communism too closely allied to Judaism to make any distinctions between the two." But, just for the sake of the argument, how about saying that New York's Tammany Hall is too closely allied to the Irish to make any distinctions between the two? Father Coughlin is aware that Tammany is open to being labeled an Irish problem. For many years it has had an extraordinary number of leaders, captains, and prominent members who were Irishmen. Just suppose a municipal clean-up campaign in New York should adopt the slogan, "Smash Irish Catholic Tammany corruption!" In any civilized city that sort of thing isn't likely to happen. But if by mischance it should, no matter how much the crusaders might protest that they were attacking only the Irish grafters, still it would be slander. Father Coughlin himself surely could be counted upon to denounce the responsible bigots as Kluxers, A. P. A.s, and character assassins. He would be right, too, and he would be supported by every decent citizen.

"Nazism was a defense mechanism against Communism," said Father Coughlin. . . . "Nazism, the direct effect of Communism, cannot be done away with until its cause is done away with. . . . To destroy Nazism you must first destroy Communism."

In these phrases Father Coughlin resigns himself to Nazism, which is inseparable from persecution of the Jews. He accepts it as natural, inevitable, and unavoidable so long as Communism may exist, and, unlike many of his fellow churchmen who also are fighting Communism, he makes his fight in such a way that the flying sparks from almost every stroke burn and sear the Jews. There is Communism, and therefore, by this attitude, we must have Nazism—even though the effect is the death of American democracy, brotherly love, and respect for mutual differences.

Mr. Britt, co-author of Christians Only, and an outstanding journalist.

But, on the other hand, there are also a large number of American Catholics and Protestants as well as Jews who disagree with him, who deny that it is essential to pay this price for protection against Communism; who maintain, in fact, that Nazism is a price which must not be paid.

Father Coughlin makes a sweeping disclaimer. But it does have to be recognized that many of his criticisms of the Nazis are tempered by the warmest praise. "Social Justice," he wrote, "has been surfeited with all this anti-German, anti-Italian, anti-Spanish propaganda." Social Justice of February 27 observed that "The lion of imperialism, which now calls itself 'democracy,' is the warlike storm threat on the weather map of world affairs. The lamb of peace, on the other hand, gambols in the front yard of the 'terrible dictators.'" Social Justice said: "Hitler's success in bringing the German people out of their fifteen-year depression, in throwing out the internationalist money monopoly and restoring the nation to a contented prosperity where there is neither unemployment nor poverty, has frequently been commented upon in these columns."

Father Coughlin, to be sure, has also criticized the Nazis. He has said in Social Justice, "Certainly the church has some reason to complain about Germany, but . . ." And other points of disapproval can be found.

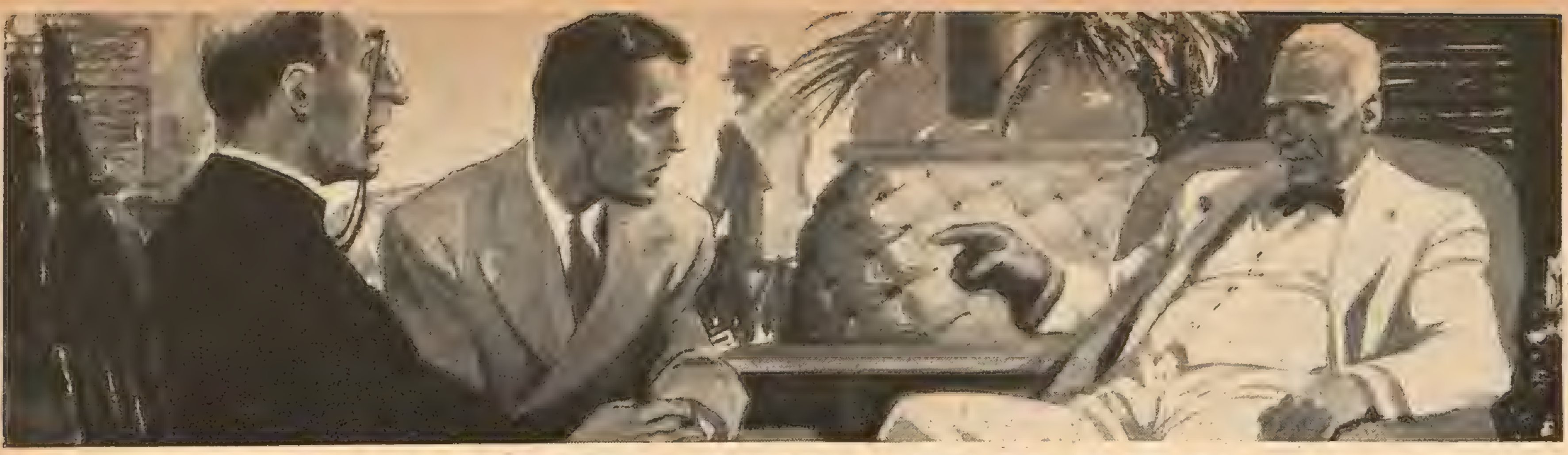
But taking the piled-up effect, day after day, almost any of us would agree that if only we could find such a critic for ourselves as the Nazis have in Father Coughlin, we'd never require a booster. Why shouldn't the German-American Bund shout for him?

It is not unnatural, I think, for Father Coughlin to feel this understanding and perhaps admiration for Hitler. In his own confident tones may be detected a strong suggestion of the Fuehrer mentality. Social Justice says, "The only unbiased source of truth is Father Coughlin!" and we may ask how many other men in the world would stand for such veneration? And which others? Father Coughlin knew the thrill of power, lost it in 1936, and now, by discreet use of appeals similar to Hitler's, he has consolidated another great following which already he is using politically. From his viewpoint and with his outlook, a lurking sympathy for Hitler and his Nazis and their politically effective attacks on the Jews is almost inescapable.

In coming to make his defense against the charge of being anti-Semitic, it seems to me that Father Coughlin is red-handed. But he has rejected any suggestion that he confess. The evidence against him is circumstantial, and he has taken the attitude that so long as he verbally disclaims anti-Semitism and sheds a tear over the good Jews, he is not responsible for the natural consequences of his blunderbuss shots.

He is so eloquent and persuasive; he has convinced himself that it is not unfairly confusing the public mind and is not promoting anti-Semitism. In this case, some of his best friends ought to go to him in all gentleness and tell him, "Dear father, you have fallen into error and are the victim of delusions. In the opinion of millions of calm impersonal fellow Americans, you are the very dregs of anti-Semitism. No matter what your intentions, your work has branded you an anti-Semite of the blackest hue. If called to your account today, the memory of you that would linger behind is that of the man who did most to spread and embitter and deepen the indiscriminate hatred against all Jews in America. That is what has resulted from your talents and your opportunity."

THE END



HITTING HOME

Liberty's Short Short

BY GORDON KEYNE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

HE walked into the office the day he arrived in Elkhart—a big man of fifty, stony hard in the face—and asked for my partner. Gave his name as George Pendleton.

"Dr. Bowers left last night for the state convention of surgeons," I told him. "He's to be elected president for the coming year; means a lot to a surgeon at sixty. Did he expect you?"

"Thank God, no," said Pendleton. He stood reflective, unsmiling. I told him that I was the partner of Dr. Bowers and asked if there was anything I could do.

"No," he replied. "I'll wait till he comes back. My business with him is personal. I'll be glad to stick around town a bit. Quite a change for me. I've been in China the past twelve years, in business."

"Then you must know Sam Bowers!" I came out of my chair with a hearty handgrip. "The old doctor's son. He went to China last year as a medical missionary."

"China's a big place." Pendleton, aside from his handshake, was unresponsive.

His dour gravity jolted me. "Sam Bowers is the pride of this whole town—a wonderful chap! Nothing's been heard from him in months, and his folks are worried. I supposed you'd brought some word from him."

"Seems a lot of misconception about China in this country," said he.

Frank Carson, who runs the local newspaper, dropped in.

"I'm astonished that you're from China and yet don't know Sam Bowers!" said Carson.

"China's big." Those gray eyes were like stone.

"I suppose so. Sam is, too!" exclaimed Carson. "The most popular young fellow Elkhart ever knew! When he left for China, the Chamber of Commerce gave him a diploma as Elkhart's most promising citizen! He had the ideal of service."

Pendleton grunted. "Missionaries have had a hard time there lately."

Carson agreed. "The press is full of it. We can't run a tenth of the stuff the news service sends in. Folks are more interested in local doings. What goes on across the world doesn't hit home to us, you know."

Pendleton bit at a cigar. "I suppose not. The work of generations obliterated in an hour, men and women massacred by the thousand, schools and missions and hospitals destroyed by brown barbarians intent on eradicating white prestige—but it doesn't hit home over here! I could tell you things that would."

"Do it!" said Carson. "It'll mean something to our folks to know what Sam Bowers is up against over there. I'll print whatever you tell me."

That newspaper story made Pendleton the center of attention in town. The general feeling was of surprise and regret that he had not run into Sam Bowers while in China. The Rev. Tolliver, however, took him to task for some of the things in the story. I heard part of their conversation.

"Those are terrible things to bring to family attention," the preacher said, shaking his head.

"Might be worse," said Pendleton. "Let me tell you what happened in a couple of other places—girls' schools and convents."

Tolliver was fascinated by sheer horror. "And to think Sam Bowers is there!" he murmured.

"Can you see nothing in the rape of China," rasped Pendleton, "except the reaction of this Sam Bowers?"

"Naturally, that gives us an interest," rejoined Tolliver. "We're homely folk; the atrocities of war are foreign to us. We pray the divine protection will guard him and bring him safely home."

The day before Dr. Bowers was due back, Pendleton came into my office and closed the door. He was breathing hard and had lost his stony look.

"I just can't do it. My nerve's gone," he broke out. "I've been hearing all about this old doctor of yours, how everybody loves him and so on. Same with his son."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded. He took out a package and laid it down.

"I suppose you're like all Elkhart! Like all these towns and cities in America! Atrocities in Germany or Prague or Abyssinia or China don't affect you one little bit!"

"What do you expect?" I asked. "We're not in those places. We're here. Things like that don't happen to us. They don't hit home to us."

"They will," said Pendleton, and wiped his brow. "Just before I left China, a young fellow was killed under peculiar circumstances. An English nurse, going on a case, had been pulled out of her car by Jap sentries and knocked around rather badly. This young fellow tried to protect her. They thought he was English, and went after him with bayonets, and didn't leave much of him, either. When they found he was an American, they framed up a likely story and thumbed their noses at the officials. I happened along just before he died. He gave me a few personal effects to bring home to his father."

I froze. "What?" I blurted. "You can't mean—"

Pendleton got up and went to the door. He turned, with a nod.

"I do," he said. "The young fellow was Sam Bowers. Now tell that to the folks and maybe it'll hit home."

He went out and shut the door softly, and I never saw him again.

THE END

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

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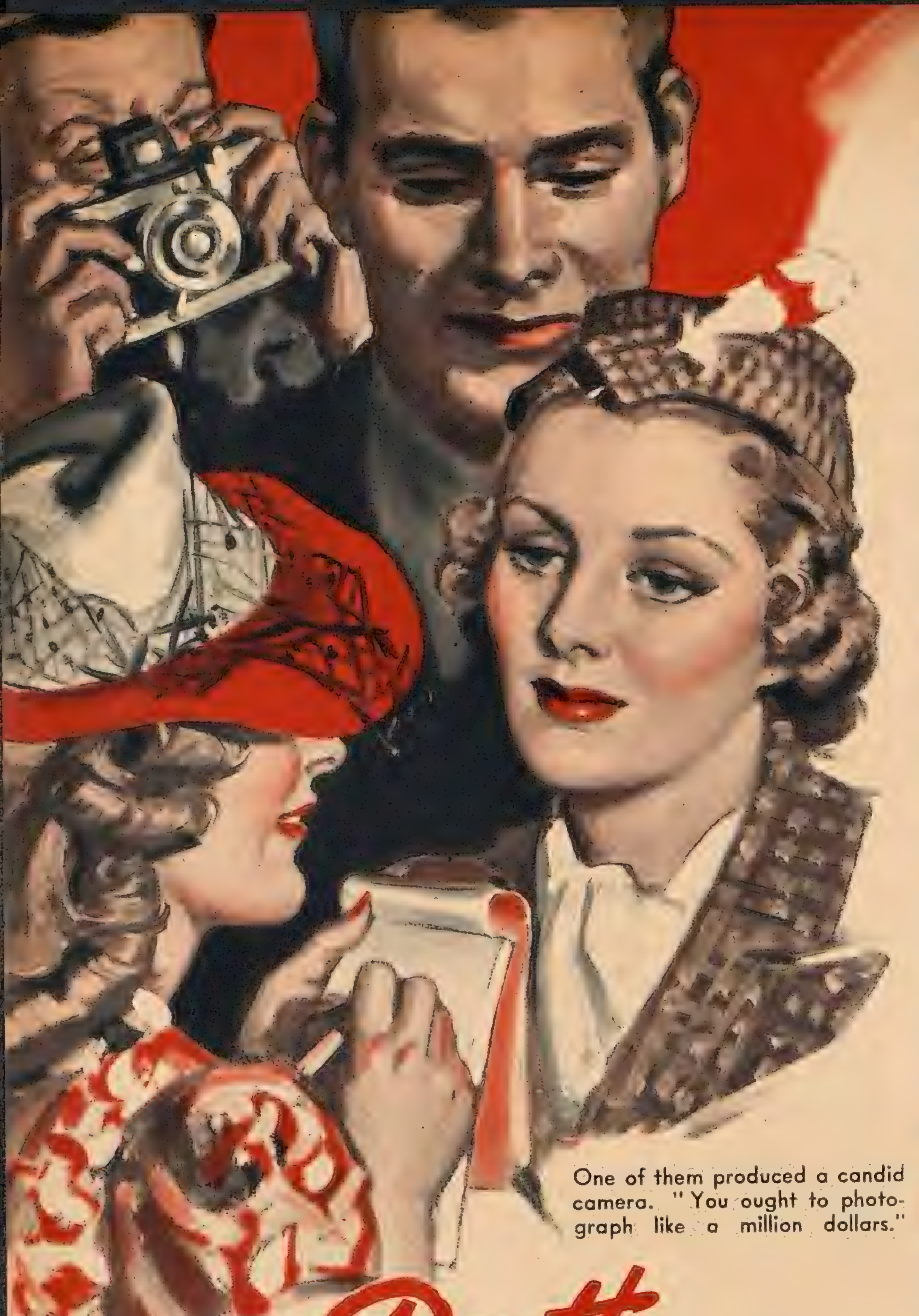

One of them produced a candid camera. "You ought to photograph like a million dollars."

Death LOOKS FOR CINDERELLA

by Margaret E. Sangster

She meets a movie idol, he falls for her but . . . she has only six months to live

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

DEMANDING the truth from her doctor, Mildred Carey learns that she has only six months to live. Instead of despairing, she decides to get every ounce of joy out of the time left her. At once she quits her boring secretarial job, breaks with Harry Todd, a hopelessly plodding lover, and buys herself a jaunty secondhand car.

For fourteen years—she is now thirty—poor Mildred has known nothing but scrimping and saving for a lonely and barren old age. It has been an obsession of hers. During that time she has put by six thousand dollars. But now she determines to spend it all at the rate of a thousand a month—see the world and invite adventure!

Outfitting herself with fine clothes, she heads for the West in her little car. This is life at last! On the thirteenth day of her flight Mildred is warned against a handsome six-foot highwayman who, pretending to be stalled in a lonesome spot, robs his would-be rescuers. Lately he had held up and killed a schoolteacher.

Mildred laughs at danger. What has she to fear? However, when the alleged bandit appears before her and gives a signal of distress, she becomes unnerved. I wonder why nobody has gone right over him? she thinks. And almost automatically, she does so.

Frightened, she is fleeing from the man's body sprawled on the road, but her tender heart compels her to return. She finds him unconscious and bleeding and administers what first aid she can.

Suddenly it dawns on her that she has seen this handsome fellow somewhere before. Vaguely it occurs to her that he is like a drugstore clerk she talked with thousands of miles from here, who wanted to be a movie star.

PART TWO—ADJOINING ROOMS

THE man in the dust moved ever so slightly and groaned. There was something disarmingly boyish about him, and Mildred shifted his head so that it lay in a more comfortable position. His hair had a slight wave and looked crisp, but it was soft to the touch. Mildred, smoothing it back from the wounded forehead, knew that her nausea was passing. She was herself again, and moderately calm, despite the fact that she was administering to a bandit.

He's coming to, she thought. It won't be long now—and unless I've hurt him badly he may start something. . . .

"Take it easy," she said aloud. "Don't turn your head or it'll start bleeding again. . . . Oh, for heaven's sake, *lie still!* "

It was as if her voice had touched a spring in the young man's consciousness. His eyes flickered open, and Mildred saw that they were deeply blue against the tan of his face. Their blueness startled her — somehow, without half realizing it, she had expected them to be brown.

"What—what hit me?" queried a

husky detached voice, and then the eyes went shut.

Mildred was suddenly embarrassed. She gulped down a foolish alibi before she made answer.

"*I* hit you," she said at last. "Do take it easy."

The man's eyes opened again—they were able to focus this time. They dwelt speculatively on Mildred's anxious downbent face.

"I begin," he said slowly, "to remember. . . . I motioned for you—to stop . . . but you . . . didn't."

"Darned right I didn't," echoed Mildred.

The man groaned once more. "You came on hell-bent," he said, "and I couldn't get out of the way—in time. . . . Oh, God, my head hurts!"

Mildred was suddenly afraid.

"How are your arms," she asked, "and your legs?"

With the greatest possible effort the man in the dust raised his left arm, but the right one stayed limp.

"I don't think it's broken," he said finally, "but it flops."

"Your legs?" prompted Mildred.

Gingerly—very gingerly—the man bent his left knee, then his right. Carefully, in turn, he wiggled both ankles. "O. K.," he said at last, between groans.

"In that case," Mildred told him, "you can walk. And if one of your arms is out of commission I won't need to tie you up."

The young man followed her every gesture with wide eyes. "Good grief," he asked finally, "why should you want to tie me up? Are you a kidnaper—or just a cave woman? What have I done?"

Mildred told him severely, "You know what you've done. You've robbed people and you've killed people and—"

"In my time," the young man admitted, "I have. . . . In Wall Street I was a robber de luxe, and in The Lost Pirate I killed fifteen with my naked sword—" He laughed weakly.

DON'T try to be funny," Mildred told him. "I know all about you. Everybody's warned me. And then, too, there were the newspapers. I ran you down because it was a question of you—or me."

The young man's stare had taken on an incredulous quality that Mildred could not quite understand.

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"You're the Rolls Robber," Mildred told him. "Don't bother to deny it."

The young man tried suddenly to sit up. "Oh, my head!" he moaned, and sank back into the dust. He didn't speak for fifty heartbeats, and then: "This is the tops of something," he said. "Reach into my inside pocket, will you, and take a slant at my driver's license—it's in my wallet. . . . I'm certainly not looking my best or—" He broke off. "Even so, I should think—"

Mildred knew uncertainty for a moment. Was this a ruse—asking her to reach into a pocket? Was the bandit less hurt than he seemed to be?

Gingerly she felt for an inner pocket, and the young man said, "I like your perfume. What is it?"

Mildred didn't reply. This was what she might have expected of the Rolls Robber. She located the pocket and drew from it a soft leather case. The case fairly reeked of opulence and was initialed W. B., in what looked like platinum. Opening it, she extracted a couple of blank checks, a receipted bill, several hundred dollars in twenties, and the photograph of a laughing beautiful girl in a bathing suit. "To Wally, Devotedly," was written across one dimpled shoulder. Last of all came the driver's license. "Wallace Blake," it read. "Height: six one. Hair: dark. Eyes: blue. Weight: 175. Address: . . ., Hollywood."

"Oh," said Mildred, "so that's why you reminded me of the boy in the drugstore."

The man was again struggling to a sitting position.

"Am I goofy," he asked, "or are you? What do you mean I remind you of a boy in a drugstore? Don't you realize who I am? I'm Wally Blake."

"Yes," said Mildred, "I read it on your license. You do something in the movies, don't you?"

The young man's mouth slipped open. It looked loose and idiotic, but his eyes were merely bewildered. "Well, for crying out loud," he said, and flopped back into the dust, laughing.

IT wasn't terribly hard to get Wally Blake to a doctor, for the next town was less than five miles away. Mildred helped him—he was very shaky—into her car. Once there, she tied a clean handkerchief around his forehead and made a sling of the brightly colored bandanna that was holding her curls in order. When she had Wally approximately comfortable, she went back to his roadster and locked it and put the key in her purse. And then, driving carefully, she followed the dusty road until she came to the sign that announced: "You are now entering Craneville. Welcome."

There were a few nice houses, but the dusty streets were practically treeless. There was a modern bank and a nearly modern store. There were a couple of chain groceries and a delicatessen and a butcher and a liquor emporium and a tinselly movie theater.

Mildred observed, without a great deal of interest, that Wally Blake, in Why Marry? was playing at the theater. There were two posters of her victim—one on either side of its door—but she made no comment. And then three houses past the movie theater she spied a frame cottage set a little back from the road, with a doctor's sign on it. With a sigh of relief, Mildred drew up in front of the cottage and helped the young man to alight.

"Better lean on me," she said, and was glad when he took her suggestion. He was quite a heavy leaner—she was a trifle breathless when they finally rang the doctor's doorbell. Wally Blake was breathless too. "I hope they have an X-ray machine," he said, and that was all he did say until the door opened. It was the doctor himself who opened it.

"Hello," he began. "What—" And then his voice quickened. "Am I seeing things," he wanted to know, "or are you *Wally Blake?*"

The young man darted a glance at Mildred which said plainly, "You see!" Then he answered the doctor. "Yes," he said, "I'm Wally Blake, and I've had an accident."

"Gosh," said the doctor, "I'll tell the world!" He was a middle-aged man and—though life had passed him by in Craneville—his face was suddenly young with excitement. "Come into my office, Blake," he said with swift importance, "and I'll give you a going-over. Is the lady hurt too?"

"No," said Mildred. "In fact—" She was rather surprised when Wallace Blake interrupted.

"She wasn't with me," he told the doctor. "She picked me up after the accident."

"Darn these hit-run drivers," said the doctor. "It's lucky a good Samaritan happened by. . . . You stay here in the hall, miss, and I'll take Mr. Blake to the surgery."

A GOOD half hour elapsed before Wally reappeared. He wasn't leaning now; he was considerably cleaner and was by way of being cheerful. "The doc has an X-ray machine and a fluoroscope," he told Mildred. "My innards are all as is, and he slipped me an elegant slug of brandy."

The doctor added a word. "His right wrist is sprained," he told Mildred, "and he's going to be stiff tomorrow. He's covered with bruises too. But the cut on his forehead is superficial."

"Did you have to take stitches?" asked Mildred. And the doctor told her, "No, it wasn't necessary."

Wally Blake laughed. "Thank the Lord for that," he said. "A good scar might have smashed my contract."

Mildred heaved a sigh of relief. "I'm glad," she said. "I was afraid—"

"That I'd ruined my fatal beauty?" queried Wally. And the doctor chuckled, "You might have broken your nose or lost a couple of teeth." He squinted at Mildred and his tone grew serious. "Mr. Blake told me all about it. A big car full of joy riders—he thought it was a Rolls-Royce"—Mildred knew where that thought had come from!—"and the ingrates never even paused!"

"I was out of gas," Wally continued the explanation. "I'm almost two days' fast driving out of Hollywood," he went on, "and I'm due there tomorrow night and I've got to *travel.* We're making Prisoners' Rest, you know—we're right in the middle of it. . . . How much do I owe you, doc? The lady has my wallet."

Mildred flushed. Back at the scene of the—was it an accident, really, or a crime?—she had involuntarily slipped Wally Blake's billfold into her pocket. She fished it out, but the doctor spoke hastily.

"I wouldn't take a cent," he said. "It was a pleasure to do something for Wally Blake."

But Blake handed him two twenty-dollar bills. "I insist. Come on," he said to Mildred, and before she knew it they were out of the door and going down the path that led from the doctor's cottage to her car.

"If you'll drive me back to my bus," Wally told Mildred as they went down the path, "stopping on the way for a can of gas, I'll kiss you good-by. By the way"—he chuckled—"I won't prefer any charges."

Mildred climbed into her car, and Wally—almost immaculate and rather becomingly bandaged—climbed in beside her.

"I'll drive you back gladly," Mildred told him, "but what'll you do when you get there?"

"I'll change my shirt first," said Wally.

"I mean," Mildred told him—"well, you can't drive with a sprained wrist."

Suddenly and very fluently Wally Blake was swearing. It was the first time, all in all, that he had stepped out of character.

"But I *must* get back to Hollywood!" he raved between colorful bits of idiom. "It's bad enough that I was run down—without being stranded too. This is dandy—*just dandy!* Here I am at the end of nowhere and not a through train in sight and—"

Mildred, her hands on the steering wheel, considered the situation. "I'm going to Hollywood myself," she said finally, "and if you'll trust me I'll drive you there. It's—it's the least I can do, and if we drive all night we can make it." She hesitated. "We'll pick up your luggage first, and then you can leave your keys at the garage—there must be a garage in this place—and somebody can bring on your car. It may cost quite a lot, but—money's nothing to you." She was thinking of the two twenty-dollar bills.

The world was full of sunshine again and Wally Blake stopped swearing.

"It would serve you right if I took you up," he said. He glanced at her covertly from under raised eyebrows. "Do you know you're not bad-looking—in a strange sort of way?" His glance became frankly appraising. "I believe I will take you up, at that."

IT was after dark when they left the doctor's office. It was nearly eight when—business completed at the local garage—they swept past the sign that said, "Leaving Craneville. Come again." It was ten o'clock when they stopped for a belated supper at a busy little commercial hotel in a busy little commercial city. They had come rapidly in the two hours—rapidly in

LOOK OUT! SHE'S THE "WILD WOMAN"!

HELP! MURDER! POLICE! That brown-skinned bimbo is gonna conk the workman on the bean if someone doesn't stop her. One whiff of his smelly pipe and she flared up!

SLAM! BANG! CRASH! Heaven help the working man! If he survives *this* brawl, he'd better clean his pipe and switch to a mild tobacco that smells good to others!

HE FINALLY SQUASHED Bessie, and then the guy in the checkered suit filled the offending briar with a sweet-tastin', grand-smellin' burley blend called Sir Walter Raleigh.

BORNEO BESS took a trial sniff, smiled, and started to shimmy to show she liked the aroma. Oh, it's *easy* to win a woman to your pipe! Just get Sir Walter . . . the mildest!

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more ways than one. Mildred had told Wally her name and the fact that she was traveling "for the fun of it" and nothing else—by and large there was nothing else to tell. But Wally had been less reticent.

When she drew up in front of the hotel she knew that, by the grace of God and his own agility, Wallace Blake was as yet unmarried. She knew that he was making an incredible sum of money, that he had race horses and a plane and Great Danes and Siamese cats—they photographed well and, besides, he liked them. Also, he had just signed a new contract.

A bellboy rushed out from the hotel, demanding suitcases, but Mildred warned him off and, followed by Wallace Blake, they entered the lobby. It was full—quite full—of traveling men, with here and there a lone woman. A blonde telephone girl was talking to a gentleman who held a cigar in the extreme corner of his mouth. When her eyes lit on Wally she bit a sentence in half, and when she nudged the gentleman he bit his cigar in half.

Mildred, seeing the glances that multiplied as she and her escort made their way toward the dining room, wished that she could crawl into some isolated section of the woodwork. But Wally seemed pleased rather than otherwise. He addressed a headwaiter who stood in the dining-room door, "Sure I know the dining room's closed, but of course you can fix something for us."

THE waiter, thrilled by the proximity of greatness, ran off, and Mildred found herself being escorted to a table by two bus boys, two waitresses, and a cook who had raced in from the kitchen. Before she knew it there were flowers on the table, and a bottle of champagne—she had never tasted champagne—appeared as if by magic. "With the compliments of the management," said the headwaiter, as he set the silver bucket on the floor between them.

Mildred was tired as she sat there at the table waiting for the arrival of the steak—more tired than she'd ever been before. But the old nagging pain, thank heaven, had forgotten to visit her.

The steak came—it was a filet mignon. Mildred, raising the first morsel to her lips, yawned, and Wally said, "You're done up, aren't you? Well, so am I. And what the doctor said about me aching—he sure had the right dope."

Mildred, who knew her mileage, said, "I'd give an awful lot to sleep in a bed tonight."

Wally, eying her queerly, asked, "What do you usually sleep in?"

"You know what I mean," said Mildred. "If we're going to reach Hollywood by tomorrow night—and that's when you say you're due there —we've got to travel."

Wally wolfed down a large section of filet before he spoke again. "I could wire ahead and tell them I'll get in around noon the day after tomorrow," he told Mildred. "I could do with a bed myself."

And so it happened that after she had consumed her steak and champagne—which made her feel clever and invulnerable—Mildred found herself drifting heavenward in an elevator with Wally Blake. She said good night to him under the nose of a grinning bellboy, and, as she entered her room, saw that he had the adjoining one. As she tumbled into her bed she noticed a door between the two rooms —a door that couldn't possibly open into a closet or a bathroom. But the fact that it opened into Wally Blake's room was unimportant—just then.

WHEN she came downstairs—fresh again and ready to meet the brief future — Mildred found Wally giving an interview to four gentlemen and one lady of the press. He was explaining his bandaged forehead. The Rolls-Royce had become practically as large as a locomotive and the passengers who had ignored him were now six. When Mildred emerged from the elevator—immaculate in sports clothes and with her hair brushed into sleek waves—he hailed her joyously. "Come over here and meet the fourth estate," he called. "They've been wanting to know all about you."

Mildred rather laggingly crossed the lobby and remembered that she'd forgotten to use one of her new lipsticks. The reporters eyed her gravely and one of them produced a candid camera.

"Gentlemen and lady," Wally Blake announced with a sarcasm that only Mildred recognized, "my rescuer! Her name's Mildred Carey and she's from the East. She's driving me to Hollywood. I can't manage a car myself—the wrist's out of commission."

"You ought to photograph like a million dollars," the candid-camera man told Mildred. "You've got a face structure like Marlene Dietrich." He turned with deference to Wally. "See what I mean, Mr. Blake? Those high cheekbones and the way her eyes are set?"

"Well, I hadn't seen it before," Wally agreed amiably, "but I do now. Listen here, Mildred. I'll see that you get a screen test."

"I don't want a screen test," Mildred told him a little sullenly. "I want bacon and eggs and toast and coffee."

That speech of hers was syndicated across the entire country. . . .

After breakfast they started out again. The management of the hotel had roped off a path to Mildred's car, and once they were safely inside, Wally leaned from the window and made a little speech to the assembled crowd who stood beyond the ropes in the drizzle.

MILES of rain-swept country and muddy roads, with a short stop at a lunch wagon for coffee and hot dogs. The two women who kept the lunch stand and the man who ran the gasoline pump beside it stood gaping as Wally worried down four hot dogs and three cups of coffee.

"Sure I'll send you my autograph," he promised between bites. "Write your names down for me. Sure I'll send you a picture when I get back home."

The two girls and the man, fairly drooling, wrote their names and the address of the stand on a paper napkin which Wally tucked in his pocket. One of them said shyly to Mildred, "You'll see that he does it, won't you?" And Mildred answered, without thinking, "Of course." She was not unaware of the awe with which the two girls regarded her, and when the man wiped the windshield of her car, his gesture was almost loving.

"They can't place you," Wally told her as they drove away from the hot-dog stand.

"Millie the Mystery Woman," said Mildred, and laughed shortly.

Then suddenly she was very serious. "How about all the autographs and the pictures?" she asked Wally.

Wally said, "Don't fool yourself. Every mother's son and daughter of them will get a letter and a photograph." He, too, was suddenly serious. "That's part of the job of being in the movies. The more friends I have the better off I am."

Mildred, her eyes on the rainy vista ahead, said slowly:

"It must be a great responsibility —everybody watching you. You must feel like a goldfish in a bowl." And Wally laughed loudly.

"You're the goldfish today," he told her. "Most of these people think you're having an affair with me."

"Do they?" murmured Mildred. After a moment she said, "I should have bought some gas back at the hot-dog stand—we're getting low."

"Getting low, my eye!" said Wally. "Is that all it means to you?"

"All what means?" asked Mildred.

"To know," growled Wally, "that people think you're having an affair with me. Doesn't it matter—revolt you, or give you a thrill or else?"

Mildred answered idly, "I don't care what people think at this stage of the game." She didn't, either. With six months to go, what people think is relatively unimportant.

THEY drove against a day of rain. Straight through until they came to the place where the rain stopped and there was a sunset. Finally the sun itself dropped redly down from the horizon's rim into darkness, and they stopped at a wayside tavern to watch the afterglow and so forth. Wally had Scotch-and-soda and Mildred had tea. It was the tea that made Wally laugh.

"This is a new experience," he told her. "I feel as mid-Victorian as a horsehair sofa. Women don't drink afternoon tea any more."

"Not the women you know," Mildred told him, "but there are others."

"I'm beginning to realize the fact," said Wally. He took a long appreciative drag on his glass. "You're an enigma, Mildred. Were you born the day before I met you? At the age of twenty-two?"

"Thirty," corrected Mildred.

"According to my publicity, I'm twenty-eight," Wally told her, "but I've really got you beat by a year or so. At that, you're younger for your age than I am. . . ." He hesitated. "Yes, Mildred, you're an enigma. First and last you're not interested in the movies, and, unless you're a swell actor—better than most—you're not interested in *me*."

Mildred laughed. "I'm interested in you—to a certain extent."

Wally went on, just as if she hadn't spoken. "Furthermore," he said, "you tell me that you don't care what people think. Most of the girls I know don't give a hang about what people think, really—but they tell me they do."

"That go for the girl in your wallet?" asked Mildred.

"The girl in my wallet?" questioned Wally. He reached into his pocket with his left hand, drew out the wallet, opened it, and scanned the enclosed snapshot. "Oh, Nadine!" he said.

Mildred peered at the picture too. The girl was even lovelier than she had seemed at first glance. "Your big moment?" she asked.

"Gosh, no," said Wally. "We worked together in my last picture, that's all."

"Then she's in the movies too?"

MY heaven!" exploded Wally. "Don't you recognize Nadine Blythe?"

Mildred felt a need to defend herself. "Back East," she told Wally, "I never saw a picture—at least, hardly ever. Once or twice a year, maybe, I went to the movies. I saw Snow White. It was sort of fun."

"I never knew a movie hater before," said Wally.

"To tell you the truth," Mildred answered, "I'm not a movie hater. I just didn't have the time or the money to see many of them."

Wally roared. "With your car and your clothes! Tell me another."

"The clothes are new," Mildred told him, "and the car is new secondhand."

"Oh, yeah?" said Wally. "Well, Cinderella always had an audience." A thought struck him. "Gimme the lowdown, baby. Are you running away from anybody?"

Mildred's face was very sober. "You can't get away by running," she said.

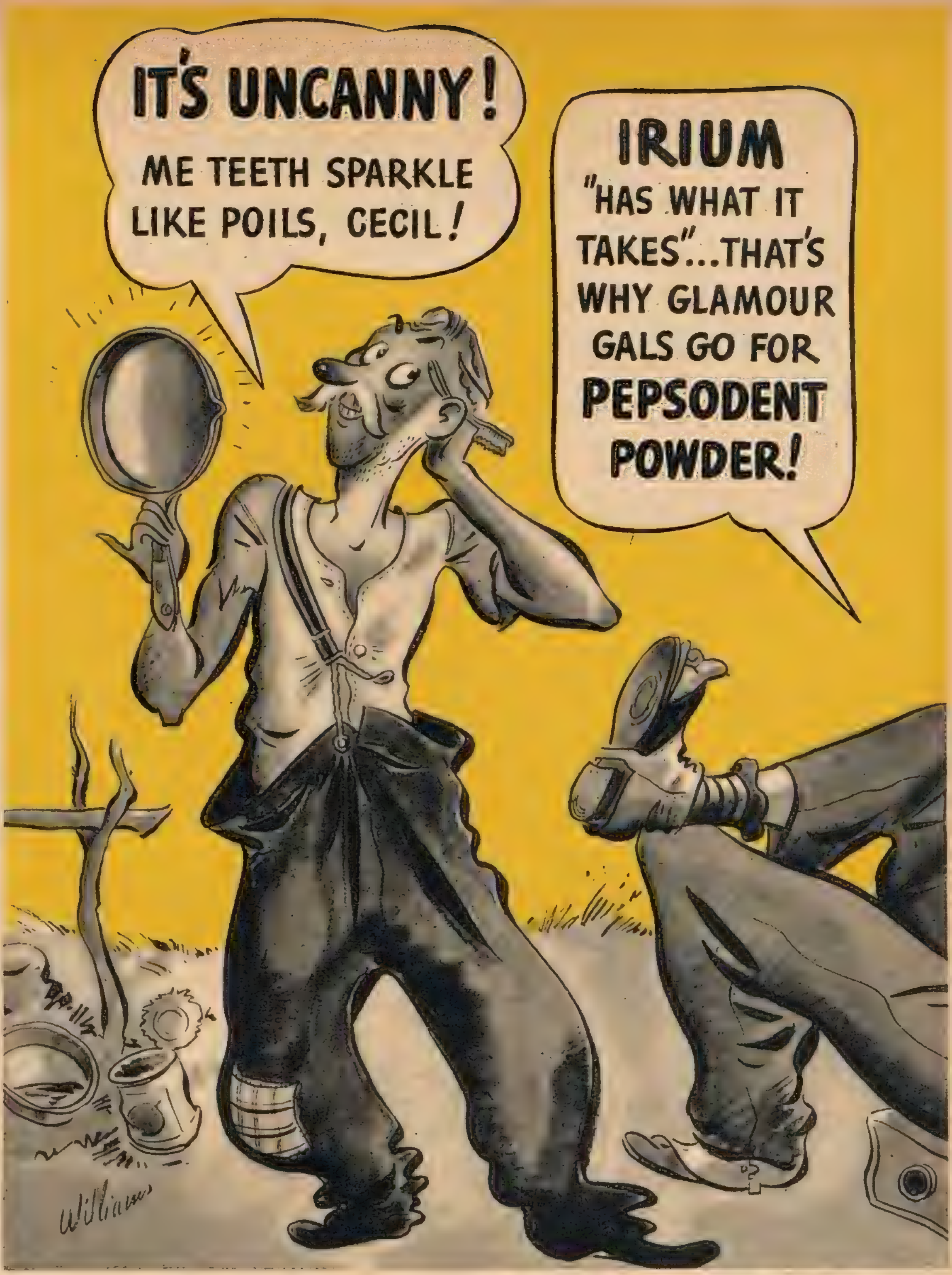
"From a man?" Wally asked.

Mildred told him briefly, "No."

"Somebody must have given you an awful sock in the jaw," Wally told her. "You looked like the last roundup just now." His drink was finished. He set the glass down with a bang and called, "Waiter!"

The waiter came running. He'd been promised an autograph too.

"Make it a double Scotch this time," said Wally, and the waiter departed excitedly. When he was out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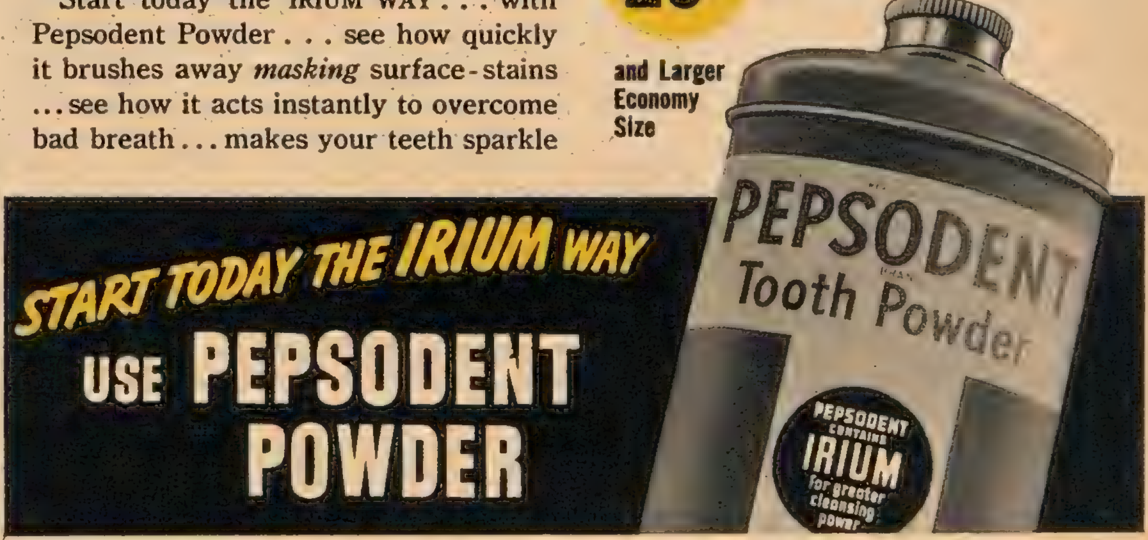
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of earshot Wally leaned across the table.

"I could go for you, Mildred," said Wallace Blake. "There's something—well, restful about you. You don't gabble all the time. Here we've been together for two days and a night—well, not exactly together *all* the time"—he laughed—"and I don't know a darn thing about you. Most women talk about themselves constantly. They don't let a fellow get a word in edgewise. Besides, you have very oomph eyes."

"I can see why I'm restful," breathed Mildred dryly.

Wally went on. "You're clever, too," he said. "That gag about not wanting a screen test—"

"It wasn't a gag," Mildred told him. "I don't want one."

The waiter came back. He slid another glass in front of Wally, but Wally didn't notice him.

"Then," he asked Mildred, "why're you going to Hollywood? Good-looking gals on the loose only go there for a couple of reasons. The first is to get in the movies, and the second's to meet a guy that is in the movies. . . . Listen here. If you're not running away from somebody, are you on your way to meet somebody?"

"Call it *something*," said Mildred.

FROM the tavern they drove on through a velvet darkness that was sweetly damp and starry. A man at a service station put down the top of Mildred's convertible. After that, she and Wally had the sky for a canopy and the moon for company. Around about eight o'clock Wally stopped talking about himself and went into abstractions.

"Life and love," he told Mildred as they streaked along the road, "they're all that matters."

"Especially life," said Mildred a little bitterly.

"Don't you believe it," said Wally. "Life without love isn't worth a tinker's dam."

"You ought to know," said Mildred, her eyes on the road ahead.

"With Dietrich's kind of face structure, you ought to, too," said Wally. . . . "Say, I'm beginning to be glad that my right arm's on the bum—instead of my left."

"So you have an out on writing autographs?" asked Mildred.

"No," Wally told her. "*You're* sitting on my left side, Mildred. If my left arm were a total loss I couldn't put it around you!" Saying which, he did.

"I don't believe I can drive this way," Mildred told him after a moment. "I've only been driving for a little while—I'm not expert."

"Not expert at what?" asked Wally, and kissed her.

Mildred was surprised the first time he kissed her. The second time, she was angry and drew the car up short. Right in the middle of the road, too.

"Listen here," she told Wally. "I laid you out once and I can do it again."

"Would you hit a cripple," asked Wally, "just for kissing you?"

"Isn't it reason enough?" asked Mildred.

"Women have never minded when I kissed them," Wally told her. Oddly enough, he wasn't bragging, and Mildred, having seen the procession of autograph hunters, knew that he wasn't.

"I drink tea in the afternoon, too," she murmured.

Wally laughed. "You might as well have the game as the name," he said. "That waiter at the tavern thought you were—"

"Skip it," advised Mildred.

"Back at the hotel," Wally told her, "we had connecting rooms."

"I know," nodded Mildred.

"The door between wasn't locked," Wally told her.

"I didn't take the trouble to try it," Mildred told him. "For heaven's sake, Wally, put your arm where it belongs or you'll have two bad wrists when you get to Hollywood."

Wally Blake was silent for a moment. With an almost boyish obedience he put his left arm back where it belonged, and Mildred again started to drive.

They were in hilly country now—the car began to climb toward the sky. After a moment Wally Blake started to whistle.

"On a night like this I've got to do something with my mouth," he told Mildred during one pause for breath. "Say. Do you know I'm getting hungry?"

"I thought it might be starvation instead of love—when you made that pass at me," said Mildred. "Men like you can't distinguish between the emotions." Secretly she was surprised at herself for coining an epigram—and anyway what did she know about men? Harry Todd had been her only glimpse of—was it passion? She found herself laughing softly, and Wally asked, "What's the joke?"

"I am," Mildred told him. "I'm hungry, too, Wally. Let's stop at the next good hotel. There was a time when I used to have dinner at seven—it must be almost eleven now."

"In my business there isn't any schedule," Wally told her. "I'm late already. What d'you say we make another night of it?"

Involuntarily Mildred's hand was touching the place just above her heart where the old familiar pain had its resting place. The pain wasn't there—she'd skipped it again.

"Well," she said, "I'm in no hurry to get anywhere. It's up to you."

THE second hotel was more elaborate than the stopping place of the night before. They didn't have to beg the headwaiter for food. They were fairly rushed to a dining room which had a space cleared for dancing in the center of it. While they ate, an orchestra played the theme song of Wally's last picture, and Wally autographed the drum with his left hand.

Mildred, who was growing used to stares, ate her food placidly and drank her wine—which tonight was sparkling Burgundy. It seemed heavier than the champagne and more exciting. She liked it. Wally was in high fettle—he ordered impossible things—larks' tongues and roast golden pheasant. When they were having their crackers and cheese and demitasse, he asked Mildred if she would care to dance.

"But," Mildred told him, "I don't dance."

WALLY stared at her. "You don't go to the movies and you don't dance," he said. "You must do something—and I bet it's good!"

Mildred—glowing with Burgundy—had an insane desire to tell him that she'd been secretary to the president of the company—a man named Spiegel—and that she was worth thirty-two dollars a week when she had a typewriter in front of her—but she desisted.

"Yes," she said, "yes, Wally."

They didn't dance but they lingered over coffee. The orchestra leader came to their table and had a glass of sparkling Burgundy with them and heard about the accident—Mildred's car had miraculously become a truckful of Mexican peons—and was introduced to Mildred.

"I liked your last picture," he told her.

Mildred told him, "You're being nice, but I never had any last picture."

The orchestra leader wrinkled his forehead. He wasn't in the least put out by his blunder. "But I've seen you somewhere," he said. "The stage, perhaps?"

"No," said Mildred.

It was Wally who came to her rescue. "My Millie's nonprofessional," he said. "This is just a pleasure trip."

"Oh," said the orchestra leader and raised his eyebrows, and after a while went back to his band. Once back, he concentrated on Viennese waltzes, and Mildred realized, dreamily, that they were directed toward herself and Wally.

Supper over, Wally and Mildred stopped in the lobby for a moment. Wally chatted with the manager of the hotel. He gave the room clerk a couple of wisecracks and the telephone operator a devastating smile while Mildred stood on the side lines and wondered how he did it. Driving all day, with only a couple of fifteen-minute pauses, ought to take the starch out of a man who'd been laid cold only twenty-four hours ago—or thereabouts.

She accepted the fan magazine and cigarettes that Wally bought for her with a murmured word of thanks And when Wally said, "Even if you don't smoke, I bet you read," she didn't make the obvious retort.

And then they were once again being whirled upward in an elevator and once again a bellboy was grinning as Mildred and Wallace Blake solemnly shook hands—left hands—and bade each other good night in the hall.

This second room was luxurious. There were orchids in it, and the card said they were from the management.

Management was beginning to mean something to Mildred. She wondered if there were orchids in Wally's room too. The bathroom was not only tiled—it was tiled in pink. Luxuriating in a foamy bath, Mildred wiggled her toes in the water and tried to make herself believe that she was the same Miss Carey who had spent her meager days and her more meager nights in a furnished room.

Her stocking had a tiny hole in one toe and she tossed it casually into the scrap basket—she who had always darned a stocking to the bitter end. She crawled into a nightgown—teal-blue satin and very becoming—and then she was in bed, with a light glowing on the table beside her.

Because she was almost too tired to be sleepy—or was it the warm bath after wine and music?—she opened the fan magazine. The lead article was about Wally Blake—he'd probably been aware of the fact. "Ruthless Wally," it called him, and listed his conquests. There were photographs of him with the Great Danes and the Siamese kittens—they *did* photograph well. There was a picture of him in his car—she recognized the car and wondered where it was. Perhaps on the road, in the custody of a grimy mechanic. There was a picture of him with his latest leading lady—the dimpled girl of the snapshot. "Is Nadine Blythe," the caption wondered, "the one? Certainly Wally's scenes with her had *authority*."

MILDRED ceased to read captions and dipped into the article. It had a ring of familiarity—she wondered if she'd read it before. And then she realized that it was only a reiteration of certain facts that Wally had told her on the road. The story was written by a woman—of course, it would be—and from her adjectives she was not insensitive to Wally's charm. The story called him virile—which he was—and handsome—which he also was—and the perfect lover—which Mildred, thinking back a few hours, was prone to question. Of course, with two arms— She sighed and found the memory of a time when Harry Todd had kissed her clumsily in the doorway of her roominghouse. They'd just come from a not too expensive and rather garlicky table d'hôte. It had taken the edge—but definitely—off Harry's kiss. When Wallace Blake had kissed her—not longer ago than twilight time—she had been conscious of tweed and tobacco and exquisite after-shave lotion and warmth and little else—except curiosity.

If one were in love with Wally— She sighed again. Love belonged to people who had the time to probe its depths!

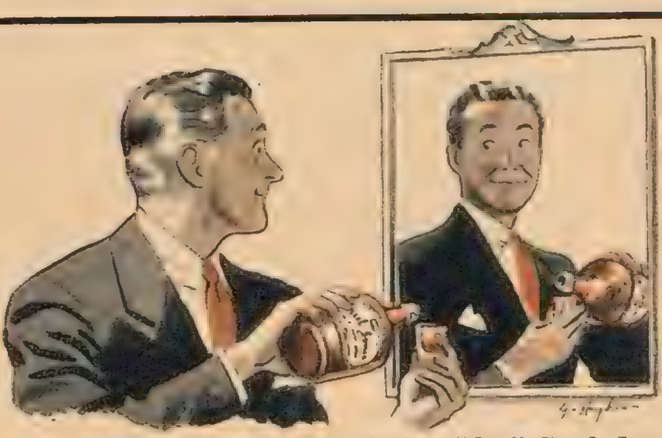
Tweed and warmth and cigarette smoke. . . . . Suddenly Mildred remembered the cigarettes that had accompanied the fan magazine. Wally was right. She had never smoked a cigarette—drinking and dancing and movies and smoking had come under the curse of extravagance. There was an ash tray on the table beside her bed, and the cigarettes—an expensive brand—held a romantic lure.

Experimentally she reached toward the box and ran a nail along its opening. The cigarettes had silk tips; they looked devastatingly unlike anything that the old Mildred Carey would have possessed. Feeling wicked, she inserted one of the silk tips between her lips and struck a match and inhaled deeply. And then she was choking and the fallen cigarette was burning a hole in the blanket and hot tears were streaming from her eyes. And as she sat up in bed, holding her hands against her gasping throat, the inevitable door between her room and the next one was flung open and Wally Blake, in mauve pajamas, was striding across the room and was thumping her on the back with his efficient left.

"I was waiting for a cue," said Wally, as he thumped. "Thanks, Mildred! You're a real help."

What is to be the consequence of this "cue"? Can Mildred put the all-conquering screen hero in his place? How will she handle the ticklish situation? Drama, comedy, farce may hang on the next word, and next week's Liberty holds the secret you must share.

Reflections of a man trying a Dry whiskey



1 **Guess it's high time** I tried this "dry" Paul Jones everybody's talking about. I know *dryness* is what I like about good champagnes and sherries. And I certainly don't go for sweetness in my whiskey. So *dryness* must be the answer in whiskey, too . . . Wonder how much difference it really makes . . .

2 **Mm-m-m . . . say, it makes plenty!** Man, what a swell tang! I'll say it's *dry*—not a trace of sweetness! Yet it's *rich*, too . . . the way a whiskey *ought* to be. Guess that's because Paul Jones is *all whiskey* . . .

Paul Jones IT'S DRY*

3 **This dry-rich combination** is going to put real zest in highballs and cocktails . . . *that's* something to look *forward* to! But right now that flavor seems almost too good to mix . . . This occasion calls for another little spot *straight*—"To a new-found friend . . . a really *dry* whiskey . . . Paul Jones!"

* DRY means not sweet

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof—every drop is whiskey.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

TED WOODYARD wishes small-town ladies still presented homemade pies to editors of local newspapers, as they used to in the old days. Edward and his brothers, William and Henry, control twenty-nine small-town papers in West Virginia, Delaware, and Long Island. "We haven't had a homemade pie brought around to the office for years," Ted told me. Says he'd willingly give a free subscription for the best huckleberry or pumpkin pie.

Woodyard Associates find it difficult to retain smart girls as society editors in small towns. The girls get married too fast. Their work quickly teaches them who's who in the community, what boys are worth steady company, what matrons to cultivate, and whom to avoid. The Woodyards hired a semi-giantess, nearly six feet tall, but even she got married and quit within a year.

Keeping in touch with home-town affairs is one of the wisdoms adhered to by important city men. J. Pierpont Morgan reads a Woodyard small-town paper regularly. So do Owen D. Young, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Ernest Weir (National Steel Corporation chairman), and Wendell Wilkie. It's not only stylish to be informed about home-town doings; it also is common sense. You never know when you may be moving back there to get away from big-town tribulations.

☆ Here's a strange human triangle the newspapers haven't ferreted out as yet, and I hope they never do:

A well known scientist wanted a son to carry on his life's work after him, but he was determined not to marry. In youth he had suffered a maladjustment that left him permanently unsuited to regular association with any woman. With scientific care, through a lawyer and a doctor, he found the mother of his child. Naturally he ran the risk of fathering a girl, but luck was with him and a boy was born.

The mother's agreement stipulated that she would give the child up forever at the age of six months. When that time came—about a year ago—the whole scheme exploded with an emotional crash. She and the scientist's lawyer had fallen in love. They married, and they insist upon keeping the child, by force if need be.

Ignorant of the circumstances, their friends are puzzled by the fact that they consult a well known scientist about every detail of their child's upbringing.

☆ Summer visiting will soon be over, with the usual brain fag as to guest gifts for hostesses. These three suggestions may help. . . . (1) Novel glass-and-metal table with magazine rack to discourage porch litterers. . . . (2) Iron doorstop in the form of a model Cape Cod cottage; heavy enough to keep doors from slamming windily in the autumn gales. . . . (3) Hand-woven hammocks of brightest colors, newly imported from Mexico. . . . Each above-mentioned item costs under $5.

"But, dear, the man said I'd have to buy these eventually! Anyway, he was cute."

☆ Friends just home from London tell me the latest successor to the Lambeth Walk is the new Boomps-a-Daisy, in which partners clap hands, slap knees, then bump hips. Dance-originator Annette Mills recently introduced the Daisy as an adaptation of a country waltz she had seen in the Midlands. The new fashion for reviving old dance forms makes dancing more fun now, I think, than it has been in many years.

☆ If you can get it away from your husband for an hour or so, read A. Frederick Collins' new book, Simplified Household Mechanics. It explains the inside workings of our vacuum cleaners, wet-wash machines, electrical kitchen equipment, etc. (Published by the D. Appleton-Century Company.)

☆ For a hot-weather dinner, *Armenian Salad* goes perfectly with a casserole of rice and ham. Make the salad as follows: . . . Blanch 3 sweet red peppers 10 minutes in boiling water. Split lengthwise. Remove membrane and seeds. Chill well. Now prepare filling for pepper halves. . . . Dice 1 cup cooked eggplant and 2 cups cooked string beans. (These must not be overcooked.) Combine with 4 peeled tomatoes coarsely chopped, and 2 finely minced scallions. Mix filling first with 2 tablespoons lemon juice and a pinch of grated lemond rind, then add 1 tablespoon mayonnaise. . . . Serve filled pepper halves on shredded lettuce sprinkled with vinegar.

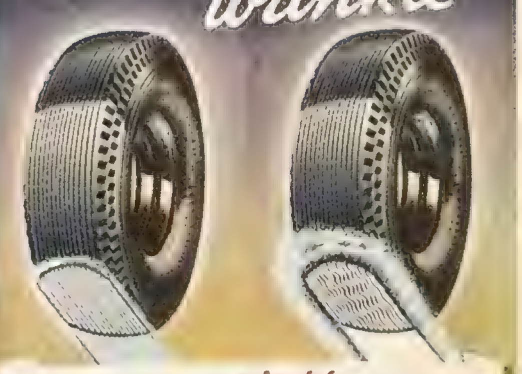
☆ Yawning at parties is one of the special privileges of summertime—and how we enjoy it! During no other season does etiquette allow us to appear sleepy in public. But the widest yawn may be indulged in by any summer hostess, host, or guest. Moreover, it is considered flattering as well as polite, for a summer guest to stretch and yawn and say, "How restful this place is! The air's so wonderful I just can't keep my eyes open. Would you think it horrid of me—early as it is—if I went upstairs to bed?"

Don't worry. They won't think it horrid of you. Chances are ten to one they'll love you for starting the shut-eye trek.

QUICKER STOPS..LONGER MILEAGE

The *wrinkle's* the reason

THE ONE AND ONLY TIRE with the SQUEEGEE *wrinkle*



IT'S THIS *wrinkle* THAT REVOLUTIONIZED NON-SKID DESIGN

RUNS LIKE THIS . . . No wrinkle when running. Silent, smooth riding. Easy steering. Non-cupping. No slip or sway on sharp turns. Slow, even wear. *Long mileage.*

STOPS LIKE THIS . . . The flexible ribs *wrinkle* into squeegee-action . . . sweep a clean path . . . grip the road for a quicker, straight stop . . . without side-swerve or tail spin.

SQUEEGEE-WRINKLE Generals *stop* you, quick and straight every time. They will be a constant reminder, every day, that you have made a sound investment in *safety.*

As the seasons roll 'round, the *long mileage* of General's quiet running, slow wearing, flexible tread will be a revelation in the *economy* of riding on America's Top-Quality Tire.

On every score, Generals are miles ahead. Blowout resistance; easier steering; low pressure comfort; complete peace of mind . . . these are other "extras" you get in Generals at today's low prices.

Let your General Tire dealer show you how easy it is to change-over your new car or to equip your present car.

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.,
AKRON, O.
In Canada—The General Tire & Rubber Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

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You're miles ahead with GENERAL

LIKE HAVING BOOSTER BRAKES

Big trucks have had booster brakes for years. Generals add a similar "heavy foot" braking effect to any car . . . placing the final responsibility for quick, safe stops where it belongs . . . on the *tires.* They stop you quicker on *wet* pavement than ordinary tires stop on *dry.*

RECORD LOW CHANGE-OVER COST

Generals never come as new car equipment but your General Tire dealer or car dealer can arrange to put them on your new car . . . at the lowest change-over cost in General's history. Year after year, "More new car buyers change-over to Generals than to any other tire."

America's FOUR

Acclaimed through 50

NO strangers to World's Fairs are these four illustrious whiskies.

They were the toast of America before the Ferris Wheel turned at Chicago in 1893, and fountains played in the far-famed Court of Honor.

These whiskies are today what they have been for

OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)

"Taylored" to Good Taste

Head of the Bourbon Family

* Bottle

UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT
OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

MOST *Whiskies**

Years of World's Fairs

re than a half-century — fine beyond question and first in
blic esteem.

ch is marked by a rare and distinctive flavor all its own, jeal-
sly maintained from generation to generation.

ourmost" in character and popularity, these whiskies now are
ced within reach of anyone partial to fine "bonded" liquors.

Copyright 1939, National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893

Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U. S. Gov't.
Distilled By
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.
100 Proof
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established
1810
100 PROOF
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD
OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE
WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.

The "Bond" of Friendship

Famed for 129 Years

Bond

PERVISION and the EMBLEM
UR GUIDE TO GOOD LIQUORS

$2,000 IN CASH MUST BE PAID ! ! !

FUNNY FILL-INS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LIBERTY OFFERS 223 PRIZES—WHICH ONE WILL YOU WIN?

YOU still can enter this game with an excellent chance of winning. Start right from this page. No artistic ability is required. In fact it might prove a handicap. After all, originality and spontaneously amusing results do not depend on stilted training. Read the Rules carefully. They explain exactly how to construct a prize-winning entry. Then, even though this is the fourth week, filling in the contest drawing on this page will put you well on your way toward the goal with its 223 cash prizes. Think of winning the $500 First Prize just for the fun of filling in ten cartoons! Be sure that your set of ten is complete before sending your entry at the end of the game. Individual Fill-Ins will not be accepted.

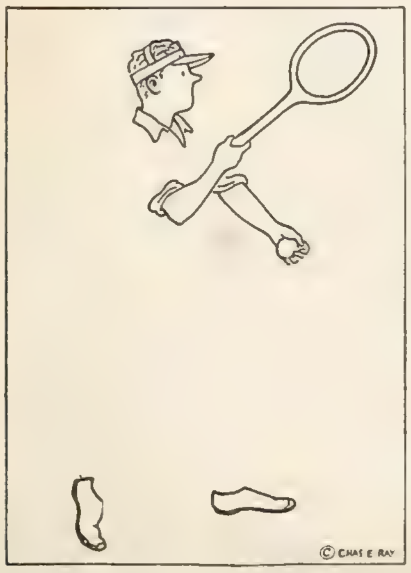
Here is a suggestion: Why not make a tracing of this week's problem and experiment on that before deciding how you will complete the picture?

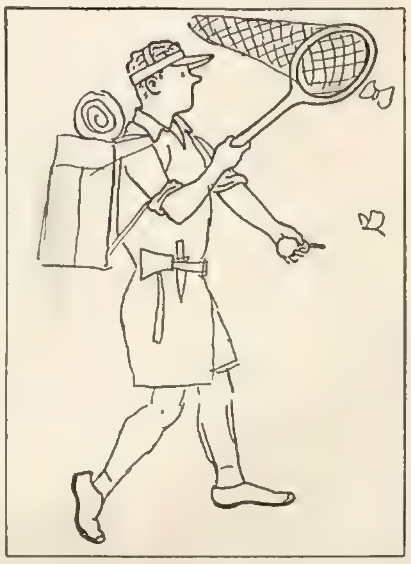
AID FOR LATE STARTERS

If you need the first three Funny Fill-Ins to bring your entry up to date, send to the address in Rule 3, enclosing ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive them you can complete them at your leisure and your entry will be even with the field.

TO HELP YOU START

Below you will find a sample Funny Fill-In together with a suggested completion. Why not practice on this one? Doubtless you can create much more amusing results with a little study. Remember, artistic ability is not required. The fun's the thing!





Copyright, 1939, by Charles E. Ray

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated September 30, Liberty will publish a Funny Fill-In.

2. Clip out each Funny Fill-In as it appears and draw in the missing parts of the face, body, and costume, making whatever additions you choose. Make each picture as funny or amusing as you can, using your own ideas about what will give the desired effect. A soft black pencil is recommended.

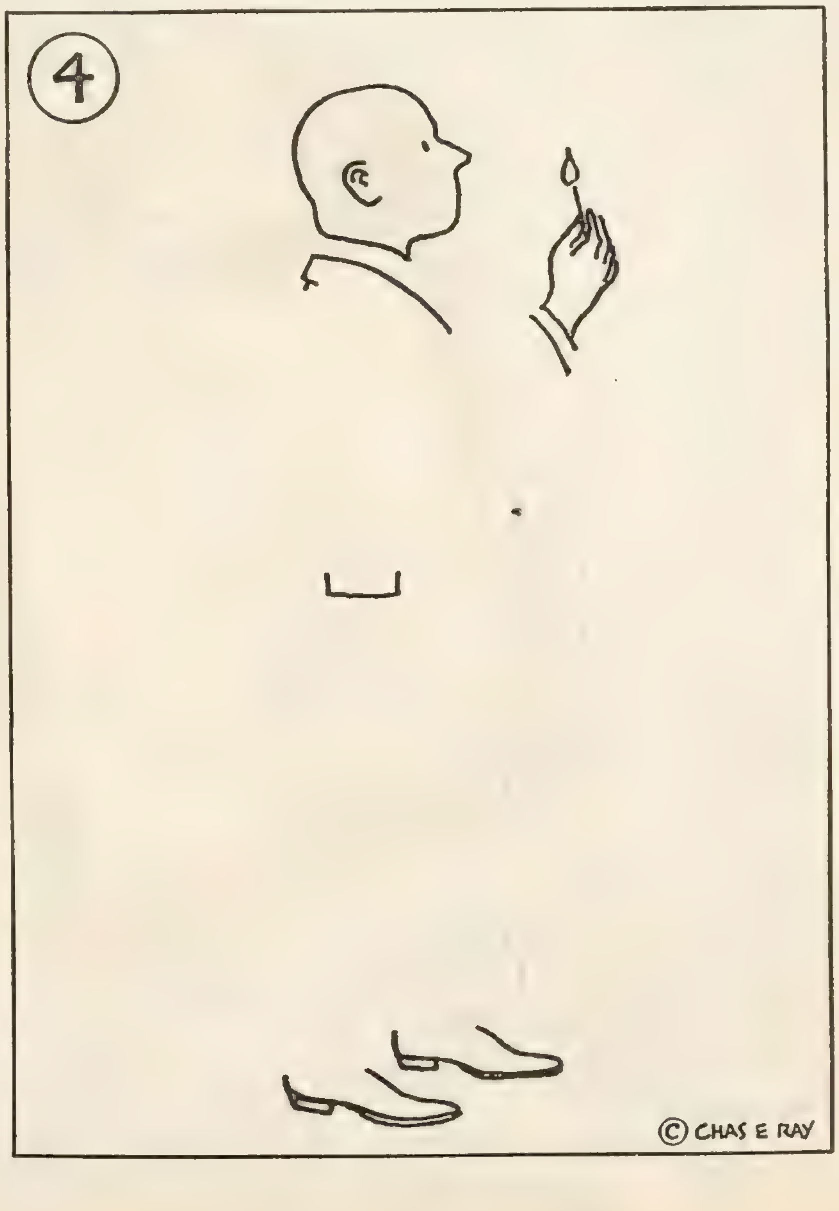
3. Send no entries until your set of ten completed Funny Fill-Ins is assembled. Then send them in as a unit. Address your entry to Funny Fill-Ins Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

4. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of amusingness, originality, and neatness. On that basis the entry rating highest will be awarded a First Prize of $500. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5; a total of $2,000. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence relative to any entry.

7. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight Wednesday, October 4, 1939, the closing date of this contest.



Hearts IN DANGER

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART SIX—HURRICANE COMING!

WE were still eating breakfast, the six of us, when Frank V. Lorrimer, known here as Jerome White, walked in and took a seat at the table. My heart, coming up in my throat, met a gulp of coffee going down, and I felt as though I were strangling.

"Good morning, every one," Lorrimer greeted us pleasantly. "Did I hear some one say something about a hurricane headed this way?"

You'd hardly have identified the man unless you'd seen him, as I had, in a group of crooks. Instead of the frock coat and morning trousers so familiar in all his press pictures, he now wore a quiet tan Palm Beach suit. His great leonine shock of white hair, his most characteristic affectation as the Great Mouthpiece, had been trimmed to look like any other man's hair.

His flowing white mustache had disappeared entirely.

But I knew that in assuming this new identity he had lost none of his ability at cross-examination. My cue was to finish my breakfast fast and get out.

Helen Fremont, apparently trying to keep the conversation from personalities, said:

"The Weather Bureau hasn't charted the storm exactly yet. It seems to be somewhere east of Cuba and moving in a general northerly direction. Which, unless it curves, should bring it this way."

"The odds are a hundred to one it will never come near us," Loors pronounced.

"I'll take a thousand of that," Phil Gerrish snapped.

Loors' jaw dropped. "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. You're putting up a hundred thousand to my thousand that we don't get the hurricane."

"I am like hell!"

"Like hell you're not! You've got better sense than to make cracks like that around here unless you're ready to back them up with cash. The bet stands."

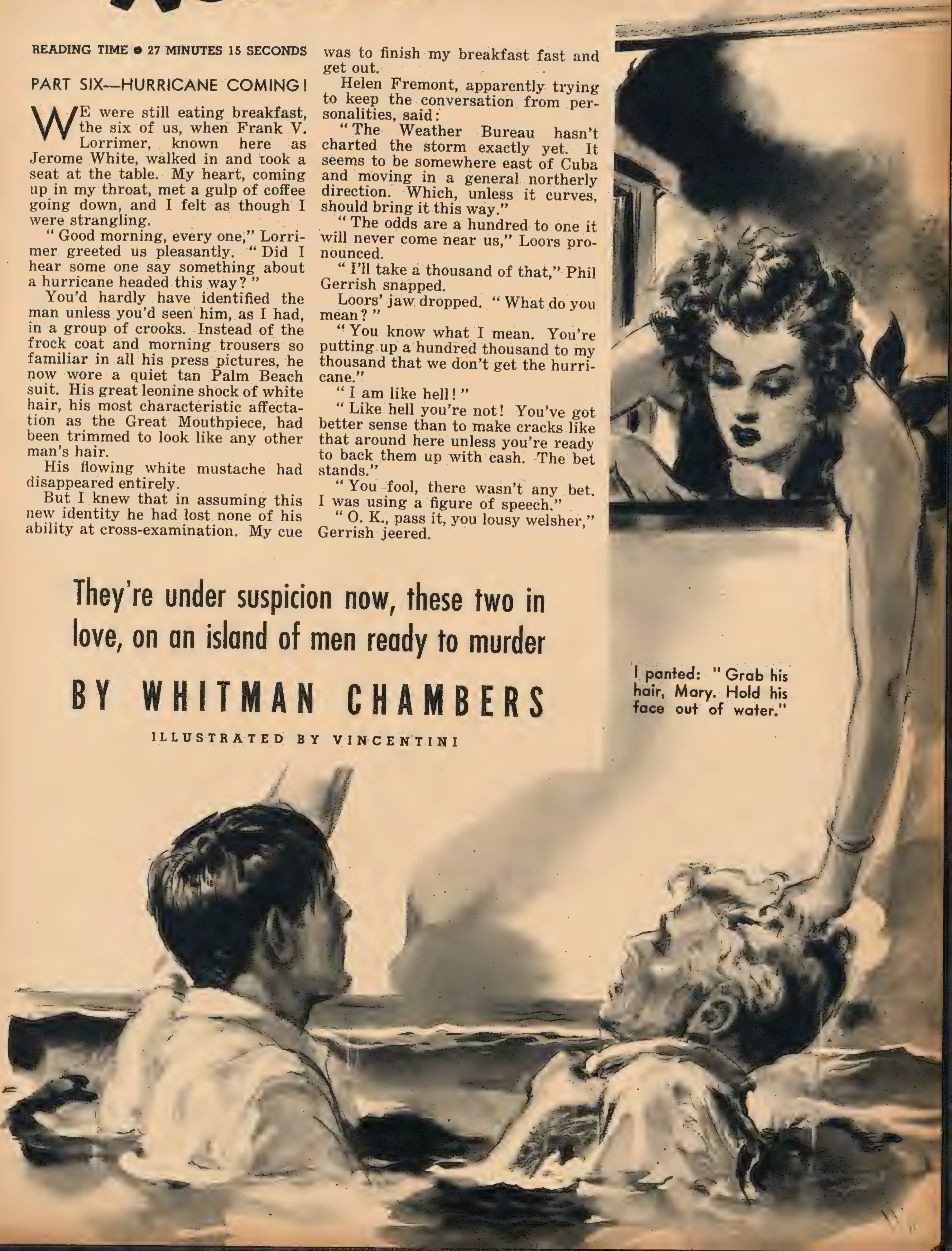
"You fool, there wasn't any bet. I was using a figure of speech."

"O. K., pass it, you lousy welsher," Gerrish jeered.

They're under suspicion now, these two in love, on an island of men ready to murder

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI



I panted: "Grab his hair, Mary. Hold his face out of water."

I saw Loors' right hand slowly clench until the knuckles were blue-white. His evil eyes were like gimlets boring into Gerrish's. The Boy Wizard tossed his sleek blond head in a gesture more insulting than a sneer.

Oh, you could see it was a nice friendly place, this fishing lodge on Angelfish Cay.

The Great Mouthpiece eyed me across the table and asked ingenuously: "Ever work on the Star, Lowell?"

My heart came up in my throat this time and stayed there. I looked up from my plate, saw that Helen Fremont was sitting tense in her chair. Her face, I thought, had suddenly paled.

"The Washington Star?" I said. "No, I never worked in the advertising department of a newspaper. All my work has been with agencies."

"I see."

If he did, I was sunk. Before he could ask another question I said:

"I'm really not a big-time advertising man at all. The only agencies I've worked for have been small ones. Not even in New York City. You've probably never heard of them. To be perfectly truthful, I haven't had a job for several years. This depression, you know, has been tough on the ad game."

There was, I thought, a twinkle in his hard gray eyes as he said pointedly: "That's a nice boat you have out there."

I laughed. "Yes, and a childless uncle of mine built up a nice fortune in Texas oil stocks. He died two years ago. But I'll have to go to work soon. Twenty thousand dollars doesn't last forever when a man is silly enough to want to own a yacht."

If I had fooled him, which was doubtful, I still wasn't kidding myself that he was through with me. I stood up, trying to appear casual and unhurried.

"Mary, you said something about rigging that jib with a single sheet. Suppose we get at it. Will you excuse us for an hour or two, Mr. Loors?"

He couldn't, and keep up the pretense, do anything but nod assent. Mary rose, and so did Phil Gerrish.

"Look, precious," he began. "Why not let the boy friend rig the jib and you—"

Mary waved him aside with a nonchalant fling of her hand. "If you're running a temperature again, chum, an ice pack might help. See you all in church, folks."

We walked out together.

Outside and down the steps on the gravel path, Mary stopped and scanned the sky. There were no clouds and yet the sunlight wasn't bright. There was no perceptible haze and yet you could look at the sun for several seconds without being blinded.

The wind had died to a whisper and the air was hot and clammy, like an unclean moist hand rubbing lightly over your face.

"What do you think of it, babe?"

She shrugged. "Not much. But then, I'm just a dumb kid off a crawfish boat. How would I know?"

"Yes? Well, sometime I'm going to run into something you really don't know—and I'll fall over in a faint."

"Skip it, lug. See here. Have you got any idea what will happen to the Black Hawk if we get that hurricane?"

"I went through one—last year at City Island. It wasn't so bad there, but it was bad enough. And I've seen plenty of pictures."

"I've seen the real thing and the pictures, too, and I don't want to see one again. If we were on the boat we wouldn't have a chance. And if we were off her we'd lose her."

"And be stuck here," I said.

"So what?"

"So pray; pray that it misses us."

Mary shrugged again, smiled up at me. "It wouldn't do any harm, honey. Let's see what we can do about that—did you say jib?"

We found the two mugs lolling in the runabout at the dock.

"Mind taking us out to the yawl?" I asked.

"We aim to give soivice, Mac," one of them said sourly.

"Soivice wit'out a smile, Mac," said the other.

Yes, and a crack over the head without a qualm. They gave me the willies, that pair.

On the Black Hawk, with the runabout headed back to the dock, Mary said briskly:

"We'll stall around for a while fooling with the jib. Then I'll slip below and go to work on that motor."

"Just as you say. Though I know that motor like the palm of my hand. I've wet-nursed it for two years."

"You leave the motor to me, honey. It's right down my alley."

We went up to the bow and started fooling with the jib sheet. We messed around for a while, finally cut off the sheet and began to splice it back on again. All the time talking very earnestly about how it should be rigged—just as though we knew a dictograph was planted on the bowsprit.

"You know, that cabin is a bit of a mess," Mary said finally. "Suppose I hop below and slick it up."

"Fine," I said. "I'll have this splice tucked before long and then we'll reeve it back."

She went below. As I tucked the splice, doing it awkwardly and taking as long about it as I could, I noted that the wind, what there was left of it, was hauling into the west. The sun, brassy when we came out of the lodge, was looking more like burnished copper as a veil of cirrus spread over the sky. I felt as edgy and irritable as a hen with a new batch of chicks.

After a while Mary came on deck. "The barometer's 29.70. Take a look at this."

She showed me a curved piece of thin steel about an inch long and a

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

BECAUSE he is a newspaperman and scents a story, Bill Lowell accepts Stanford Loors' invitation to visit Loors' isolated island in the Bahamas, Angelfish Cay. Bill, crossing the Gulf Stream in his yawl, the Black Hawk, with Mary Moore, a girl pilot, meets Loors, an ex-gambler, when he boards the latter's cruiser in answer to a distress signal.

On board he makes some curious discoveries. First, the captain is missing. According to Loors, he has fallen overboard while drunk. According to Mary's guess, he was pushed. Second, Helen Fremont, a girl on the cruiser, tells Bill that a secret passenger is being carried. And third, both Helen and Loors' mistress, Mimi, warn him not to go to Angelfish Cay. Bill, however, agrees to help take the cruiser to the cay and determines to go ashore.

The island, which is guarded by two armed thugs who take Bill and Mary ashore from the Black Hawk in a launch, is a hide-out for crooks wanted in the United States. A half dozen are staying at Loors' lodge, from a cop-killer and gambler to a well known crooked utilities tycoon.

Bill, knowing that Loors is watching him, does not reveal that he recognizes the men, who all have aliases. He knows that he and Mary are in a dangerous spot, and he is conscience-stricken at having brought the girl, whom he realizes now he loves, to Angelfish Cay. He can't even use the ship-to-shore telephone which Loors has in the lodge; his host is suspicious of him and an attempt to call his paper may mean death.

He and Mary decide to try to escape on the Black Hawk. The motor has been tampered with, but Mary believes she can fix it. In a talk with Helen, who doesn't seem at all the type of girl to be mixed up with Loors, Bill finds out that Loors' "guests" pay a thousand a week to stay on the island until they can get to South America. He also learns that the secret passenger on the cruiser is another guest—who, Helen won't tell—and that Mary was right: Loors *did* push the captain overboard because the man knew too much.

Bill asks Helen to go with Mary and him when they make their getaway. But when a wind comes up he realizes their plans may come to nothing. The satisfaction with which Loors mentions a possible hurricane reminds him, sickeningly, that if the Black Hawk and her crew should disappear, the storm will supply a logical explanation.

quarter of an inch wide. "That's out of the distributor," I said. "Anything wrong with it?"

"Take a good look."

"I am taking a good look. It looks all right to me."

She took the short piece of highly tempered spring steel and bent it double.

"Good heavens, don't!" I pleaded. "If you break that—"

She grinned, put the little spring in my hand. It wasn't broken. It was just bent double. And who ever saw a piece of spring steel bent double and staying that way without pressure?

"I don't get it," I growled, sore as much at my own stupidity as at the realization that the motor was hopelessly crippled.

"Silly! Those two lugs took it out of the distributor in the night, put heat on it to take out the temper, and put it back. It *looks* all right, it *seems* to do the job of closing the points when the cam shoves them open. But the pore li'l' thing just ain't got the strength. Clever, what?"

"How did you find it?"

"Traced it down. Checked everything else. It had to be that."

YOU'RE wonderful." I really meant it, but I'm sure I spoke sarcastically, grudgingly. The muggy atmosphere, the mounting tension in the very air we breathed, was getting me down.

"I know I'm wonderful," Mary replied imperturbably. "Where do you keep your spare points?"

"They're in a cigar box in the after port locker. But there's no spare spring."

Mary gulped. Then she squared her shoulders, forced a grin. "So we'll make one, then."

She had been sitting on the deck beside me, her legs dangling over the rail. Now she rose. I picked up the splice I'd been working on. I was pretty sunk. I said heavily, "If you hope to find another piece of spring steel like that on this boat, you might just as well not waste your time looking."

"Says you."

After fifteen or twenty minutes more of fooling around with the splice, I finished it up and rigged the jib sheet. I guess I wasted nearly an hour on deck, during which I neither saw nor heard anything of Mary.

I imagined her tearing through lockers, combing the boat from stem to stern for a little piece of steel that I knew was not to be found. Poor kid, I thought. She learned early and learned well the old adage that you can't be ruled out for trying.

Finally I went below. She was stretched out on a bunk reading a book.

"Sa-a-ay!" she cried. "You been holding out on me. Whyn't you tell me you wrote books?"

"Because I'm not very proud of that one. It's the—"

"It's a swell book, you lug."

"It's the first I ever did, and prob-

GRAB THIS BARGAIN!

~~90~~¢ RETAIL VALUE

BOTH FOR 49¢

40¢
Pro-phy-lac-tic BRAND
Special 49¢
TOOTH POWDER
50¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
40¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Powder
90¢ RETAIL VALUE!
50¢
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Try the modern Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush and the new Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Powder *at our risk* . . . and at an *unusual saving* . . . by grabbing this bargain offer while the supply lasts at your dealer's.

The regular retail value of brush and powder is 90¢. So it is just like getting the big, nationally-advertised 40¢ can of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Powder practically *as a gift,* when you get brush *and powder* for only 49¢.

Remember, every Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush in this sale is guaranteed first quality. With that famous TUFT to help clean the back teeth better. With genuine . . . not synthetic or imitation . . . but Nature's own *genuine bristles.* And Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Powder, noted for its delightful flavor, is "accepted" as SAFE FOR CLEANING TEETH by the American Dental Association (representing 40,000 members of the dental profession).

The money-saving opportunity is so great that dealers' stocks can't last long.

Better buy now, and buy enough combination packages for the whole family, while the price is so exceptionally low!

MORE • THAN • YOUR MONEY • BACK • GUARANTEE

If you are not pleased and satisfied with the Pro-phy-lac-tic brush or powder, return either or both, and get *more than your money back* . . . because you buy at the special sale price and will be refunded the regular retail price.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

ably the last. It sold eleven hundred copies and earned me exactly two hundred and twenty dollars. And—and *what have you been doing to my alarm clock?* "

My small traveling clock, which had been a pet of mine for years, lay completely dismembered and scattered about on the cabin table.

"Don't cry, pet. Mama'll buy you a new one when we get to Nassau. And don't absent-mindedly press that starter button, bud, because if you do the motor will roar, and the mugs will know we outsmarted them. And why the dickens you're not proud of this book—"

"Mary! What did you do?"

"Well," she chuckled, "I did raise the dickens with the mainspring of that alarm clock. But I filed out as neat a distributor spring as you ever saw."

I SAT down on the edge of the bunk beside her, shaking my head.

"Mary, Mary! What'll you be doing next?"

"What would you like to have me do, honey? Maybe sail this hooker out of here?"

"Wouldn't I, though!"

"Well, it might be done, now that we got the motor fixed. But without the motor those two mugs know, even if Loors doesn't, that I could never sail out of here at night, no matter what direction the wind was blowing. And they'd never let us get away in the daytime."

"We'll go tonight," I said quickly. "They think we can't use our motor and, just as you say, they know we couldn't get far without it. So they probably won't watch us so carefully. We'll wait for our chance and sneak."

"It *sounds* good, Bill."

"What do you mean, sounds good?"

"What's that barometer read?"

I looked at it. "It's fallen five points in the last hour or so. That isn't much."

"No, not much," Mary said thoughtfully. "But the hurricane is still quite a ways from here. If it's off Cuba, it couldn't get here before midnight, maybe not till daylight tomorrow. But the weather reports will be coming in every hour or two all day. By dark tonight—we'll know."

"Whether it will hit us or not?"

"Yes."

"And if it's going to?" I asked, looking down at her.

She didn't meet my eyes. "Bill, this little boat wouldn't have a chance in the world in a hurricane."

"I know that," I admitted sadly.

Then her eyes met mine and she smiled. "Well?"

"Yes?"

"I'd rather die at sea than in a lousy fishing lodge on Angelfish Cay."

"Then we'll go?"

"Come hell and high water," she vowed. "Now let's forget it for the rest of the day, sweetheart. And you are my sweetheart, aren't you? For a very little while."

"For always," I swore.

"No, honey. Not for always—unless we don't get away from here. You keep forgetting that I say 'ain't' and that you picked me up off a dock and that I was brung up on rumrunners and crawfish boats."

"Stop it, Mary. I love you!"

Playing the sap again, huh? Don't you ever learn? She's giving you the chance to keep your mouth shut. Why haven't you got sense enough to take it? You know you'd never marry the girl, and as for—

"Sure, you think you love me, honey. But when we get to Nassau and you see all the swell society gals on Paradise Beach and—"

She broke off, looked me squarely in the eye. Then she put her arms around my neck and drew my head down to hers and said gently, softly: "Darlin', you don't have to go into that song and dance about loving me and wanting to marry me. I'll—"

I pulled away from her.

"You won't," I said. "And when I tell you I love you it's no song and dance."

"No, honey," she smiled; "it's just a little white lie. Now let's let the whole thing drop. Tell me about your book."

I got up. Because I had to do something, I folded the cabin table away and fussed for a minute or two with the books in the bookcase, and finally sat down on the edge of the other bunk. I was sweating and irascible and not very pleased with myself or with the world.

"What do you want to know about the book? There it is. You've been reading it. It stinks."

"It does not. It's a good book. I've only read four chapters but—"

"You read fast."

SHE frowned as she sat upon the bunk. "You know, honey, you're pretty sarcastic at times. That crack sounded like you're surprised I can read at all."

She made me feel like a heel. "I'm sorry, Mary. You know I didn't mean it that way. I'm nervous and—"

"Sure; I know you are. And so am I. But let's save what little spunk we got left to fight somebody besides each other. Tell me about your book."

She made me feel humble. More important, she made me like feeling humble.

"Every newspaperman," I told her, "has not a skeleton in his closet but a novel. I had the luck to get my novel published."

"And it was one of those things."

"What things?"

"A first novel that has everything but a sale."

I laughed. "Mary, you can't put *that* over on me."

She laughed with me, and it was so good to hear her that I forgot all about Loors and the advancing hurricane.

"That *was* kind of raw, wasn't it?" she said. "I found the clipping from the New York Times in the book. The reviewer says he's waiting eagerly for your next book."

"I'm afraid he'll wait a long time. Most newspapermen have one novel in their systems. I got mine out early, which in the years to come will save me a lot of worry. I'd thought, taking this leave and sailing down here, that I might get material for another one."

"And you're going to write that book, Bill."

"Am I? Why?"

"Because I want you to."

"That's reason enough, babe."

At that moment something bumped against the Black Hawk; it felt like the bow of a boat. I swung on to my feet.

"Visitors, babe."

"Tell 'em I'm in conference."

She leaned back on the bunk, crossed her legs comfortably, and opened the book. I heard some one scramble on to the deck, and a moment later a voice called:

"Hi, toots! Where's my baby?"

GERRISH sounded a bit drunk and thoroughly unpleasant. I went up the companionway into the cockpit. Gerrish was standing on the deck, the painter of a dinghy in one hand and a bottle of champagne in the other.

"Look, Lowell. Are you going to monopolize that girl all day—as well as all night?"

As I stepped out of the cockpit on to the deck, he dropped the painter and laid the champagne inside the life ring on the cabin trunk. He looked formidable and as mean as a sick terrier.

"Where the hell are your manners?" I demanded. "Don't you know it's the height of discourtesy to board a man's boat without being invited? Or haven't you ever been around?"

"Me? Been around? Don't make me laugh."

"I'm not interested in making you laugh. But I'm making you get off this boat, and if you want to come aboard you'll ask permission."

"Oh, who wants to come aboard your lousy boat? I want that little tramp you got down below there and I—"

"And," I blurted, "you may be the Wizard of Cambridge to some people, but you're only a dirty low-lived crook to me."

I ducked inside a vicious right that would have taken my head off. I pulled one from around my knees with everything I had behind it. It landed under his chin, snapped his head back on his shoulders, lifted him clear off his feet. And when he fell he toppled over the side.

I stood there on deck and watched him slowly sinking into the clear blue water. Then abruptly a wave of horror swept over me, so acute it was nauseating. For it had dawned on me that I had knocked Phil Gerrish cold. If I didn't do something, the man would drown.

Well, who cares? Let him drown.

You've got to do it. You lost your head and tipped your mitt to him. He knows now you recognize him. You *know what'll happen when he tells Loors.*

But I can't stand here in cold blood and let a man drown. I knocked him in. If I don't pull him out, it's murder.

It's not murder, you sap. It's self-defense. Think of Mary Moore. If anything happens to you around here, how is she going to end up?

Mary Moore can take care of herself.

In a joint like this? With this rat Gerrish on the loose? Don't be dumb!

THOSE thoughts flashed through my reeling head in the seconds it took Mary to leap up the companionway, peer over the side, say crisply:

"Out like a light. I heard it all. If you haul him out, we're sunk. What're you gonna do, Bill?"

My eyes met hers for an instant, and I knew what she wanted me to do. I dove over the side. Before I struck the water I heard her ringing "Attaboy, honey!"

I had no trouble in getting hold of Gerrish's shirt and kicking off and fighting to the surface. I caught the rail with one hand, panted:

"Grab his hair, Mary. Hold his face out of water."

"I got him, Bill."

I pulled myself up on to the deck. Mary and I each took a limp arm and dragged the unconscious man over the rail and laid him on his face. I straddled him, pulled up his shirt, and started to administer artificial respiration.

"That was quick work, honey."

"It was . . . dumb work. . . . I should . . . have let him drown."

"You wouldn't want a thing like that on your conscience, sweet."

"What good's a conscience . . . when you're dead? . . . And that's what I'll be . . . when Gerrish . . . starts shooting . . . off his mouth."

I brought my open hands down viciously against his short ribs. I hoped I'd break them. He groaned, and, bending sidewise, I could see his eyelids slowly blinking.

I sat back on my haunches, waiting. He stirred a little, coughing weakly.

"Take it easy," I ordered.

He lay there breathing slowly and deeply. I stood up, remarked to Mary: "He didn't breathe a drop of water, tumbling in unconscious that way. He'll be all right now—I'm sorry to say."

At that moment the runabout banged her bow against the yawl's transom, and I turned, yelling:

"Keep that thing off!" I was getting a bit sick of people bumping into my boat.

The two gorillas stood up in the motorboat. "What goes on around here, Mac?" one of them demanded belligerently.

The motorboat, in the slight swell, was still bumping against the Black Hawk. I grabbed a boat hook.

"I told you to keep that boat off."

I caught the runabout's bow with the point of the boat hook and shoved sharply. The two mugs, off balance,

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toppled rump over teakettle into the bottom of the boat. They picked themselves up, spewing as choice a variety of gutter blasphemy as I've ever heard.

"You were warned!" I shouted at them. "Now get out of here."

"Who do you think you're orderin' around, Mac?" one of them demanded, as he rubbed his chin, which had been barked on a thwart.

"I guess you don't know who we are, huh, Mac?" the second mug suggested threateningly.

"And I guess I don't give a hoot," I retorted. "But if you come around this boat again I'll brain you with a boat hook. Scram!"

They talked a minute in hoarse whispers. Finally one of them shoved in the clutch, the other took the tiller, and they headed back toward the dock.

Phil Gerrish was sitting up on deck, looking a bit dazed and very sick. I ignored him as I stepped over into the cockpit and sat down.

BOY, did you tell the mugs!" Mary chortled.

"Yes," I said bitterly. "I certainly did a lot of good for myself with that pair. Making friends with the hired help is one of the best things I do."

"Look, pal," Phil Gerrish said weakly. "What happened to me?"

He sounded meek as a lamb. I suspected he wasn't the type of man who can take it, but I didn't count on it.

I said: "Sit there awhile and take it easy. You've had a shock."

"I feel half drowned."

"You *were* half drowned."

"Did you haul me out?"

"Yes—after knocking you in."

He felt gingerly of his jaw. "Why'd you knock me in?"

"Because you insulted Miss Moore. Don't you remember?"

"I remember coming aboard here with a cold bottle. After that—"

He swallowed hard, and then bent hastily over the side and was sick. I took Mary's hand and we went down into the cabin.

"Don't you trust him, Bill," Mary admonished earnestly. "He remembers plenty."

"That's the funny thing about it, Mary. He really doesn't. It nearly always happens when a man is knocked unconscious, particularly when his brain cells are numbed by alcohol. He may not remember things that happened several minutes, sometimes even hours, before he was knocked out. I'm positive, from the way he acts, that he doesn't remember my calling him the Boy Wizard."

"But don't you trust him, will you?"

"Not any, babe."

"He's sick now. And, like a lot of guys when they're sick, he's got no more spunk than a rabbit with colic. But he won't be sick long, and when he's well he'll still be a louse."

"Phil Gerrish, my sweet, will never be anything else. Have you worked up an appetite for lunch?"

"I always have an appetite for lunch," she came back, grinning. "They took my appendix out two years ago, and when I came out of the ether I asked for a ham-and-cheese sandwich. Let's go ashore."

"Right. And see what kind of a lunch Loors serves his guests—for a thousand dollars a week."

She started for the companionway, but I caught her arm, said: "One thing more, Mary. For the rest of this day we have to act nonchalant. No more coming out to the boat; no talking in whispers. We've got to act as though we haven't a care in the world and don't give a hoot how soon we tear ourselves away from Angelfish Cay. That question of the Big Mouthpiece's about the Star may mean that they're wise, and it may have been just a shot in the dark. If it was, we're still in the clear. How long we stay there may depend on how we handle ourselves."

"And tonight, no matter what, we shove off?"

"Tonight we shove off. Loors will probably have the doors locked, or watched, but we'll scram through a window, row out to the boat, and be on our way."

"Hurricane or no hurricane?"

It made my heart jump, just thinking about it. "Hurricane or not, tonight we go."

"Attaboy, Bill!"

"And in the meantime you're on your own."

She looked at me hard; her smile was slow and knowing. "The field is yours, mister. I wish you luck."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean she's very beautiful and I don't blame you."

"Who's very beautiful?"

"Both of 'em. Let's get ashore."

WE found Gerrish sitting on the deck with his legs hanging over the rail. There was some color in his face now and the truculence was coming back into his eyes.

"Feel better?" I asked ungraciously.

"I'm all right," he said sullenly. "You're a curious kind of a duck."

"So I've been told." I started to cast the lashing off the dinghy—the boat Gerrish had rowed out in had drifted away.

"Why didn't you let me drown?" Gerrish asked.

"Heaven only knows." I swung the stern of the boat outboard and let it slide over the rail into the water. "The oars are under the starboard transom, Mary."

Gerrish sat there on the deck, shaking his head. "I don't get it; I just don't get it."

"You wouldn't," I said. I hopped into the boat, held it steady. "All right, Mary. In the bow. Coming, Simmons?"

He slid over and got gingerly into the stern. "I'll have to learn to swim," he remarked to the world at large.

"If you learned some manners you might never have to swim."

"Are you giving me advice, muh frand?"

I let it go at that and rowed for the dock, where the two mugs were standing, waiting for us. Making the painter fast, I stepped on to the pier, turned and helped Mary up beside me. The two mugs were waiting a few paces inshore.

WE left Gerrish scrambling awkwardly out of the boat and started down the pier. Mary's face was white; she drew close to me and put her hand in mine. The mugs were putting the eye on me—that old evil eye of the prize ring. I gave it right back to them.

I virtually scowled them out of our way, and left them, I think, somewhat amazed.

"Holy cat!" Mary breathed when we got ashore. "I thought sure they were gonna knock your head off. You got nerve, honey."

"It's because I've become the complete fatalist, babe."

"That's a guy who doesn't worry about the future because he knows it's all worked out for him."

"Yes. I knew they wouldn't dare gang up on me unless Loors had told them to. And if he'd ordered them to mow me down there was nothing I could do about it."

"I wish I could be that way," Mary sighed. "But I guess I'm a worrier."

Loors met us at the door of the lodge. "Well, folks," he said gleefully, "I just got the noon weather report, and it seems we're squarely in the path of the hurricane. We'll get it about midnight tonight. I'm having the storm shutters nailed on, and I'm going to seal us into this building so tightly we'll think we're a crowd of Eskimos sleeping out a blizzard in an igloo. Yes, sir"—he looked straight at me, and now his black little eyes were twinkling like a Brownie's—"I am certainly going to seal us in."

He held the door open and I stepped in, feeling as though I were entering my own private tomb.

Under suspicion, sealed in a house with desperate men, what will happen to Bill and Mary? Will they make a break for freedom, in spite of the storm and Loors' watchfulness? Next week, new hazards threaten, an old enemy appears, and the story speeds toward its dramatic climax!

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

BY OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **TOWARD AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE U. S. S. R. by Michael Florinsky. The Macmillan Co.**

A review of the historical background and an analytical description of the present Soviet regime in Russia. Compiled largely from information received from Soviet sources, this is a valuable book for those desiring knowledge of current economic, social, and political conditions in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

TEN BILLIONS A YEAR for fun

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Proving with amazing figures that America still has a pretty fine good time

BY YANKEE STADE

CAN we afford it?

Well, it costs us eight billions a year to support the government in Washington, and we don't get much fun out of that.

The average man would rather pay out his money for a good time than for taxes.

And, by golly, he does!

In a year—a year which everybody will tell you is a bad one—he buys himself four billion tickets to movie theaters and turns on his thirty-seven million radios ten billion times.

As for the number of times he pushes the button on his thirty million cars and steps on the gas for the pleasure of going places, only God and the traffic cops know.

What everybody knows, however, if he looks into the subject at all, is that the average American spends a fifth of his income for a good time and a fifth of his waking hours trying to get it.

Neither of these figures includes such traditional methods of having a good time as talking about your operation or explaining about your keys. They don't include singing or whistling or even whittling. They make no provision for digging in the garden or contriving a window box, for trimming the Christmas tree for the kids or inviting the folks for Thanksgiving turkey, for hiking or fishing or going to the beach and buying a hot dog.

This ten-billion-dollar appropriation allows us no shamrocks for St. Patrick's Day, no pin wheels for the Fourth, no ticktacks for Halloween, no gunpowder in father's cigar on April Fool's. It ignores the not inconsiderable pleasure—and not inconsiderable expense—of kissing your best girl, getting yourself married, furnishing your new home, and playing with your new baby.

Ten billion bucks a year—and not a penny for eating or drinking or making love!

What that money buys, and *all* it buys, is what the solemn boys with the long faces call "recreation."

And not all of that.

For example, where motoring stands in the recreation stakes, in comparison with the movies and the radio, cannot be reduced with any accuracy to dollars and cents, because motors, motorbuses, motorcycles, and even trailers are often used for business as well as pleasure. The same difficulty arises in figuring the part of our annual outlay for gasoline, tires, and repairs. And how about the cost of parks—local, state, and national—which contribute so much to the recreational qualities of motoring?

These questions and many others are so complex that the only safe way seems to be to leave what is admittedly our greatest form of outdoor recreation out of the financial calculations altogether.

That is what has been done. So far as the ten billions go, motoring doesn't cost us a cent. It's free, like thumbing. In other words, we spend ten billions a year for fun, not counting fun on wheels.

Now, the experts on the subject—the solemn boys with the long faces—are more interested in studying fun than they are in having it, and the reason they have long faces is that most of the fun they find to study is the commercialized, regimented type.

They admit that commercial entertainment has existed since civilization dawned. They agree that it is natural that it should grow in a Big Business era into Big Business—as it happens, into the biggest business in the United States today. But they are not happy about it.

You might think from their gloomy ways that the whole ten billions was being spent for night-clubbing and taxi-dancing. But to the nonexpert some of this regimented enjoyment doesn't seem so bad.

Between ten and fifteen million people enter motion-picture theaters every day, and stay, on an average, at least an hour and a half each time.

The solemn boys may draw whatever conclusions they wish. But they cannot get away from the fact that there has always been theater—for the few. Now, thanks to the screen, there is theater for the many.

To be sure, the movie mammoth has reduced the old-fashioned theater to a pigmy. But that's show business. It's always on the move, and right now it's moving in moving pictures.

What the movie has done to the theater, the radio, with the movie's help, has done to the concert and the opera, and threatens to do to the movie itself.

The yen for orchestra music hasn't fallen off since 1929. But orchestra followers have turned to the radio for the music they want. It may be Toscanini's. It may be Tommy Dorsey's. Whatever it is, they get it, and get it cheap, and get it comfortably at home.

All of which may not do the cause of good music any harm, either. Phonographs didn't. In fact, they began what the radio is now finishing, the musical education of America.

Incidentally, the sale of pianos, long recognized as a good indication of the way music winds are blowing, picked up enormously after 1932.

Authorities differ as to whether the movie or the radio is now the most popular form of indoor commercial amusement. Thirty million people listen to the radio every night. That's two and sometimes three times as many as go to pictures. But the conscious effort and the conscious cost of moviegoing is so much greater that comparisons are difficult.

Many people give reading—reading newspapers, magazines, and books—as their favorite recreation.

In the higher intelligence brackets, of course, this is the rule, not the exception; and even among the moderately educated, there is an increasing awareness of what is going on in the world and an increasing interest in its written interpretation. It would be a mistake, however, to put down all the money spent for this important purpose as exclusively for fun. Newspapers are read for a variety of purposes. Magazines are both recreational and informative; so are books.

Libraries are, therefore, only partly recreational.

And so are museums.

Museums in America used to be strictly fun makers. Nowadays they are quite as solemn as their European counterparts. They go in for art in a big way, and for science and history and industrial progress. Six hundred of the fifteen hundred museums in the United States are run by colleges and schools, and are educational, at least in intent. Zoological museums and aquariums are also educational as well as recreational.

But, for the most part, we don't go to these places to be educated. We go to have a good time. Like the libraries, therefore, museums are at least partly recreational; and the huge cost of maintaining them is partly chargeable to the fund for fun.

There is no question in what category those great sport triplets—

basketball, baseball, and football—belong. In recent years the crowds have been running eighty-five million for basketball, fifty million for baseball, forty million for football.

Because it is played indoors, amateur basketball lends itself to professional promotion in arenas like Madison Square Garden in New York. The game's greatest hold, however, is on the players themselves. In a season, some sixty thousand teams, many of them composed of women and girls, play over a million and a half games.

Baseball, although still referred to as the national game, has been steadily getting out of the hands of the people and into the hands of the big-time professional promoter. The number of people who actually played baseball after the school and sand-lot stages always was comparatively small. Now the number who even see it is small compared with the number who read it in the newspapers and hear it on the radio.

Except in the biggest cities, where attendance has gradually returned to predepression standards, baseball finds little financial support. In 1920 there were sixty minor leagues supplying entertainment to small and middle-sized cities; today there are but few.

Lately, two important variations have promised to bring baseball back to its old position. One is the night game, played under floodlights. The other is the softball game, which can be played in small arenas and is accordingly less expensive. Moreover, softball can be played by fathers—and by mothers!—as well as by kids.

The difficulty about extension of the night game still is the cost of installing a really adequate lighting system. But cost has never stopped the American showman, once he was convinced that the public would pay good money for something he could sell.

And then, of course, there's football, the extraordinary sport which combines the shortest season with the biggest box-office take.

THE outstanding feature of present-day football, perhaps the outstanding feature of present-day commercialized sport, is the rise of the professional game.

Back in the '90s, husky Pennsylvania coal miners used to get out on a Saturday afternoon and slug each other in a game called professional football. The game made a little headway in the World War, when old college football players then in the service organized teams which played for purses at military camps. But so far as the great sports-loving public goes, its popularity dates from the appearance on a professional football field in 1924 of the Babe Ruth of football, Red Grange.

They say Babe Ruth built the Yankee Stadium. Red Grange built the whole game of professional football.

It won't be long now, promoters believe, before the colleges will be relegated to the position now held in baseball by the bush leagues—mere developers of talent for the big-time professional clubs.

The leading two-man sport is still boxing. The game may never again approach the juicy affluence of that Chicago night in 1927 when 120,000 fight fans paid $2,600,000 to see Gene Tunney retain his heavyweight championship because Jack Dempsey, after knocking him out for a count of fourteen, happened to walk to the wrong corner; but it is again flirting with the million-dollar gate.

The best thing that has happened to the fight game since Jim Corbett knocked out John L. Sullivan at New Orleans was the inauguration in 1928 by the Chicago Tribune of the Golden Gloves Tournament for amateurs, which has grown into a nation-wide institution, and, incidentally, has produced two of our present-day professional champions.

WRESTLING is only about one fourth as popular as boxing. The sports pages give the game a lift every once in a while, but the impression is strong in the public mind that wrestling, with its masked marvels and bearded-men mountains, is more of a theatrical entertainment than a sport.

The horses run neck and neck with the boxers in attracting paying guests to the box office. Which brings us—and the race track is a good place to stop a moment and talk about it—to the subject of gambling.

Is gambling recreation?

Well, it looks as if it were. There is no question but what the thirty million people who go to see the horses run derive quite as much pleasure from the bets they place as from the races they watch. Moreover, millions of people who don't go to the track at all must get some kind of exciting kickback out of the money they wager sight unseen.

Bookmakers at the New York tracks snare as much as a quarter of a billion of racegoers' cash in a year. Tracks in the states where pari-mutuel machines are allowed account for another third of a billion. More money is wagered away from the tracks than at them. The grand total bet on race horses throughout the nation may top two billion dollars.

Baseball, football, and basketball pools run into hundreds of millions. Wagers on a big fight far exceed the gate. A single golf match sometimes draws a half a million in bets. Slot machines, punch boards, bank nights, sweepstakes, church lotteries, lodge raffles, wheels of chance, numbers—all of these " recreational " activities exact a huge annual tax. And the biggest take of all is the social take—bridge games, dice games, and poker games.

" It is estimated," writes Professor Arthur J. Todd of Northwestern University, who has conducted a most exhaustive and illuminating investigation into all these matters, " that over a billion dollars pass from hand to hand in poker games every year."

The total gambling take for the year 1937 was placed at over seven billion dollars.

But don't let that worry you—at least so far as your ten billion dollars is concerned. The solemn boys with the long faces have decided that the seven billions we spend on gambling, like the billion we spend on soda water and the billion we spend on cigarettes and the three quarters of a billion we spend on candy and the nobody-knows-how-many-billions we spend on hooch, just isn't recreation.

Ice hockey rates just below wrestling in the financial sport standings, due chiefly to the fact that it is played on a large scale only in the cooler parts of the country and only during a brief winter season. The really remarkable progress that this game has made during recent years is due chiefly to the coming of a dependable artificial ice. Heretofore the game was played chiefly in Canada, which accounts for the great number of French Canadians on the club rosters.

Artificial ice, of course, plays no regional favorites. Even Miami, Florida, " down where the tropics begin," has a monster ice carnival out of doors!

Of the other spectator sports, dog racing has attracted crowds in those states where it is allowed, but chiefly as a vehicle for placing bets. The six-day bicycle race hangs on to a fair share of popularity. Each sport draws about five million admissions a year. Motorcycling follows, with over three million; track and field events, with two million and a half; and swimming races, with a million and a quarter.

GOLF as a spectacle attracts less than a quarter of a million gallery gods. Automobile racing, when it happens, draws huge crowds, but it doesn't happen very often. Soccer, which is the national game in more countries than any other single pastime, has made only slight financial headway here. Dance marathons and bunion derbies are freaks. Aviation as a pastime still belongs to the Doug Corrigans of the world. The rest, with one exception, is chicken feed.

That exception is tennis. A few years ago, tennis as a spectacle appealed only to tennists. Now it attracts about three quarters of a million spectators every year, many of whom never held a tennis racket in their hands.

Big Bill Tilden, who did for tennis what Red Grange did for professional football and Sonja Henie did for ice, is largely responsible for this change. Ellsworth Vines and Fred Perry have since toured with satisfactory financial results. Now that Don Budge has turned pro, tennis this year will grab a still bigger share of the fun fund.

Professional tennis is said to have had a most stimulating effect on tennis played simply as a sport and an exercise. Yet the Lawn Tennis Association says that only three to five million men and women play the game regularly. Table tennis or ping-pong claims an equal number of devotees. These figures are exceeded only by billiards and pool, in which eight millions achieve a mild form of exercise; and bowling, in which a similar number work up a real perspiration.

There has recently been a marked uplift in the bicycle business, due to the pictures of popular film stars riding their bikes at Palm Springs. Cycle trains have also helped repopularize what was once the nation's most active sport.

Photography has held its position through good times and bad as the recreational hobby *par excellence.* The perfecting of small motion-picture cameras in recent years has added materially to its fascination.

Golf, tops in upkeep cost and outlay by the individual player, caters to less than a million and a half men and women who play regularly, and perhaps another half million who play occasionally.

Polo, yachting, and horseback riding are still the pastimes of the rich. So are most forms of hunting. Trapshooting, on the other hand, now has a vogue likely to become more general. Skiing, too, would be more popular if equipment costs could be reduced.

TO a man like Mr. Macfadden, who has campaigned so valiantly for the active life, it must be saddening to compare the relatively small number of people who actually play these games with the very large numbers who are content to sit in the bleachers and leave the active work to stellar professionals.

But for Mr. Macfadden and those who believe with him that physical exercise is the best of all recreations, there are heartening indications that their educational work has not been in vain. Dr. Todd and his fellow investigators report that "after the debacle of 1929, commercial recreation in the form of so-called 'attendance sports' depending on mass patronage lost ground, but during this same period participation in sports increased, until at the end of 1934 there were more persons actually playing games of all kinds, and more different games, throughout the United States than at any other period in our national history."

Not only physical culturists but psychical culturists will be encouraged by this news. Dr. Henry C. Link, director of the Psychological Service Center in New York City, says, "Our tests show that the amusements which contribute most to personality are those involving activity and physical exercise.

"The best games," he continues, "are those which promote social activities and the exchange of ideas, conversation, laughter, and sometimes temper. Becoming thoroughly angry with people is often a stage in getting to know them. If we successfully pass this point and reach the stage of hilarious laughter, we have gone far in cementing friendship."

THE END

SAVING UP YOUR ENERGY, JOE?
1.
GOSH, I CAN'T HELP IT IF I'M ALL TUCKERED OUT AFTER NINE HOLES!
ALL RIGHT, OLD PEPLESS, LET'S GO AND HAVE SOME LUNCH
2.
YOU KNOW THAT WORD "PEP" GIVES ME AN IDEA. MAYBE MORE VITAMINS WOULDN'T DO YOU ANY HARM AT ALL. AND I KNOW A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS CEREAL THAT'S EXTRA RICH IN TWO IMPORTANT ONES—VITAMINS B₁ AND D. WHY NOT TRY A BOWL OF PEP NOW?
3.
SAY! WHILE YOU WERE DOING ALL THAT TALKING ABOUT VITAMINS, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME WHAT A SWELL CEREAL PEP IS! IT'S THE CRUNCHIEST, CRISPEST ONE I'VE TASTED IN MONTHS. IT'S PEP FOR ME EVERY DAY!
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PEP
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VITAMIN ENRICHED
30% BRAN FLAKES
FLAVORED WITH MALT, SUGAR, SALT

IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT COOL CRISP **KELLOGG'S PEP**. IT'S A MARVELOUS TASTING CEREAL—CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B_1 AND D. GET **PEP** AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B_1 and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B_1, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

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INTO EACH LIFE

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

The story of a husband's night of enchantment which made him a wiser, if not a better, man

BY FRANK R. ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY T. FISK

DENNISON WALES woke up Monday morning with the stabbing realization that there was to be grand opera at the Shrine Auditorium that evening and that he had no seats for it.

Up to shortly before midnight of Hangover Eve, or Saturday, he had regarded grand opera as nothing which touched his existence in a vital way, like getting together a potful of iron dollars with which to appease the landlord, the grocer, the gas company, and the finance corporation which really owned the family coupé for the next seventeen months—one payment having been made.

It was Winifred, the wonder wife, who had jolted him into a realization of cultural things.

"It's Tristan and Isolde, by Wagner," she had said, "and Sally Connors is going to wear her new strapless crinoline."

"I didn't know Sally could sing," Denny contributed — brightly, considering the highballs he had consumed to make him last for the duration of the Country Club dance.

Winifred went on—she usually did, "You might have asked me if I wanted to go. Everybody in Los Angeles is going to be there—except us."

"Now listen, sweetheart. This is a city of over a million inhabitants, and the Shrine Auditorium only holds four or five thousand people. We're going to have a lot of company outside, Monday evening."

"Don't argue like a lawyer."

"But I *am* a lawyer. Why should I argue like a bricklayer?"

"You aren't a very good lawyer or I'd have a mink coat like Mrs. Hausmeyer. Her husband is a lawyer."

"Sure he's a lawyer, but I might point out that he has been one for thirty years. It makes a difference. I'm a depression lawyer—or hadn't you heard about the depression?"

The discussion developed into a fight after they got home. Denny finally moved into the guest room for the balance of the night.

Winifred was an only child whose widowed mother had devoted her life and all of her late husband's estate to fostering an advantageous marriage for her daughter. The result of her efforts had not been too satisfactory, because look what she got for a son-in-law—Dennison Wales, just out of law school, handsome in a slightly saturnine way, brilliant but penniless! He hadn't even a wealthy grandfather who might eventually leave him an income. Denny's only living grandfather, in fact, was a tired adventurer who had fought in half a dozen wars, most of them none of his business, and who was now actually dependent on Denny to supply the principal necessities of his declining years, whisky and tobacco.

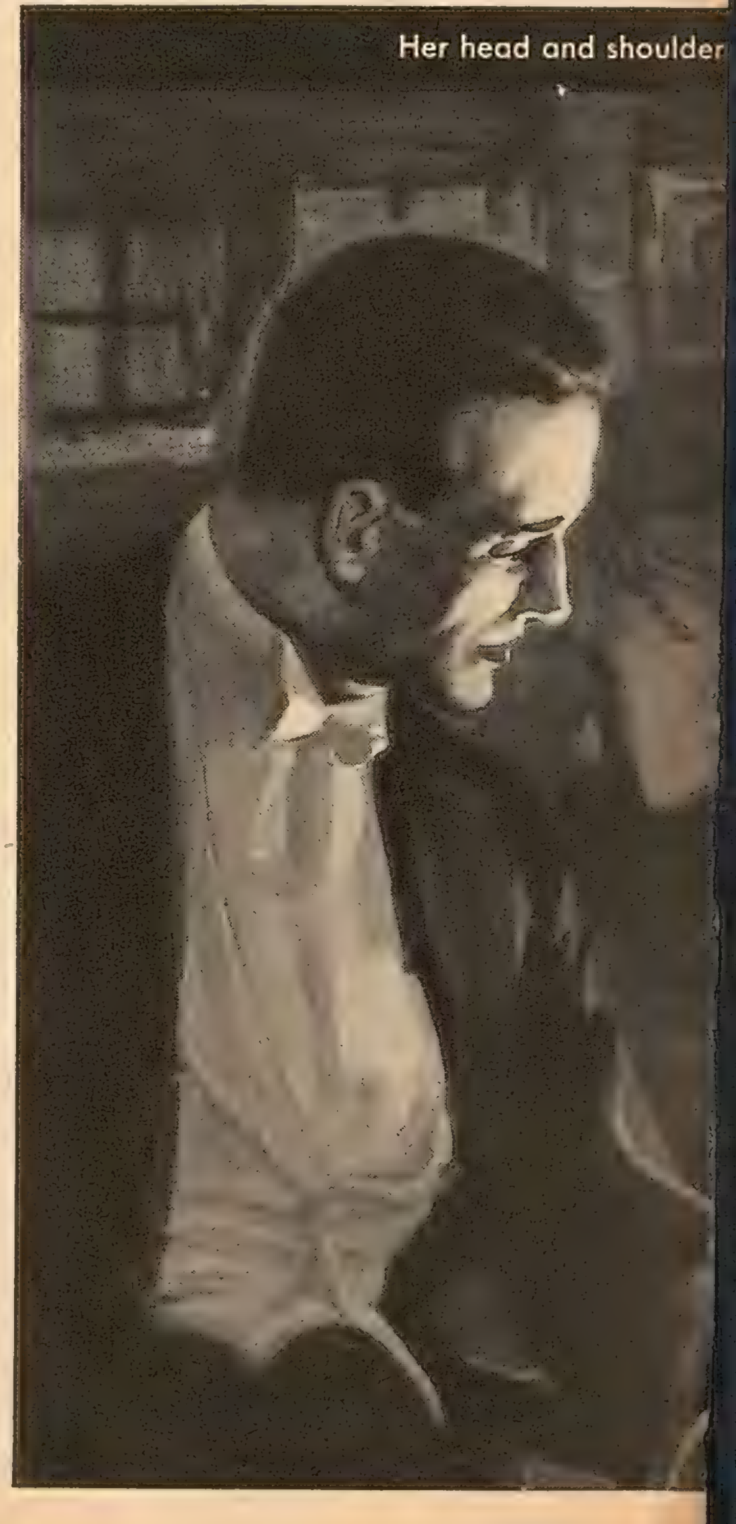
Grandfather Wales, quite naturally, was not on the regular calling list of Winifred and her mother. He was never drunk in the most literal sense of the word; but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that he was never cold sober either. He just preserved a nice balance. Besides that, he had a faculty for saying exactly what came into his mind.

As a suitor, Denny had been a whirlwind success — flowers, candy, amusing presents, and constant gay plans that filled all of Winifred's time. He had to take her places if he wanted to be alone with her at all.

But he hadn't planned to live continuously on a dance floor, at a race track, or in a theater seat. On the contrary, Denny had visualized a quiet little home where he could take his beautiful prize and relax in contemplation of the blessed simplicities of married happiness. It had seemed an end to justify the means, even if he had to borrow the means.

But home turned out to be merely a place from which one started for somewhere else. When he tentatively applied the brakes he met with reproachful tears. Unfortunately for discipline, Winifred was beautiful even when she cried. That wasn't true of Winifred's mother, but she also frequently cried anyway over the gay parties that her daughter sometimes had to miss. Denny's mother-in-law did not live with them but she had an apartment around the corner and, unfortunately, a telephone.

This morning life seemed unnecessarily difficult. Denny really wanted to please Winifred, but he was beginning to realize that it was probably impossible. Perhaps they didn't love each other enough. A measure of peace was the best that they ever attained and that was usually only



Her head and shoulder

arrived at by spending more than they could afford. It couldn't go on forever that way.

It was some time after midafternoon that Fate took him in hand and tossed him against the wall to see if he'd bounce.

Judge Skilway, head of the law firm for which Denny was as yet only an employee, was giving the young attorney some pointers on the way to plead a case in which he was to appear the next morning. The telephone rang and after a brief colloquy the judge told Denny that his wife had had an attack which might be appendicitis and was to go to the hospital immediately.

"It's not too serious," the judge said in response to Denny's expressions of sympathy, "but I ought to go over to the hospital and get all particulars firsthand." He rose. "I think we've covered the ground well enough so you can acquit yourself tomorrow with your usual credit." The older man liked Denny and smiled as he put on his hat and coat. "By the way, we had tickets for the opera this evening. Perhaps you would like to have them. If you don't like opera you can spend the time thinking about Smith versus Armstrong." He indicated the typewritten brief on the table.

Denny thanked the judge and, as soon as he could regain the privacy of his own office, put in a call for Winifred. She was out somewhere with her mother, the maid said.

No matter. Denny cleaned up the odds and ends on his desk and left the office early. On the way home he stopped at a florist's and bought an orchid. He was determined to make this a real occasion.

Winifred was still out when he arrived home on the bus. But Denny accounted for that by the fact that he was a little ahead of time himself. He put the orchid on her dresser and assembled his formal evening apparel.

He had been warned that the curtain would rise at seven forty-five and that no one would be seated during the first act, so it seemed like a good idea to have things ready for a quick change as soon as she arrived. Therefore he went to her closet, selected the dress which he liked best himself and laid it out carefully on the bed. Next he found the slippers that matched and put them on the floor so that the toes just peeped out from under the edge of the skirt.

He heard the family coupé drive up and the door slam—a little too hard. He smiled. If Winifred was peevish, all the more fun to see her change when she heard about what he had in his vest pocket.

She came into the bedroom. For a moment she didn't notice the way he was dressed.

Then, "Why? Is the WPA giving a banquet tonight? I hadn't heard."

"No, darling, but we're going to the opera — Mr. and Mrs. Wales, esquire and lady. I've got two seats in the twelfth row center—absolutely perfect."

For a moment she was stunned. He actually laughed at her unconcealed amazement.

But he stopped at her changing expression. "For Pete's sake, aren't you pleased, dear?"

"I can't go on such short notice."

"Why not?"

"Because I haven't anything to wear."

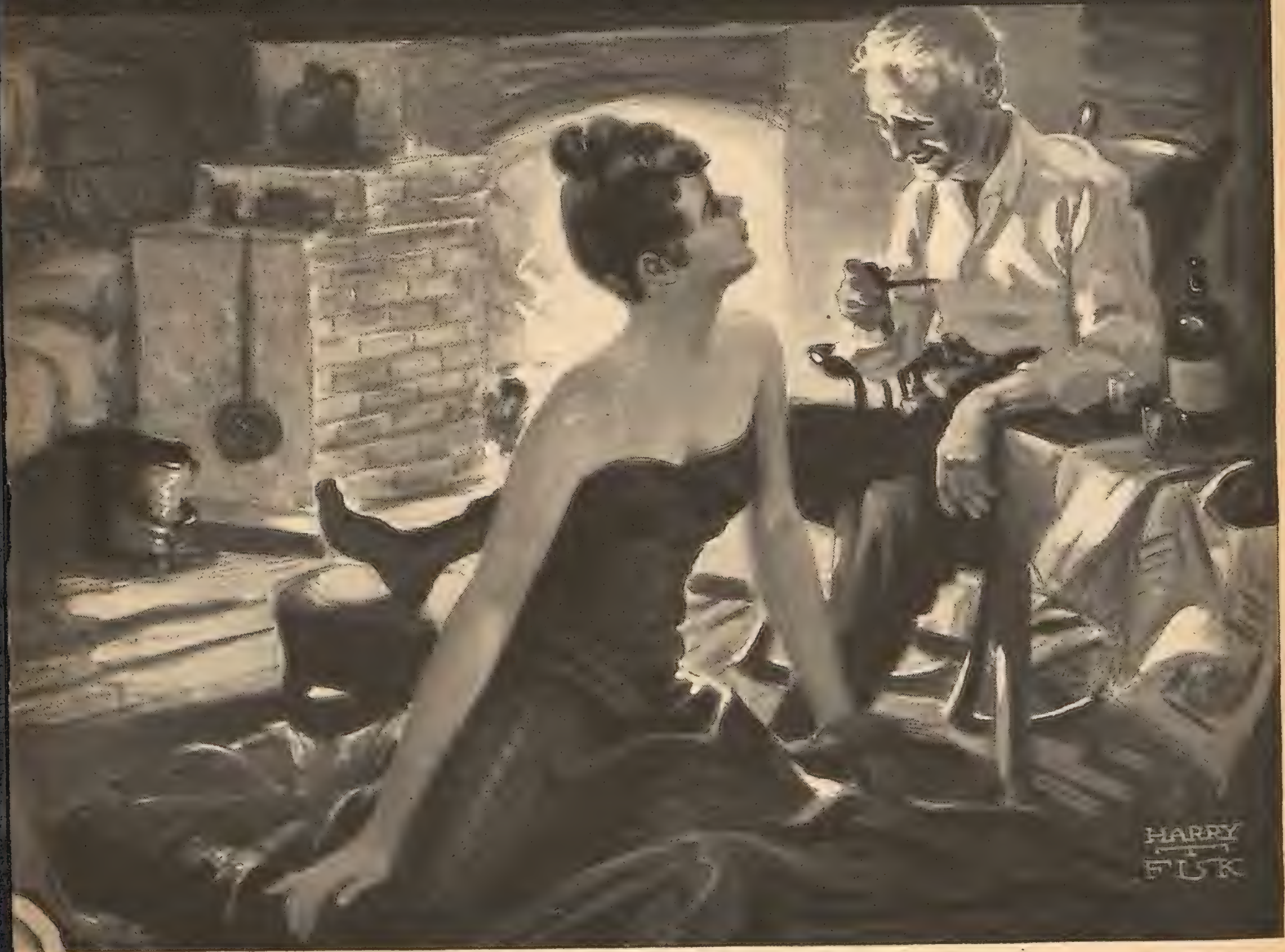
"Sure you have, dear." He called her attention to the frock on the bed. "I've got your best dress all laid out on the bed ready to slip on."

"That thing?"

Denny was startled. "What's the matter with it?"

"That's a dancing frock," she said.

rose like a white statuary bust. "She looks pretty that way — your new sweetheart," said the old man admiringly.



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"And, besides, everybody has seen it."

"I'll bet Tristan hasn't. But when he gets an eyeful of the way you look, I'll bet he forgets Isolde and climbs right over the footlights."

"Don't try to be funny."

"I'm not trying. It comes natural. Don't you want to know how I managed to get these priceless tickets?"

"No. They aren't any good to us."

"Listen, Winifred." Emotion that had been suppressed for a long time —too long—swept through Denny in a gale of anger. "I don't get into a boiled shirt just to spend the evening at home. We're going to the opera."

"You may be going but I'm not—not unless you can get Magnin's to open up their Wilshire Boulevard store and give me the pick of their French models. You're a lawyer—you ought to be able to persuade them to do a little simple thing like that."

Winifred had really said a little more than she meant to—who doesn't when in the middle of a family argument? But she was committed now, and when Denny picked up the dress and held it out to her with the command, "Get into that dress!" she snatched it from him and with angry hands ripped it right down the middle.

"Find me another dress, why don't you?" Winifred taunted.

Denny was aghast. "Why, that cost a hundred dollars!"

"And that's all you ever think of—the price of things." Her eye lit on the orchid on the dresser. "What's that?"

"An orchid I got for your corsage."

Winifred laughed. "One stingy little orchid? Did you find it in an ash can where some one had thrown it away? A yesterday's orchid, I suppose."

She snatched it up, threw it on the floor and stamped on it.

Denny started toward her. Winifred, who knew by this time how terribly in the wrong she was, cowered before the look in his eye.

"Denny," she cried, "don't you strike me!"

He did not pause in his stride. Winifred sank sobbing in his path. Denny paused a moment to look at her curiously, as if she were a stranger, and then went on, down the stairs and out.

He left all the doors open behind him.

WHEN Denny got to the Shrine Auditorium a thrifty impulse made him stop at the box office to find out if he could get a refund on the ticket he couldn't use. The ticket seller was doubtful, as it was so late. Still, he agreed to try.

When Denny went out for a cigarette during the first intermission he was of two minds whether to return at all. He was tired and bored.

But he did return, and he found the seat he had been sitting in was now occupied by a young woman. A hasty examination of his ticket stub and hers established the fact that he had been sitting in the wrong chair himself, and he hastily apologized.

"It is nothing," she said pleasantly. "I was most fortunate to get in at all. They would not show me to my place until the first act was over."

Denny was struck by the precise, slightly foreign flavor of her diction. He guessed that she was thinking in another and more familiar tongue.

The Auditorium lights began to dim while she was talking, and Denny regretted for a moment that he had not looked at her more carefully. But hers was a face you could almost see in the dark. Fair camellia-like complexion; eyes large and dark with a look in them that Denny could only describe to himself as haunted by ancient fears; mouth equally sensitive and also quite large. Dark hair, evidently long, was piled on her head.

Her dress, in the brief glance that he allowed himself, seemed to Denny to belong to the style of several years back. He couldn't tell if it was backless or not, but it certainly was very nearly frontless. By some dressmaker's magic, the soft dark material actually did cling to the contours of her firm young breasts, but to the casual observer it seemed to be a matter of nip and tuck, with the odds about even. She wore no jewelry, but a rich-looking fur was thrown back from her shoulders.

Denny did not look at her any more but he very definitely sensed her presence beside him in the dark. That was strange, because there had been people all around him during the first act and he had felt disconsolately lonely. Perhaps it was her perfume. Sometimes it evaded him entirely and then it was there again when she stirred ever so slightly.

When the curtain fell and people began to go out for the intermission, she turned to him questioningly. "Is it permitted that I should smoke a cigarette?"

"In the foyer or outside, if you wish," Denny informed her. "I'll show you, if I may."

"Thank you." She gathered her wrap about her and preceded him up the aisle. She was moderately tall and very slender.

As they went out into the porticoed entrance, a cameraman exploded a flashlight just ahead of them. Denny's companion clutched his arm with a trembling hand. Then she steadied herself.

"It was not a bomb?" she asked fearfully.

"No—only a photographer getting a picture of a film star."

"They will do it to us?" There was still apprehension.

"I think not. They are blind to mere beauty unless it is heralded by billboards. We shall bask in the benefits of obscurity."

Denny offered her a cigarette. She declined. "Thanks, I smoke only these." She displayed long ones in a plain case. "They are Russian, like myself. Although," she added, "I have never been in Russia."

Denny looked his surprise as he lighted her cigarette and his. She explained: "I have lived always in China. My father was a general for the Czar. You can see why it was my mother could not stay there when he was killed. But now it is not good in China either. You have been ever in Russia or China perhaps?"

"No, but my grandfather has told me a great deal about both countries. He has been everywhere—at least wherever there was fighting."

"You are like him—yes? This grandfather of yours has been also in South America, in the Republic of San Alto perhaps, I wonder?"

"Yes, I think I've heard him speak of it."

"I am going to San Alto myself—this very night, after the opera. It is a peaceful quiet country, I hope. Of fighting I am quite weary—and of everything else except this lovely opera which I have not seen before, even although I know all of it by the heart. In China we have not grand opera."

Denny rather thought he was being kidded. There couldn't be a mature woman whose life was so fantastic. But she fascinated his imagination nonetheless, and when they returned to their seats he sank once more under the spell of her silent presence. There was that haunting perfume again.

Once, during the Liebestod, he noticed out of the corner of his eye a fluttering gesture of her hand. He reached over and took her fingers in his own. They rested there vibrant but motionless. She drew them away only when the music was ended.

QUITE naturally they left the Auditorium together.

"You will perhaps help me to find a taxicab?" she asked.

Denny surveyed the situation. The public hacks which had been waiting had all been pre-empted.

"Would you mind," he suggested, "if I took you in my own car? It's parked around the corner."

She demurred at inconveniencing him, but it was not very difficult to overcome her objections.

"Now," said Denny as he started the car, "where do you wish to go?"

"To South America," she replied, "or at least, if I do not wish it, that is where I must go."

"I understand; but I meant at what hotel are you and your mother stopping?"

"Oh, that! I have no mother either—not since last year. And I sent my luggage to the airport before I went to the opera."

"You are going to travel in those clothes?"

"Why not? But I can change en route if I wish. It is a special plane and I shall be the only passenger."

"Oh, I see." Denny didn't quite see, but he gathered that his exotic acquaintance was a person of considerable importance—to somebody. "When does this private flying Pullman of yours leave?"

"When I wish. It can be soon, unless—" She paused.

"Unless what?"

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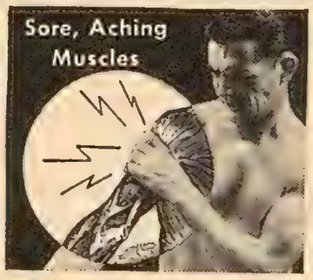

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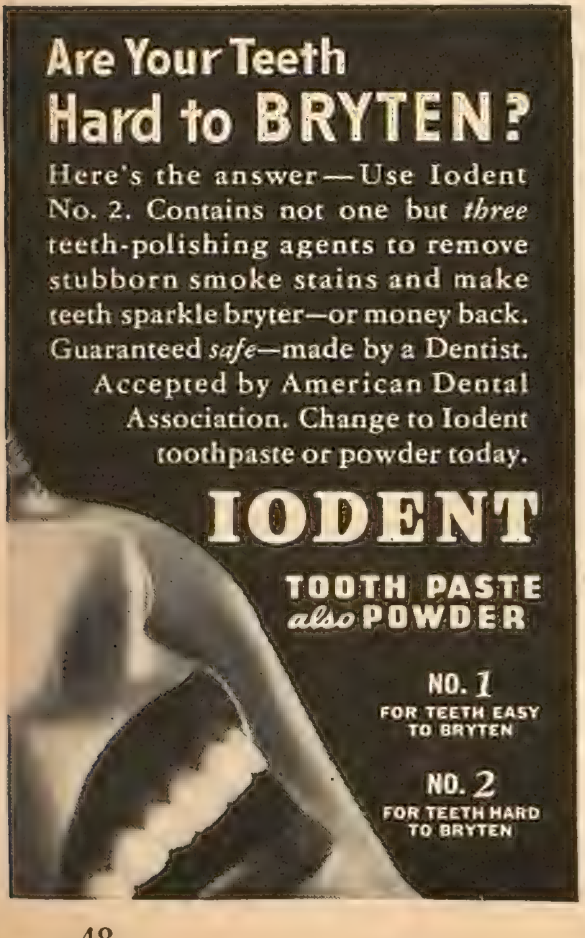

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NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

"Unless you have a little space of time to spare."

Denny had a sudden uneasy feeling that he had no time at all to spare. That was his cautious heritage from his mother plus his conventional legal training. But there was another side to Denny, the side which had made him go to the opera anyway, with his life flying to bits all around him.

"I have all the time there is," he decided. "What did you wish to do?"

She looked at him hesitantly. "I would like two things—something to eat and—and do you suppose your grandfather would be awake?"

Denny, who knew his grandfather's owl-like habits, responded without estimating the consequences. "Yes, he is probably still sitting amid the ruins of his past, but I am sorry to say that at this time of night he is very likely quite drunk. It is his principal diversion since he can't fight any more."

"That would not matter. I think perhaps he has something to tell me."

Denny laughed. "He'll talk your arm off if you'll listen."

THEY stopped at an all-night delicatessen to purchase supplies, because Grandfather Wales never had anything but bacon, beans, and eggs.

From the store Denny telephoned.

Grandfather Wales answered, a little mad, "What's the idee, disturbin' a man in the middle of his drinkin'?"

Denny explained that he was coming out, and added, "I'm bringing a lady with me."

"No you ain't—not if it's Winifred."

"It isn't Winifred."

"Oh, that's different. Bring her along. T' tell the truth, boy, I'm a little tight. Nobody would notice it but Winifred. What ye laughin' at?"

Denny didn't answer but hung up. He didn't know why he was laughing. Neither does any man who is treading on the brink of adventure.

In any other city than Los Angeles Grandfather Wales' three-room bungalow would have been called a shack. The elderly warrior lived there alone entirely surrounded by bottles, pipes, a very few other implements of masculine housekeeping—and an atmosphere also pleasantly masculine. There was a fireplace and, in honor of the guest, a fire in it. Over the mantel was a saber with a gold tassel hanging from the scabbard.

The host remained seated in a rocking chair, with one foot stretched out on a padded stool. "I ain't so handy about gettin' up and down as I used to be," he apologized to the girl. "A fella shot me in the foot down in Panama City. It was an accident. He was aimin' at my head."

She laughed and so did Denny. Denny laughed because he knew that the old rascal didn't dare try to stand up for fear he would fall on his face.

The girl scorned a chair herself and sat on the floor in front of the fire, her skirts spread out around her like a black pool from which her head and shoulders emerged like a white statuary bust.

"She looks damn pretty that way—your new sweetheart," said the old man admiringly.

"She does," Denny admitted, "but she isn't."

"Isn't what?"

"My sweetheart."

"Then you ain't got any gumption—like I've always been tellin' you."

DENNY went to the kitchen to make the coffee and sandwiches. While he worked he heard his grandfather drawing her out with impertinent questions which seemed not to annoy her at all.

"Denny didn't mention your name. What is it?"

"He didn't know. It's Olga."

"You ain't Swedish, though?"

"No, Russian."

"How'd Denny come to pick you up? Or was it t'other way round? Sounds more likely."

Olga told him.

"Oh. Where you goin'?"

"South America—San Alto."

"San Alto. I was there once. Fella runnin' it nowadays named Diego Gomez. Thinks he's Hitler, only with a bigger mustache."

Denny brought in the things from the kitchen. The girl had a healthy appetite. Denny ate little. She was so lovely in that firelight. She would be gone so soon.

The old man was watching them both, his wide blue eyes not missing a trick. When he spoke it was as if he were an interpreter between them.

"Denny," he said with exasperated positiveness, "we can't let a woman like Olga go out of our lives. Go away somewhere, you fool, and take her with you."

Denny was annoyed at having the pockets of his mind picked like that. "You've guessed everything wrong, grandad."

"Call me Pete. I got younger ideas than you have right this minute. And I ain't guessed nothin' wrong. You're a fine upstandin' lad, even if you ain't got quite enough get-up-and-git, and I never seen such a girl in my life and I been around the world three times. She don't want to traipse off to South America tonight." He pinned her with an abrupt question: "Do you?"

She smiled and she was so lovely that it made your heart ache. "I have nowhere to go. I must."

"Unless—" Pete Wales was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. The instrument was on a table beside him. Grandfather Wales grabbed it, upsetting an empty bottle. "Hello—oh, is that you, Winnie? . . . Why shouldn't I call you Winnie? Dammit, your name's Winifred, ain't it? . . . No, I ain't seen Denny for quite a spell. Got somethin' better to look at. Seems to me he did drop in a while back. I'm kinda forgetful. . . . Yeah, I guessed you had a row. I advised him to go to China or South America, like I done when my woman got ornery. . . . No, he didn't say. G'by." He hung up and turned triumphantly to his guests. "There, I got it all fixed."

They both laughed. Denny tapered off to a rueful smile first. Reality and responsibilities had seemed so far in the background.

The girl comforted him with her fingers on the back of his hand. "I knew you were married."

"Got it writ all over him, ain't he? But that don't make any difference. A man never meets any really interestin' women till after he's got a wife. I remember once—"

The fire crackled. The girl took a sip of the wine that Denny had brought for her and Grandfather Wales gulped a hasty two ounces of straight whisky. "You speakin' of San Alto reminded me of something I never told to a soul before.

I WAS down there mebbe twenty-five years ago. Your grandma was back here in the States havin' a fit of semipermanent collywobbles like she always did when I got the yen to go somewhere besides downtown. There was a native uprisin' goin' on. I was in command of a cavalry outfit. One time we captured one of their cities before they could quite get out, and we took a lot o' prisoners. We saved the women. One of 'em was a kind of a princess—they're a little like our Injuns only handsomer, descendants of the Aztecs or Toltecs. Anyway she fell in love with me, honest. After I got used to her style o' beauty I realized she was the most scrumptious woman I'd ever set eyes on. She had that same proud way o' handlin' herself that you've got, Olga. When she'd walk into my tent nights and throw aside her native robe you'd have sworn she was the statue o' the dead and gone Queen o' Sheba done in bronze. I never felt toward anybody like I did toward her—it was a kind of a worship all mixed up with the warm and tender things that grow up between a man and a woman that get to live for each other. I couldn't get the hang of her native name—it had a lot of x's and t's and l's in it, so I just called her Mary. We was together six months.

"Then along come a young squirt sent out from headquarters to take over my command. It was this Diego Gomez we were talkin' about a while back. He was only twenty but he was somebody's nephew. The orders that he brung with him said I was demoted to the rank of lieutenant under him. He grinned like a catfish when he handed 'em to me. Naturally we begun to get along like a couple of tomcats right away.

"He was lazy, mean, and cruel. The way he treated the men made my blood boil.

"He used punishments that ain't been seen in any man's army since the Middle Ages. And he watched to see that they were carried out—or more probably because he liked to see somebody suffer.

"You can just about guess what happened next. He began makin' passes at Mary and told her that since he was captain she was goin' to be his woman. I warned him to lay off, but one night she didn't show up and I started out to look for her. A guard at the door of my hacienda—we were billeted in a village at the time—stopped me and showed me an order from the captain saying I was confined to quarters under technical arrest. I made the guard eat the order and went down the street to Captain Gomez' hacienda. The door was locked but I could hear Mary inside sort of whimperin'. After that the lock didn't matter. I found him beating her with a whip. That's one of his cute tricks with women. I only half killed him, which was my mistake, and then I lit out for the hills with Mary. I thought we could make it to neutral territory, but our horses wore out and they caught up with us in the hills one night.

"I began shootin' it out. All they had to do was wait till I run out of ammunition and then rush us. Mary stopped me when I was on my last cylinder of cartridges. She wanted me to save two for us. I told her they wouldn't kill her, but she said what would happen would be worse, and rememberin' what that devil Gomez had done to her already, I finally gave in.

"I fired all but two shots. Then we kissed each other good-by and she held

"Oh, if Frank Ever Sees These . . ."

". . . he'll cut my allowance! Why, today I wouldn't *dream* of paying prices like the ones on these old bills!"

DO *you* remember things you bought, say, ten years ago—how inferior they were to today's goods in looks, in the service they gave? But do you remember, too, how much more those articles cost then?

Since 1929, the average price of an electric refrigerator has come down from $310 to $175, an electric washer from $112 to $72; a 100-watt lamp from 35 to 15 cents. And hundreds of other manufactured articles today perform better and cost less to operate than the older models.

Why? Because during these ten years American industry has improved its products, learned to make them less expensive so that more people can own them. That is why the American worker's *real* wage—his ability to buy the things he wants—is higher today than in 1929. Each reduction in the cost of the products he buys is, in effect, a "raise" for every purchaser.

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Thicker steel makes these blades more rigid — prevents rasping vibration...takes a wider angle for a finer shaving edge!

Do you get a raspy, "singing" sound from your razor blade when you shave? Does it tug at your whiskers? That's often the sign of blade vibration.

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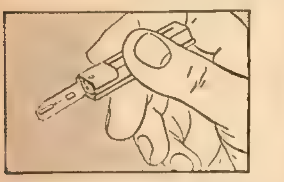

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Instant Blade Change . . . A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one automatically —and instantly! Nothing to take apart or reassemble. No fussing with messy wrappings.

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12 BLADES

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Genuine Schick Injector Razor and cartridge of 12 Schick *double-thick* blades in trim pigskin-grain case. 20-year guarantee of good shaving service stamped in bottom of kit.

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn., and Niagara Falls, Ont.

the barrel over her heart while I pulled the trigger."

Grandfather Wales paused and lit his pipe unsteadily. Two matches went out.

Finally: "When I turned my six-gun on myself and snapped the hammer, nothin' happened. The last cartridge was a dud. I tried to get killed when they swarmed in on me, but it was no use. Captain Gomez wanted me alive."

The old man looked at the two young people and at his accustomed surroundings as if he were in an unfamiliar place and among strangers.

"That's all. I don't guess a man has ever known real heartbreak unless with his own hand he has killed somethin' that belonged to him that loved him, whether it's a horse or a dog—or a woman."

"But," prompted Olga, "how did you escape?"

"Escape? Oh, yes. You see I didn't want to escape. I didn't even want to. I was kinda numb all durin' the court-martial and didn't make no defense even when I got sentenced. But there was a revolution and all prisoners was set free. I just come home like I'd been on a trip somewhere. Kind of a lame finish, ain't it?"

IT was three o'clock. Olga thought she should go to the airport.

"But there was a question you wanted to ask my grandfather," Denny reminded her.

"Not now. He has told me what I wished to know."

"I've talked too damn much," the old man interposed testily. "I've talked myself sober, and now I dunno as I got time before daybreak to get back where I was." He even rose quite steadily to his feet when he saw that his visitors were actually leaving. "All I got to say, Denny, is you're no grandson o' mine if you let Olga go away by herself. Life ain't too long—leastways not until you get old like me."

They drove not so very gaily to the Pan American landing field. Denny's conceptions of honor and life were terribly confused. He wondered if she would stay if he asked. But what could a man with six or seven dollars in his pocket ask of a woman like that? Even if he were mad with the madness of spring.

He stopped the car before the brightly illuminated terminal. When he started to get out, she restrained him. "It is better to say good-by here. At the plane there will be people. Thanks, my very dear, for more than you know."

She kissed him. He had known that she would. It was a far-away kiss in a dream.

Then she was gone. But he waited miserably. Somewhere on the field motors tuned up noisily. He saw the plane wheeled to the end of the lane for a take-off.

Denny felt that he must still do something to stop her. Impelled by no defined purpose, he got out of the car and went through the building to the barred gates which led to the runway.

The plane was just passing, still on the ground, but with the motors turning up with a deafening clatter, faster even than his heartbeats. It lifted a little. The white taillight began to mount like a rising star. He followed it with his eyes until it disappeared between the hills.

DAYLIGHT. The familiar driveway of his own some way shrunken home. There was finally nowhere else to go.

Winifred opened the door and folded him in her arms.

"Darling," she said, "I'm so glad you came back instead of going away as your grandfather said that you might."

From the living room came the sound of silly music, some one singing I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby.

Winifred saw his look of annoyance. "Mother's listening to the radio. We've had it turned on all night, ever since we heard the news flash about that plane for South America. Oh, Denny dear, I was afraid you might have been on it. But now everything is all right."

Denny's mind had stopped listening.

"What plane?" he asked perfunctorily because he some way knew already. "What happened?"

"It crashed about halfway between here and Mexicali—not the regular run, thank heaven, or there might have been a lot of passengers. It was just a special for that Russian woman, an ex-Grand Duchess she was, who was going to marry General Gomez who is dictator or something down in a silly little country called San Alto. Nothing that concerns us." She held him a little tighter.

The radio had been turned off, and now a sniff of disapproval made Winifred look up at her mother, who stood in the living-room doorway.

"You're not going to take him back, are you—after what he has done to you?"

"Yes, mother." There was a new patience in Winifred's voice. "I've learned something this long night, and from now on I'm going to do things Denny's way, not yours, if he'll forgive me."

The older woman put on her hat and coat in grim silence.

At the door she said:

"Very well. You'll wake up when it's too late."

"Too late." The words seemed to echo through the house behind the closed door.

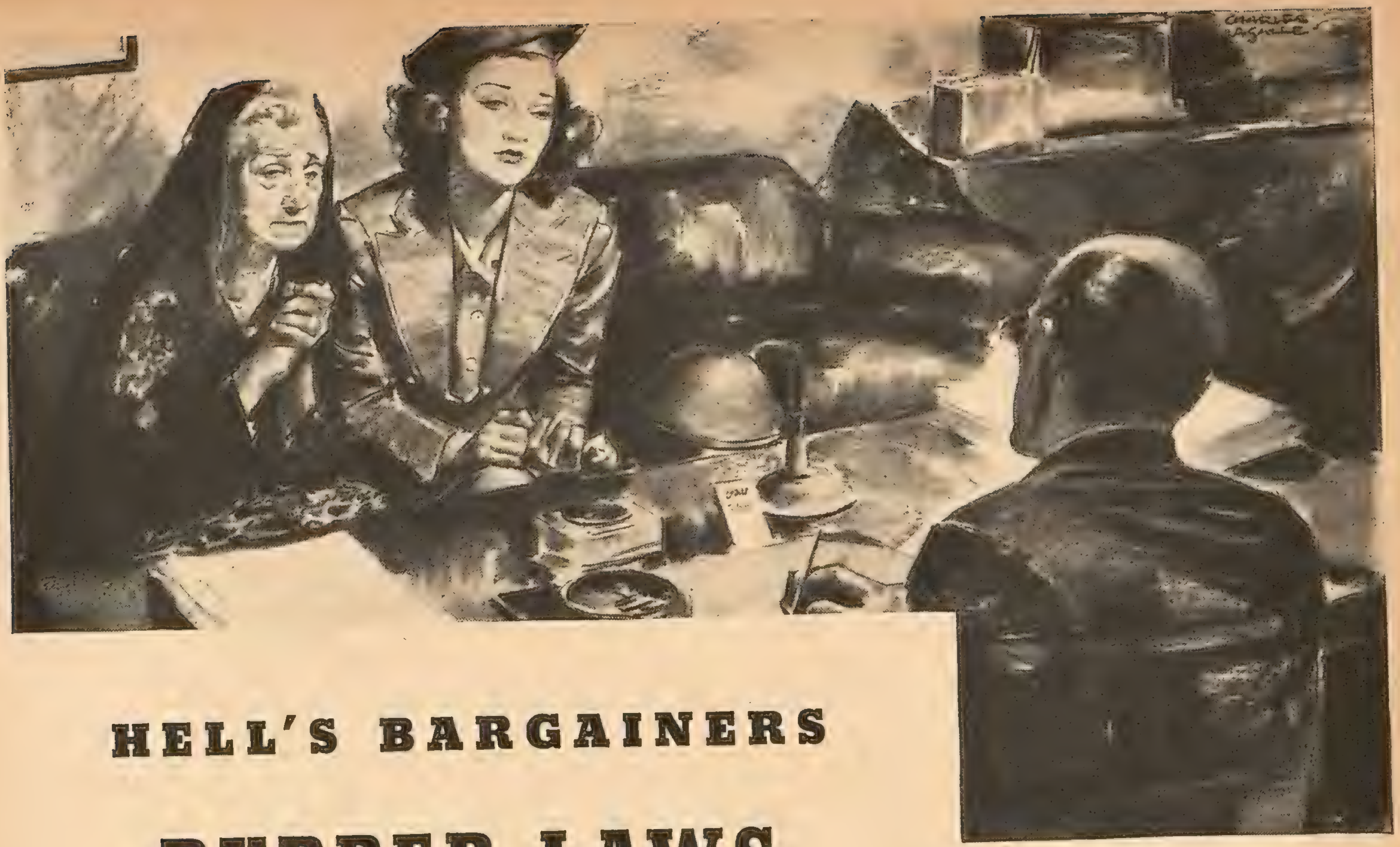
The telephone was ringing.

"It's for you, dear," said Winifred, who had answered it.

One of the girls at the office was calling. "That case of Smith versus Armstrong has been set ahead to ten o'clock. I thought you ought to know."

"Thanks," said Denny dully. "I'll be there."

THE END



You need facts. So you put out of your mind the torture that is in both their faces.

HELL'S BARGAINERS

RUBBER LAWS and LAWYER CRIMINALS

BY SAMUEL S. LEIBOWITZ

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

In some of our courts the judge assigns a lawyer to the case of a person arrested and charged with a crime who has no counsel to defend him and no money. How this procedure may well result in anything but justice, Mr. Leibowitz explained in Liberty last week. He suggested that leading lawyers set aside some time each year to be devoted, without fee, to defending the indigent, particularly in murder cases.

As an example of what a politically unfettered district attorney can do to organized crime and to lawyer-criminals, he recounted the smashing of New York City's restaurant racket. As a prosecutor, he said, Thomas E. Dewey deserves the praise that has been given him.

Nowadays our criminal law's presumption of innocence in murder cases occasionally tends, in Mr. Leibowitz' belief, to protect the murderous professional criminal. In France a prisoner is presumed guilty until proven innocent. However, in France there is a genuine dispassionate investigation of his story. Among Mr. Leibowitz' recommendations for ensuring justice in criminal cases were that we abolish "pre-trials of defendants in our newspapers," and that we reduce the testimony of witnesses under oath to writing immediately after the crime, making this a substitute for widely prevalent third-degree methods.

The luridly sensational lawyer-criminal of the movies is rare in real life; but Mr. Leibowitz has recently learned of one in Manhattan who is even more spectacular. This lawyer, whom he calls Attorney X, conducts a sort of stock exchange of crime. Suppose a stick-up man comes from Kansas City to New York, "cases" a pay-roll robbery at a factory, and fails to find in the underworld the three competent helpers he will need.

If he is smart, he goes to the office of Attorney X, who begins making phone calls. In response to them three men come drifting in.

One of America's most famous criminal lawyers reveals how lawyer-criminals thrive on perversions of the law

EACH of these three men is an accomplished and seasoned stick-up artist. They'll be glad to help out the Kansas City crook on this little job.

And now the job is discussed thoroughly: the best time to pull it; the best avenues of escape; the planting of an alibi in advance; the estimated value of the prospective loot.

Attorney X is particularly interested in that last-mentioned detail, for the payment for his illegal services will be made out of money not yet stolen.

He works much as does a smooth-running casting office in Hollywood. A crook comes to him with a proposition for a job. It may be robbery, arson, burglary, extortion—anything. He supplies crooks who are specialists; who will assist in bringing the crime to a successful culmination. The list of criminals he has to draw on is enormous. His office becomes a clearinghouse for criminals and a testing ground for every crime in the calendar. Needless to say, he may be reaping a fortune.

I want here to tell you a story of Manhattan. It is a sordid story but true. In this vast metropolis are persons of all nationalities, all types, all characters.

Take the case of Professor S. He is a mild-mannered man, honest, intelligent, and—in all respects other than the inherited or acquired attraction that persons of his own sex have for him—eminently respectable and law-abiding. He has a wife and children.

One day he gets off a subway train at Grand Central Station. He goes into the men's washroom. There he accidentally makes the acquaintance of a friendly stranger, a young man with a faint aura of effeminacy.

They are alone in the place when three detectives barge in—big six-footers, abrupt, loud, officious.

"What," they want to know, "is going on here?"

They disregard the professor and turn to the young man.

"So it's you again?"

Two of them march him outside. The third turns to the professor.

"Come along, buddy. We're going to the station."

The terrified professor can see nothing—except the messy story that is going to be on the front pages of the morning's papers.

"I'm a married man," he pleads. "This will ruin me. Can't we settle it without going to the station?"

The cop shrugs, looks disdainfully at the bills the professor has taken out. Fifty dollars. But he has more at the bank. They go to the bank. The professor withdraws $500 and gives it all to the detective, who has made a notation of his name and address. The professor goes home. Two days later he feels easier. The detective has not tried to shake him down for more. Everything is going to be all right.

BUT on the third day a man comes to his home. This man obviously is not a detective. He is thin, distinguished-looking, courteous.

"I am Assistant District Attorney Blank," he says. "This is a subpoena. You are to appear before the grand jury tomorrow at eleven o'clock."

"What for?"

"For bribing a policeman."

The professor is in deeper than ever. All the onus is his. He may have been holding the most innocent conversation in the world with the young stranger in the washroom, but now he really has bribed a policeman.

It ends with more pleading, cajoling—and another trip to the bank. The assistant district attorney finally goes away—with a bigger bundle of cash than was given the crooked cop.

The professor has finally bribed his way out of a nasty situation.

Actually, he has done nothing of the sort. What he has done has been to fall for a modern and specialized version of an extortion game. The detectives were not detectives. The dignified "assistant district attorney" was a phony. Even the young stranger was an actor member of this gang. And it is only one of three similar gangs running the same racket in the public washrooms of Manhattan's subway stations. All three operate under the same sponsorship. Victims are obtained through finger men, who may be night-club habitués or even servants in the victims' homes. And who is the brains behind this—one of the most vicious rackets in New York City?

You may have guessed.

He is Attorney X.

As I have already said, this is the first time in my twenty-two years in the field of criminal law that I ever heard of the existence of such an individual. I always believed that his type could be found only in the movies. Yet we who follow the profession of law have reason to be proud that Attorney Xs are rare in our midst.

THIS Christmas, wherever I may be, a present will come to me. I shall open the package to find, inside, an ornament cut of jade or a chest filled with delicately fragrant tea.

And I shall know that Wing Hai still remembers me. For twenty years —during which I have not seen him— he has never forgotten.

Now, the case against Wing Hai, a score of years ago, was a strong one. He was arrested by immigration officers who charged that he had been smuggled into America. True, he had a shore-leave permit, signed by the captain of an English ship on which he supposedly was cook. But ship and captain were gone, and Wing Hai, in a confession, admitted that he had forged the captain's name. No force had been used upon him to obtain the confession. It looked open-and-shut.

I defended Wing Hai in Federal Court. And I prevented his going to jail by showing what had happened:

Arrested, he had been taken to Ellis Island for a hearing. He spoke no English. A Chinese interpreter was summoned. Now, the Chinese interpreter had a failing not entirely uncommon. He liked his job and felt that he might best preserve it by pleasing his white superiors. So he gave Wing Hai a bag of peanuts.

In the room were Wing Hai, the interpreter, a stenographer, and an immigration officer. The immigration officer told the interpreter:

"Ask him if he was smuggled into this country."

The interpreter spoke in Chinese. Wing Hai smiled. His head bobbed eagerly up and down.

"He says yes."

"Ask him if he forged the captain's name to that permit."

Again a question in Chinese, and again an obvious affirmative. Thus, quite simply, was the confession obtained. But the interpreter had not really asked Wing Hai whether he had been smuggled into the country, nor whether he had committed forgery (although the record showed both questions). What he had asked him was: "Do you like peanuts? Would you like more peanuts?"

And Wing Hai had answered both questions truthfully, nearly convicting himself. I was able to extricate him. He has never forgotten.

Every able criminal lawyer in the country could tell you of cases like that which he has handled, cases in which he has prevented a perversion of justice.

The next time some one tells you that all criminal lawyers are tricksters who resort to every manner of shady skulduggery to obtain release of guilty clients, think of Wing Hai.

As I have said, no reputable criminal lawyer can invariably tell with certainty whether his client of the moment is actually guilty or innocent.

What, then, guides his decision? What are the ethical standards by which he determines whether or not he shall take an accused man's case?

It is a problem that is of tremendous concern to the average layman. His whole mental picture of the criminal lawyer is formed by what he has read or heard or happens to believe. A crime is committed and a man arrested for it. Most of the public reads the details and arrives at a belief that the accused is guilty or innocent long before the trial gets under way. Let us suppose that the public decides the accused is guilty. Along comes a legitimate criminal lawyer and not only defends the accused man but wins his freedom. The public reaction is one of indignation. How can a decent lawyer take such a case in the first place? Isn't he deliberately conspiring to overthrow justice?

Quite often I lecture before some college group composed of law students. At the end of the lecture I ask if there are any questions. A student in the audience, for instance, at Yale, jumps up excitedly.

"Mr. Leibowitz—" he begins.

"Just a moment," I tell him. "You are going to ask me whether I believe that a lawyer ever is justified in defending a man whom he believes to be guilty."

Invariably my questioner looks surprised. He wonders how I read his mind. I didn't. It simply happens that his is a question that has troubled nearly every law student and lay person at one time or another.

I think criminal lawyers have erred in not taking the public into our confidence long before this. Had we done so, it would have a far different conception of most of us and of our code of ethics.

WHEN I accept the case of a man charged with a crime, what is my frame of mind? It can be one of only three things:

I can know or believe that my client is innocent.

I can believe, strongly, that my client is guilty.

I can know—positively—that my client is guilty.

Every layman will, of course, agree that it is the duty of a lawyer to defend a man in whose innocence he strongly believes. But how about the case in which he strongly believes his client to be guilty?

Should a reputable lawyer lend his efforts and his talents, with or without fee, to such a man? Should he endeavor to extricate the client who, he believes, has committed the crime with which he is charged?

Let me answer that with a story, the story of a man I accepted as a client and was fully prepared to defend—although I was sincerely convinced that he was guilty.

I was called, one night, to a jail in Brooklyn by a man who had been arrested, charged with the brutal murder of two unarmed employees of a grocery store during a hold-up. Three men had participated in the hold-up. The police believed my client—his name was Adam Lemansky—was one of those three.

Lemansky had a criminal record, had been convicted of other hold-ups, and was known to work in the neighborhood where the crime had been committed. He had disappeared from his usual hangouts immediately after it. The police had jerked him from a train miles from the scene of the murder; obviously he had been in flight. What was believed to be his fingerprint had been found at the scene. Three witnesses positively identified him as one of the hold-up men.

To make it worse, he was an ardent cop-hater.

When I visited him in his jail cell he could tell me little that would be worth while in establishing the innocence he claimed. He persisted, though, in protesting that the cops had him wrong; he hadn't committed this crime.

Frankly, I didn't believe him. Everything pointed to his guilt. But, like every other man, he had the right to go into court and to bring out every fact that might tend to indicate the innocence he claimed. He was entitled to a fair trial in open court. I intended to see that he got that—and no more.

HIS case never came to trial. Miles away, in another state, three hoodlums were stopped by a policeman after they had driven their car through a red traffic light. The policeman saw a gun on the floor of their car. He took them to the station, where they were questioned. They promptly confessed to a series of New York robberies, one of which was the Brooklyn crime for which my client was being held. They re-enacted that crime, proved beyond doubt that they had really committed it.

The district attorney himself went into court and moved that the indictment against my client be quashed. It was. Adam Lemansky went free.

Yet, in my conferences with Lemansky, I had told him that he must be prepared to go to the electric chair. And, had not pure chance saved him, he would now be dead; for nothing I could have done would have saved his life.

Perhaps you are thinking that his case is too exceptional to be used as an illustration, since fellows of Lemansky's type are constantly being plunged into hot water. Such a thing, you may protest, could not happen to you.

Don't be too sure. It did to John Toolin. And Toolin was in every way a decent, law-abiding citizen. He had no criminal record. He had never been in trouble in his life. He was married, working steadily, and was worth about $50,000.

The very job he held with a finance company made what was to happen seemingly all the more impossible. At the end of a working day he had to write a report listing the places he had visited and the persons he had talked with. Here was a man who needed no alibi, yet, by the nature of his employment, had an alibi for every weekday of his life; a man who could summon character witnesses by the dozen.

Yet he was convicted of a crime he never committed.

Twenty-two witnesses stood ready to identify him as the man who had cheated them of money in a flimflam game. And every one of them was wrong.

His report, turned in before his arrest, showed that on the afternoon he supposedly had been swindling one victim he actually was visiting the homes of two families far distant. He produced the persons he had talked to at those private homes. He produced his employer, who vouched for his character. Yet so impressive was the parade of eyewitnesses that he was convicted.

I took his case after his conviction, established that his handwriting was utterly unlike that on a receipt given one of the victims, and won him an acquittal on retrial of the case.

I went into court with a newspaper so folded that only a picture of a young and handsome man could be seen. I showed it to the district attorney.

"Excellent picture of the defendant, isn't it?" I asked.

LIFE SAVERS
LIFE SAVERS
PARACHUTE JUMP
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When you come to the New York World's Fair—we make you this bet . . . If Life Savers' 250-foot parachute jump doesn't take your breath away, a package of PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS will!

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours!

"Splendid," he said, nodding agreement.

"Please open up the paper."

The prosecutor did—and dismay creased his face. It was a picture not of the defendant but of one of the survivors of the crash and burning of the Hindenburg, the German airship that had gone down in flames at Lakewood, New Jersey, the day before.

My client, John Toolin, had not one double but two!

The delicate balance of true justice is difficult to preserve. Incredibly small things can tip the scales one way or another. Adam Lemansky probably would have gone to the chair had not three young hoodlums whom neither he nor I had ever seen before sped through a red light in a town miles away. Had that light been green, those three hoodlums might even now be robbing and murdering. And Adam Lemansky might now be dead and buried.

A purely mechanical thing saved his life. A thing of measured seconds —the changing of a traffic light.

And John Toolin? If the actual thief had not left behind him a card —a receipt in the thief's handwriting —Toolin would now be serving time in some prison.

The next time you read that some criminal lawyer has accepted the case of a man who you, as a newspaper reader, are convinced must be guilty, recall these two cases, and remember that I too thought Adam Lemansky guilty. In my belief, he was indisputably guilty.

But a criminal lawyer always keeps in mind something that the average layman is likely to overlook.

Belief is one thing. Proof is another—proof subjected to searching analysis in an open courtroom in the presence of a jury. And every man has the right to prove, or fail in open court to prove, his innocence or guilt.

EVERY reputable criminal lawyer weighs these things when he talks with a client. He may suspect—he may strongly suspect—that the client is guilty. All of the evidence may point that way. Yet who is the lawyer to set himself up as judge and jury— as the final authority? We would see scant justice done if every lawyer, after listening to a client's story, summarily said:

"You are innocent, so I will take your case." Or, "You are guilty, so I will not take your case."

An innocent man, with every circumstance against him, would have no one to defend him.

But what of the criminal lawyer, you may wonder, who comes into court and defends a man who, from all the available evidence, seems to be simply a professional criminal?

Well, if that man is innocent of the crime with which he is charged, isn't he as fully entitled to defense as you or I? That is the American way, and it is the just way. We cannot, I repeat, have one law for the rich, another for the poor; one for the good and another for the bad.

Once I defended a man against whom public sentiment was aroused to the point of hysteria. The charge was a serious one—murder. Let me tell you what happened:

Through Manhattan's teeming Harlem a curtained touring car drove at a snail's pace. The men in it were looking for some one. When they saw him he was walking, unsuspecting, along the sidewalk not far from a club that was the hangout for members of a gang of criminals.

From between the curtains of the car poked the ugly snouts of machine guns. Suddenly the crowded street was alive with the clatter of death. But the man who was the target escaped. Four children, playing in the street, were wounded. A fifth, a baby, was shot to death in the carriage in which it lay.

It was a nauseous crime. The stench of it filled the newspapers. Mass indignation meetings were held.

My client was the man charged with that despicable "baby murder." I defended him and he was acquitted. Had he been convicted and sentenced to die, his life span would have been longer; for a few days after his acquittal he was shot down by gang guns in a telephone booth.

YOU will say that society was well rid of a man so evil. And I am inclined to agree with you.

Then, you will ask, how in all conscience did I ever bring myself to defend him in the first place?

That is easy. He was innocent of the murder with which he was charged. That he had committed other murders—and many of them— I have no doubt. But of this murder, I know of my own knowledge, he was innocent.

When I undertook his defense, I was prepared to produce witnesses of unimpeachable repute, to establish that at the time of the "baby massacre" he was two hundred miles from the scene.

Yet I never produced those witnesses. Something happened early in the trial that made it quite unnecessary.

The prosecution put on the stand a witness who swore that he had seen my client in the car from which the shots had been fired. He could not be mistaken, he said, for he had recognized him even to a dimple in his chin.

This witness told a good story, and told it well. Too well! It was pat and unshakable. But his manner was furtive. He answered some questions I put to him out of the corner of his mouth, without moving his lips. It is a trick convicts employ in prisons which enforce silence rules. I was sure that he was an ex-convict. And I was sure that he was lying a man's life away.

I let him lie. I asked him seemingly innocuous questions. He had prompt answers. After a while I tore those answers to shreds. I exposed him, on the witness stand, as a liar. And on the next day, after his photograph had appeared in the newspapers and had been recognized by an official from a Western state, I identified him as an ex-convict, a convicted perjurer, and a professional "surprise witness."

The judge directed an acquittal. There was nothing else he could do. An attempt had been made to frame my client.

My client was acquitted, although every newspaper and complete public sentiment had already in advance convicted him of a crime he had not committed.

SUPPOSE, because of public indignation born of the hideous details of the crime, every lawyer in the country refused to defend such a man. That is, of course, impossible, since the law insists, rightly, that every defendant be represented by counsel. But let us suppose it. No one will defend him. He goes to the chair— for a crime he did not commit.

No matter how vicious a man, no matter how sordid his past, we corrupt justice if we use the jury box for a lynching box.

Justice does not lie in whether an honorable criminal lawyer defends a man—whether he knows him to be innocent, believes him guilty, or knows him to be guilty. True justice and decency lie in *how* he defends that man. If he bribes, corrupts, intimidates, fixes, he is a lawyer-criminal. If he simply gives his client a full and honest defense in open court, seeking to bring truth—whatever that truth may be—to the attention of the jury, then he fulfills his oath as an officer of that court.

I cannot reiterate too strongly that every policeman who beats a prisoner and every assistant district attorney who frames a case against a man automatically intensifies the problem of organized crime in this country.

Fortunately, such men are few; unfortunately, some still exist. The cop who mistreats an arrested man in the hope of obtaining a confession, or the prosecutor who, through stupidity or overzealousness, permits a perjurer to testify against the accused, belongs in the same category as the lawyer-criminal who tries to fix a guilty man's case. Both give solace to the professional criminal; both, in the final analysis, are his allies. For there isn't an able defense attorney in the country who can't win any man—regardless of his criminal past—freedom if he knows that that man is being framed. American juries will not stand for frame-ups.

We don't need newer or better or more laws to cope with our professional criminals. We need vigilance. Eternal vigilance. Forthright, honest prosecutors. And policemen who will follow our known lawbreakers day and night. A professional criminal can't commit crimes when he is under observation. Constant surveillance would soon drive all of our known criminals from any city.

Let me tell you another story. It is the story of a case handled by a lawyer friend of mine in another city.

I do not profess to tell you that the conversation as you will read it in this story is factual. It can't be, for that would be a violation of the ethics existing between a lawyer and his client. But—in all its essentials—the story is quite true.

Now, I wish you to place yourself in the office of my lawyer friend as you read this. You shall sit in the chair behind his desk and watch and listen. And decide whether you would have taken the case.

You look across the desk to a leather davenport on which sit two women. One is old and motherly. Sorrow is etching its lines upon her wrinkled face.

The younger one—the sweetheart of the arrested man—does the talking. She is chalk-white and tense. She talks swiftly, eagerly. Whenever she mentions her sweetheart — his name is John—the old lady sobs.

John is in jail, charged with killing a night watchman. And he is innocent! He had nothing to do with it!

If you had been like my friend, a criminal lawyer, you would have heard that assertion of innocence thousands of times. It means nothing. It tells you nothing. If you are going to help the accused man, you need more. You need the truth. You need facts.

So you disregard the crying of the old lady, and the nervous tension of the younger one. You put out of your mind the torture that is in both their faces. You begin to dig. The story comes out in emotional outbursts:

One night a week ago the night watchman of a warehouse came upon an intruder—a young man. There was a terrific struggle. The night watchman, flashlight in one hand, billy in the other, struck two blows. One split the skin over the intruder's right eye; the other knocked a gun from his hand.

The intruder was groping for it when the night watchman reached for his own revolver. Again there was a struggle, and this time it was the intruder who knocked the gun from the watchman's hand. They rolled on the floor. Suddenly three shots were fired in the darkness. The watchman died instantly. The murderer fled. Now John is under arrest. And he is innocent, his sweetheart repeats.

Well, you wonder, if he's so innocent, why did the cops pick him up? What kind of a chap is he?

The answers don't come in such a frantic rush now. You have to pry them out. For John, at the time of this crime, was out on parole—an ex-convict who had once been sentenced for a warehouse robbery. The sobs of his mother and the eagerness of his sweetheart would have you believe he was innocent of that, too. But that is water over the dam. It may or may not have the least thing to do with this present trouble.

It has a lot to do with it, according to John's girl. The police have framed him because he has a record. But police must have proof, evidence. Why did they pick him up for the murder in the first place?

"Because of the cut on his head. They say the night watchman hit him. But they lie."

"Then how did he get the cut on his head?"

You ask the question quickly, for you want a quick answer. A true answer, not a manufactured one. And the answer comes quickly:

"Three days *after* the hold-up John was building some shelves in the kitchen. He had put a heavy hammer on a higher shelf, and it fell down, striking his head."

"But how can you prove that's the way it happened?"

"Easily. The day before the hammer fell on him he went to a church social. That was two days *after* the warehouse robbery. And the parish priest will tell you he had no cut on his head, no bandage, at the social."

20 QUESTIONS

1—Master of a radio hour and talent sleuth, his career was founded on a college song. Who is he? (See photo.)
2—Where is the most famous U. S. harness-horse race run?
3—Between what states is Boulder Dam?
4—When does the U. S. government's fiscal year commence?
5—Who shot Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife in 1914?
6—What were the Pillars of Hercules?
7—Why is a new baby like a storm?
8—What minerals are called fool's gold?
9—Who declared himself "the law west of the Pecos"?
10—Why did Diogenes carry a lighted lantern in midday?
11—What World War nurse gained fame through the manner of her death?
12—In what month did the U. S. declare the Civil, Spanish-American, and World wars?
13—Who gained a Presidential nomination by his "Cross of Gold" speech?
14—What language do Brazilians speak?
15—Who gave tennis the Davis Cup?
16—What movie star's father is a famous engineer?
17—Why is smoke visible?
18—What invention is said to have been inspired for the benefit of a deaf woman?
19—At what national institution is there a new government silver depository?
20—Who led the opposition to the entrance of the U. S. into the League of Nations?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

Your case is looking up now. The police must be wrong. You can't have a finer witness than a priest.

The police have seven eyewitnesses who claim they saw John run from the warehouse, under a street lamp, blood pouring down his forehead. But eyewitness identification is notoriously weak.

There you are. Against your accused man are an injured head, identification by seven eyewitnesses, and an unsavory criminal record.

In his favor are a very reasonable explanation of how he came by that injury and the testimony of a priest to back up his story.

Remember: this pathetic old lady has little money. You're not going to get much of a fee for this case.

What are you going to do about it? Are you going to defend John? Or are you going to say, "Sorry"?

My friend took the case. And it began to shape up nicely. However, the police had found a pistol in John's home. They had found it in a trunk in the attic. John claimed—and had apparent proof—that it was one that he had bought ten years before, simply as a favor to a friend who needed money. He had tossed it into the attic trunk and it had been there ever since. His explanation was logical, for at the time of his arrest on the charge of robbing a warehouse years earlier he had been unarmed.

But now the newspapers claimed that the bullets taken from the watchman's body matched perfectly in their markings the rifling in John's pistol.

And the evidence of ballistics is damning.

My lawyer friend hurried to see his client. John looked him squarely in the eye.

"Those bullets couldn't have come from my gun."

"Now, look," said my friend. "Don't lie to me. I'm having my own ballistics expert check your gun. If its markings are on those bullets, you're finished."

Only earnestness was in John's face, eyes.

"You do that," he implored. "You have your own expert examine my gun. If those bullets came from that gun, I'll be willing to go to the chair."

My friend, considerably heartened, sent his own expert to check the gun. The expert came back and said:

"No doubt about it. The fatal bullets were fired from your client's gun. It's airtight."

And it was. The priest told my friend that he could not—as the girl had promised—truthfully testify that John's head had been uninjured or unbandaged *after* the crime.

Here was an unusual case. My lawyer friend had undertaken it believing his client to be innocent. Now he knew him to be guilty. Should he defend him? Or should he withdraw from the case?

Curiously enough, I had a case much like that. My client had been arrested for a jewelry-store hold-up I believed the police had the wrong man. And then, before the case came to trial, I found that the gun used in the hold-up to murder a man bore a perfect fingerprint on its butt plates. And this proved to be the fingerprint of my client.

When the case came to trial, I explained to the judge that I had been inveigled into the case; that I now knew my client to be guilty, and that I wished to withdraw and return the fee that had been paid me.

The judge, however, ordered me to defend the man.

The average layman will find this puzzling, perhaps. Yet that judge was perfectly within his rights. The law is not emotional. It regards the lawyer merely as a servant of justice.

Now, this man obviously and indisputably was guilty. Yet his was the right of every man—the right to counsel, to defense. And the judge ordered me to conduct that defense.

The law did not, of course, intend that I cook up an alibi for that youth. It did not require me to produce false testimony. Nor did it expect me to bulldoze state's witnesses telling truthful stories. I was not there to cheat justice but to see justice done.

My defense of my client was the best I could offer under the circumstances. I made every objection the law permitted me to make. I protested against every statement made that seemed prejudicial or inflammatory. But I did not manufacture evidence or suborn perjury. To have done so would have made me a lawyer-criminal.

My client was found guilty and electrocuted—the first client I ever lost to the electric chair.

I DO not think it is especially difficult for any honest lawyer to determine the line where duty to his client ends and wrong begins. Yet there are lawyers to be found who do not hesitate to step over that line.

Nor are they, contrary to popular belief, all to be found in the field of criminal law.

Let us say that a $100,000 jewel burglary has occurred. The jewelry is insured to the hilt. The burglar has two ways of disposing of his stolen goods at a profit. He can peddle them to a fence—at an infinitesimal fraction of their true value—or he can contact a crooked lawyer, who contacts the insurance company.

Now, the insurance company also has two alternatives. Either it can pay the victim $100,000 cash insurance or it can recover and restore the stolen property.

What happens (more often than you think) is all technically quite legitimate. The thief's lawyer assures the insurance company that he believes he can recover the jewelry through underworld "sources." There is the usual haggling over price. The company finally buys back the jewels for one fifth of their actual value—and saves $80,000. The thief gets $20,000 in cash, and no questions asked. And out of that $20,000 comes a generous fee for the lawyer.

Stolen bonds provide another racket whose ingredients are a bond thief, a crooked lawyer, and a crooked insurance-company representative or a crooked banker. It may be the banker who, embezzling from his own bank, has put himself in a difficult position. He goes to some shyster lawyer who does business with bond thieves.

That lawyer-criminal, for a fraction of their value, obtains a quantity of stolen bonds that the banker-criminal places in his vaults to cover his own defalcations. The whole transaction takes place in the office of the lawyer, who may be a member of his local bar association in good standing. And the banker, of course, generally is a pillar of the community.

No big-time criminal ever possessed a more solicitous lawyer than did John Dillinger. More vicious and certainly more crafty killers have gone to their graves, but none managed to parlay a series of bank robberies and killings into bigger headlines than he did.

Thrown into jail in Lima, Ohio, he regained his freedom when members of his gang shot down the sheriff and, with the sheriff's keys, turned Dillinger loose.

He embarked upon a series of bank robberies, during which he machine-gunned to death a policeman and was himself wounded. Captured in Arizona, he was returned to Crown Point, Indiana, and placed in jail awaiting trial. He had boasted that no jail would ever hold him.

The one at Crown Point didn't. He escaped by holding up his jailers with a crudely carved wooden gun.

The very audacity of the man, as reflected in newspaper accounts, challenged public excitement. Here was a modern Robin Hood — one man against the world! Every newspaper on this continent and most of the papers in Europe had printed his photograph, his description. Yet he managed, by sheer resourcefulness, to evade capture. You had to give it to him. He was a lone wolf.

He was nothing of the sort. Alone he would never have succeeded in staving off the retribution that finally came to him in front of a Chicago moving-picture theater. The credit for his success in mocking the law belongs not to him but to the more sinister though less widely known Louis Piquett—a lawyer-criminal.

NOW, Piquett got his start as do most of our lawyer-criminals. An ex-bartender and ex-singing waiter, he studied law, began hanging around a Chicago police court, soon became known as a petty fixer.

He was colorful and slippery and daring, but there is nothing to indicate that he was a good trial lawyer. His defense of Leo Brothers, arrested for the murder of Jake Lingle, Chicago reporter-racketeer, failed to win Brothers his freedom.

Piquett, like all lawyer-criminals, worked efficiently only when he bribed and cheated and enjoyed the co-operation of officials who were corrupt. He did well in politics, rising to the office of city prosecutor, until a change threw him into private practice, where he obtained his most notorious client, John Dillinger.

Following Dillinger's delivery from the jail at Lima, Ohio, and the murder of the sheriff there, Piquett appeared on the scene, loudly voicing arguments that Johnny was at heart a good boy. Nauseated citizens threatened to toss him in jail.

After Dillinger's so-called "sensational" escape from Crown Point, while a whole nation looked for the killer outlaw, Dillinger's gun moll, a couple of his ex-convict cronies, and a stocky gray-haired man sat in a Chicago office building, following by radio America's greatest (and most futile) man hunt.

The office telephone rang late that day. The gray-haired man answered it. Dillinger was calling. He wanted arrangements made so that he could meet his gun moll on a Chicago street corner the following night.

The stocky gray-haired man who took that message in his own office was Attorney Louis Piquett.

How did Dillinger manage to stay in hiding from the day of his escape until the day of his death? Piquett sent him to a hide-out run by a former speakeasy proprietor who was a friend of Piquett and who was willing to hide his client—the "hottest" man in America—in a shabby room for thirty-five dollars a day.

Dillinger had become the man no one loved. The police were after him and the underworld was afraid of him. He was "bad news." But Piquett loved him—as a paying client.

Dillinger wanted his facial features changed and his fingerprints erased. Piquett knew where he could put his hands on a pair of unscrupulous doctors (one an ex-convict). It would cost money, of course.

The money was paid, and Piquett took most of it for his share. Dillinger had a face-lift and his fingertips tampered with—and nearly died of an overdose of ether. The final job of surgery was far from successful, but one of Dillinger's pals tried it next. He was Homer Van Meter. Piquett arranged it for him, too.

DILLINGER was killed. Department of Justice agents caught up with Piquett. He tried to bluster it out. Naturally, his chief defense was to take refuge behind the sanctity of the profession he had befouled.

Of course he had been Dillinger's attorney, he bellowed. Certainly he had talked with him while Dillinger was a fugitive. He had hidden him away. He had accepted money from him. Why shouldn't he receive his legal fees? Further, he wasn't actually harboring a wanted man; he was only detaining him temporarily until he could make certain legal maneuvers before surrendering him.

He gave the jury a great show. He knelt and invoked the name of his aged mother. He attacked bitterly those who would destroy him, a decent attorney. He called the state's case against him "the biggest frame-up since the Crucifixion."

He was being persecuted—for having carried out a lawyer's duty to his client.

The jury evidently agreed with him. Louis Piquett was acquitted.

Later, to be sure, this most brazen of lawyer-criminals was tried again and brought to book—but how can we stop careers like his and like Dixie Davis' before they start? Is there any simple way to stamp out crime, including lawyer-criminality? Mr. Leibowitz with all his heart affirms there is! He will present his case for it in his concluding article next week.

Heifetz Makes His Bow

A superb violinist whose music you'll long remember in a picture otherwise rather simple but appealing

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 37 SECONDS
4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

THE PLAYERS: Jascha Heifetz, Andrea Leeds, Joel McCrea, Gene Reynolds, Walter Brennan, Porter Hall, Terry Kilburn, Walter Tetley, Chuck Stubbs, Tommy Kelly, Jacqueline Nash, Alfred Newman, Mary Ruth, John St. Polis, Alexander Schonberg, Marjorie Main, Arthur Hohl, Paul Harvey. Screen play by John Howard Lawson from a story by Irmgard von Cube. Directed by Archie Mayo. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists. Running time, 112 minutes.

Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds in They Shall Have Music.

THIS is a simple and elemental tale—of a lonely little tenement boy's love of music—but it has an oddly compelling quality. Some of this is due to the appealing playing of a thirteen-year-old lad, Gene Reynolds. Much of it is due to the five violin numbers by the master, Jascha Heifetz.

Heifetz is starred. Actually he does little acting, his playing being worked ingeniously into the yarn. Frankie is one of a kid gang with a hide-out on an old deserted East River barge. He lives with his harried mother and cruel stepfather, is well on his way to reform school when chance lets him hear Heifetz play in a Carnegie Hall recital. That stirs something within the urchin and he finds help in a settlement music school. How he comes to save the bankrupt school when he succeeds in enlisting Heifetz' aid is the yarn—and the way of introducing music from the virtuoso.

I can't say that Heifetz is a screen actor even in the limited demands made upon him, but he is, of course, a superb musician. Heifetz plays Tschaikovsky, Mendelssohn, Saint-Saëns, and two lighter numbers, and the cameras move right in upon the magic fingers of the musician. This is interesting to a layman, a liberal education for a musician.

Gene Reynolds is the mainstay of the film as the misunderstood boy of the tenements, Walter Brennan does the crotchety eccentric old professor who heads the settlement school, Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea are the minor love interest.

VITAL STATISTICS: This had a number of titles during its shooting, among them Music School, Angels Make Music, The Great Music Festival. . . . Heifetz has five violins insured for $500,000. One is a 1731 Stradivarius, another is a 1742 Guarnerius, once the property of Sarasate. Jascha, who is thirty-eight, lives as a gentleman farmer at Redding, Connecticut, when he isn't fiddling. He's traveled 1,450,000 miles during his career. Is married to Florence Vidor, once the wife of Director King Vidor. Jascha affects berets, loves golf, is tops at ping-pong. . . . For the film Sam Goldwyn shot 30,000 feet of Heifetz playing the violin before work was even started on the story. As a protection against any concert trips Jascha might have to make. . . . Gene Reynolds hails from Cleveland, Ohio. Made his debut at six in Detroit in We Think We Can. Posed for commercial photographs, posters, and advertising films. Been in Hollywood pictures for three years, is five feet five, has mingled Scotch, Irish, Dutch, German, and French blood in his veins. . . . As the mellow music master, Walter Brennan again does old age neatly. Brennan now has a ranch home and four acres in the San Fernando Valley. Walter built the patio, the bunkhouse for the two boys, the stables, the cow barn, and a brick wall several hundred feet long. He was building a patio addition when he was called in to learn the technique of conducting an orchestra from Conductor Alexander Steinert. His arms were so tired from baton wielding that he had to lay off the patio for a month. . . . The kid orchestra was made up of forty-five members of the California Junior Symphony Association. Their mentor is Peter Meremblum the violinist. . . . Archie Mayo weighs 200 and is a startling sight in his vivid blue-and-white-striped Basque shirts. At seventeen he was a spieler with a medicine show. Still has a voice with carrying power. Ask any actor who's worked for him.

★ ★ ½ SECOND FIDDLE

THE PLAYERS: Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Rudy Vallee, Edna May Oliver, Mary Healy, Lyle Talbot, Alan Dinehart, Minna Gombell, Stewart Reburn, Spencer Charters, Charles Lane, the Brian Sisters, John Hiestand, George Chandler, Irving Bacon, Maurice Cass. Screen play by Harry Tugend from a story by George Bradshaw. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 87 minutes.

SONJA HENIE couldn't go on eternally pirouetting on ice, and this is an attempt to widen the scope of her gyrations. Here you have a Hollywood studio on a two-year search for a heroine to play The Girl of the North. Finally the picture of little Trudi Hovland, a Minnesota schoolma'am, is sent in. Trudi gets a test. Better still, she gets the part. A young studio press agent frames a publicity romance with a male star, one Roger Maxwell, sends Trudi daily roses, notes, passionate poetry, even a song, all of which he contributes himself. Trudi, not knowing it's a publicity stunt, falls in love. So does the press agent—with the little Minnesota blonde.

It's all a sort of combination of the search for a Scarlett O'Hara for Gone with the Wind and Mr. Rostand's Cyrano. Tyrone Power co-stars as the press agent (and he's amusing and personable in the part, too), while placid Miss Henie appears in a snappy bathing suit and even acts a bit. But Sonja is best when she returns to skates to do an ice tango and a snow rumba. Power doesn't skate, but he does sing.

The Irving Berlin melodies are pleasant, the dialogue is a bit more amusing than usual, movie making is ribbed guardedly. Rudy Vallee provides Roger Maxwell with—shall we say?—a mellow dignity. Edna May Oliver is a great help as Trudi's aunt.

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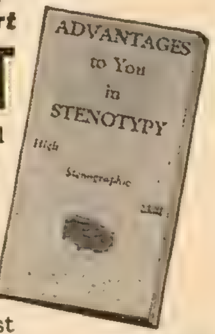
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VITAL STATISTICS: Ty Power likes to tell how a request for a pass led him to fame. It was four years ago, when Ty went around to see the Katharine Cornell company manager, Stanley Gilkey. He intended to strike him for a seat to Flowers of the Forest. Gilkey, however, not only gave Power two seats down front but the job of being understudy to Burgess Meredith. Then Miss Cornell used Ty in small roles in Romeo and Juliet and St. Joan. This last took him to Hollywood. You know the rest. Power has been stealing a short vacation abroad with his bride, Annabella. . . . Mary Healy hails from New Orleans. Was working in a business office there when a Twentieth Century-Fox scout found her. Not yet twenty-one; brown-haired, brown-eyed. Mama, Viola Healy, is an accountant in the Mardi Gras city. Now Mary is "the Magnolia Girl" and great things are predicted. . . . Sonja's skating partner, Stewart Reburn, is a Canadian athlete who appeared with her on tour last winter. Reburn was born in Toronto, has acted frequently in amateur theatricals, made numerous radio appearances. . . . Irving Berlin believes that swing music is on the way out. "The trend is to so-called musical sanity," he says; otherwise sweet swing and melody. There's just one swing tune in this, Back to Back. . . . Sonja Henie has one pet superstition. She has to have old laces in her skating shoes at the start of a film. . . . Edna May Oliver swims in the Pacific every day, regardless of the weather. . . . A nice bit is done by Charles Lane, who never appears on the screen. He's the high-pressure voice of the Big Studio Chief over the phone.

★ ★ THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

THE PLAYERS: Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett, Warren William, Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale, Miles Mander, Bert Roach, Walter Kingsford, Marian Martin, Montagu Love, Doris Kenyon, Albert Dekker, William Royle, Fred Cavens, Boyd Irwin, Howard Brooks, Ian Maclaren. Screen play by George Bruce based on the Alexandre Dumas novel. Directed by James Whale. Produced by Edward Small-United Artists. Running time, 109 minutes.

OVERSTUFFED costume drama elaborately produced. The movies trip up badly nearly every time they attempt the florid, decorative, ods-bodikin days of yore. Here is an effort to recondition the old Alexandre Dumas yarn.

The legend of a famous prisoner in the Bastille, condemned to live his life sealed in a metal helmet which hid his face and his identity, has intrigued historians, novelists, and movie makers over the years. The Dumas premise is that Louis XIII had twin sons. Since there couldn't be two Dauphins, one was given to D'Artagnan to raise secretly on his Gascony estate. The other in time became Louis XIV, spoiled, selfish, sadistic. When he discovers his brother, he sticks him—in the iron mask—in the Bastille. Then D'Artagnan and the three retired musketeers swing back into action.

It's an involved plot, chuckful of swordplay, dashes in and out of secret panels, chases over the French countryside, intrigue. And little of it rings true.

Louis Hayward is both twins, the bad Louis and the good Philippe, and he works hard. Joan Bennett, again in a black wig, is pretty and completely the valentine lady as Maria Theresa, confused—in a nice way—by the duo of Dauphins who look alike.

Warren William wields a wicked rapier and acts a lot as D'Artagnan, and Joseph Schildkraut mugs mightily as a nasty court upstart who works his way into the good graces of Louis XIV and robs the French people to get money for his monarch's indiscretions.

VITAL STATISTICS: You'll find Doris Kenyon playing the unhappy Queen Anne. Doris was once the wife of Milton Sills and a star in her own name. . . . Louis Hayward is a dramatic diamond from Johannesburg, South Africa, the son of a mining engineer in the Transvaal. Sent to school in England and France, he later enrolled in a British dramatic school. Then he took his savings, bought a partnership in a little stock company in the London outskirts, played a wide variety of parts, got considerable experience. Coming to America, he first appeared with Lunt and Fontanne in Point Valaine. They say that Hayward got copper poisoning from the iron mask. It was this way: The mask, built by the studio technicians, was lined with copper for smoothness. After three days' continuous shooting with Hayward inside, the actor broke out in a rash. . . . The big scene is the wedding of Louis XIV and Maria Theresa. No pews in the cathedral in those days. You either stood or you knelt. Ten men did nothing during the shooting of this sequence but extinguish and relight the 2,500 candles between shots. . . . Among the extras were Gertrude Astor, Ann Luther, and Vera Stedman, once big names in Hollywood. An eleven-dollar-a-day extra was Count Rudolph Stephanelli von Prenterhof und Hohenmauer, once captain of Francis Joseph's bodyguard and related to all the royal and ex-royal families of Europe.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James.

★★★—On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 55

1—Rudy Vallee.

2—At Goshen, New York, the Hambletonian.

3—Arizona and Nevada.

4—July 1.

5—Gavrillo Princip, a Serb.

6—Gibraltar in Europe and Jebel Musa in Africa.

7—Because it begins with a squall.

8—Iron or copper pyrites, resembling gold in color.

9—Judge Roy Bean.

10—To help him search for an honest man.

11—Edith Cavell.

12—April.

13—William Jennings Bryan.

14—Portuguese.

15—Dwight F. Davis, American doubles champion, 1899-1901.

16—Franchot Tone's: Dr. Frank J. Tone.

17—Because of the presence of small particles of carbon.

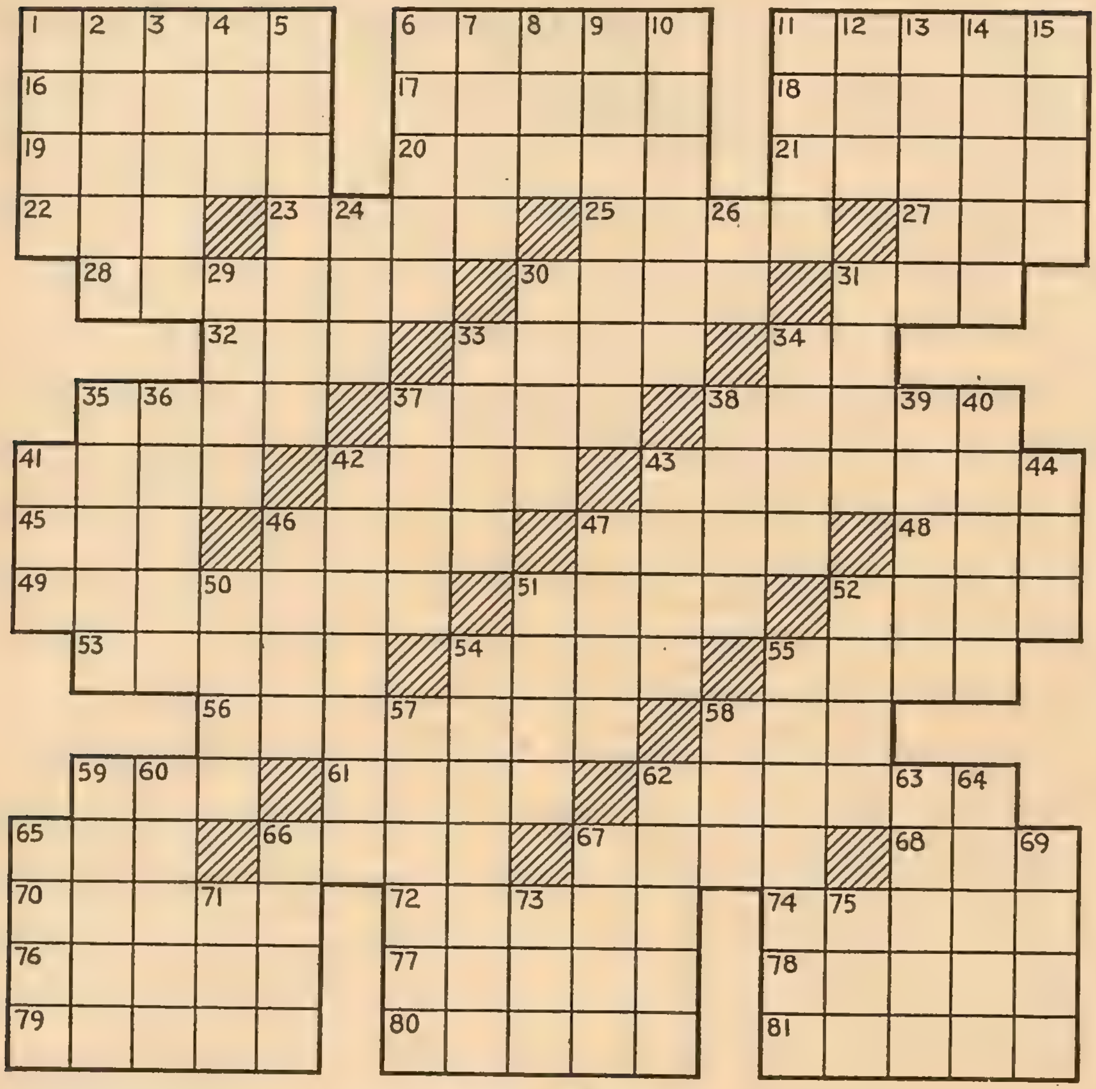
18—The telephone.

19—West Point.

20— W. E. Borah

CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN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HORIZONTAL

1 Satisfies to repletion
6 Started
11 Without motion
16 Musical drama
17 Entertain
18 Doorkeeper of a Masonic lodge
19 In front
20 Cleanse repeatedly
21 Musical study
22 Traveling outfit
23 One who accomplishes
25 First man
27 Period of time
28 Outer covering (pl.)
30 Hard fat
31 Lair
32 Color
33 Metal
34 Exist
35 Pronoun
37 Encircled
38 Rent
41 Observed
42 Rant
43 Closest
45 A propeller
46 Govern
47 A measure
48 Kind of tree
49 Pledge
51 Male child (pl.)
52 Dirt
53 Social climbers
54 Construct
55 Not difficult
56 Foolish
58 Cunning
59 Tangle
61 Military assistant
62 Provoked
65 Kitchen utensil
66 Again
67 Snare
68 Ignited
70 By the side of
72 Stop
74 Part of the body
76 Kind of small boat
77 Try
78 Devourer
79 A buyer's bonus
80 Planets
81 Harsh

H	O	T	D	O	G	S		B	E	A	C	H	E	S
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C	O	W	■	S	O	D	A	■	S	H	Y	■	M	A
C	O	■	C	A	F	E	■	B	E	E	■	T	A	N
U	■	B	O	N	Y	■	S	O	T	■	B	A	N	G
P	L	U	N	K	■	I	Q	S	■	G	A	G	■	H
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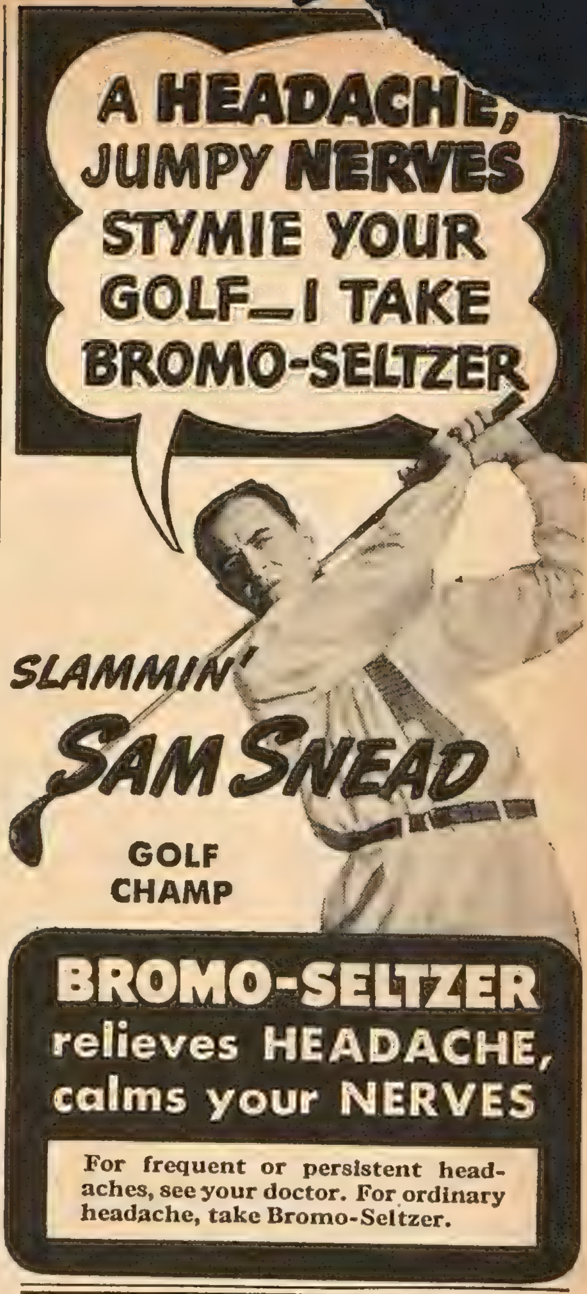
R	O	V	E	R	■	D	O	M	O	■	M	I	L	O
S	P	E	E	D	E	R		B	A	L	L	O	O	N

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Wet thoroughly
2 Kind of insect
3 Prongs, as of a rake
4 Period of time
5 Burdens
6 Uncovers
7 Mohammedan title
8 Weapon
9 Onslaught
10 Lacked
11 Also
12 Insect egg
13 Escape
14 A fortification
15 A playing card
24 Ancient
26 Preposition
29 European country
30 Painful
31 Term of affection
33 Present
34 Strike repeatedly
35 Rents
36 Kind of bird
37 Violent wind
38 Convex or concave glass
39 Ratifies
40 Formal composition
41 Something given to pacify
42 Eastern European
43 A number
44 Possessive case, second person, singular
46 Part of the skeleton
47 Prod
50 Ditch around a fortress
51 Levelheaded
52 Coral islets
54 Between east and west
55 Glides away
57 Female relative (pl.)
58 Ocean
59 Grinding tooth
60 To make reparation
62 A playing card (pl.)
63 Select group
64 Type of restaurant
65 Agreement
66 Grows older
67 Dictator (var.)
69 Bird
71 In no way
73 Man's name
75 Strike gently

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.


A HEADACHE, JUMPY NERVES STYMIE YOUR GOLF—I TAKE BROMO-SELTZER
SLAMMIN' SAM SNEAD
GOLF CHAMP
BROMO-SELTZER
relieves HEADACHE, calms your NERVES
For frequent or persistent headaches, see your doctor. For ordinary headache, take Bromo-Seltzer.

A Television Set For You—FREE!

The year's biggest radio news—the last word in television receivers is waiting to be shipped to your home. Be the first in your town to have one. Enter Radio and Television Mirror's Television Contest today.

Radio and Television Magazine wants the opinions of its readers on the future of television in the homes of America. In order to get them it has secured six beautiful Philco Television sets that retail for $250 each and also, as additional prizes, six excellent portable Philco radio sets which will be awarded to the twelve persons sending in the twelve most helpful sets of answers to ten simple questions appearing in the September issue now on sale.

Don't Miss This Opportunity

Never again, probably, will you have as good a chance to have a gorgeous, high priced Philco Television set delivered to your home without charge. The ten questions are easily and quickly answered—simply a matter of your personal opinion without the need of long study or research of any kind. It will take only a few minutes of your time. But what a wonderful reward if the judges select your set of ten answers as one of the best!

By all means put in your application for one of these beautiful free instruments today. Get a copy of the September Radio Mirror, turn to the Television Contest page, read the easily followed rules and then set down your answers to the ten questions and mail them in.

In addition to the thrilling Television Contest, Radio and Television Mirror for September contains nearly a score of gripping radio features and departments to entertain and enlighten you—a marvelous value for the modest price.

Radio and Television Mirror

SEPTEMBER OUT NOW 10¢

TWO GERMAN STUDENTS SPEAK UP

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF.—We the two undersigned German students are at the present traveling the United States in order to get acquainted with the American people and American problems. We are both students of economics and studied in Berkeley and at Columbia, New York.

In order to get as genuine a cross section of American opinions as possible, we read all the leading papers and magazines as frequently as possible. So our attention has been called to Mr. Macfadden's editorial There Will Be No War—for a Year—Maybe Five Years (June 10 Liberty). We noted with great interest the mentioned long conversation with a German student, and we too want to underline the statement that the German people did not think at all of war, neither before the Munich conference nor afterwards, nor in connection with the settlement of the so-called Czechoslovakian question.

On the other hand, we were very much astonished to find in connection with that statement a good deal of that subversive propaganda material which we would not have expected to find in your kind of magazine, which we know is read by highly educated, fine citizens. But a good number of Americans have their only source of information about foreign affairs in newspapers and magazines.

For these reasons we, as two German students who came over just recently, want to state the following, which you might consider as real firsthand knowledge:

Since 1933 the German Fuehrer has made countless propositions to the world to promote world peace and good will among nations. Germany agreed in 1919 in the Treaty of Versailles to almost total disarmament, and all the other undersigned nations promised then that this should be the beginning of a general disarmament — which promise they never kept. Only after the leading nations, especially France and England, showed their outspoken unwillingness to disarm, the German Fuehrer found it necessary to bring the German armament to the same level with the rest of the world in order to be safe against sudden invasion from the high-armed neighbor nations. So, obviously, we hardly can understand why President Roosevelt addressed his peace message to Germany and her Fuehrer, who never missed an opportunity to express his willingness to disarm to the same degree as the other nations would do. The sentence " Germany was looking for an excuse to start a war " is a plain lie which even the majority of the American historians admit nowadays. The French slogan, *Revanche pour Sadowa*, the English fear of German competition in world trade, and the early Russian mobilization are well known facts today which, besides lots of other reasons, are at least as responsible for the last war as Germany.

It is foolish to speak about " revolution in Germany." Revolutions always are started by the younger generation, i. e., the Germans of our age. And it may enlighten you to know that, if not the whole people, at least the young generation will back Hitler, whatever policy he sees fit for the best of his country.

To our knowledge, Hitler never sent out mobilization orders. On the contrary. The Czechoslovakian army was mobilized without any urgent reason, while on the German side only small units for special purposes were called to arms. If there had been a general mobilization, we never would have been permitted to travel abroad.

The vague speculation that in case of war much of Hitler's authority would pass to the army and the generals is foolish, as it should be known even here that Hitler is the head of the army and superior to even the highest general.

We believe that it is playing with fire and the worst kind of public enlightenment to present vague statements of war preparations, etc., instead of giving facts that are known to you as well as to us about the peace-will of the other nations, especially Germany.—*Wolf W. Kisker and Heinz R. Fritsch.*

[Glad to have these young men express themselves, but we wonder if Hitler would let our students into Germany to see and write of what is going on.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

EVERYBODY KNOWS NOW

BEAUMONT, TEX.—LIBERTY'S JULY EIGHTH STORY ON THE QUADRUPLETS NOBODY KNOWS CAN NEVER BE AGAIN WRITTEN. JUDGING BY THE LETTERS COMING IN TO BEAUMONT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE EVERYBODY KNOWS ABOUT THEM NOW. DOUBTLESS THE STORY WILL PROVE A KEY TO OPPORTUNITY FOR THESE RUGGED AMERICAN BOYS.—P. F. LAWSON ACTING SECRETARY BEAUMONT CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

CHINESE PAIN

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, ME.—As a regular reader of Liberty I read with pain the Short Short story, Clever, These Chinee, by Leo Glassman, in your June 24 issue.

No doubt the theme of the story was built upon that famous wisecrack, "Darn clever, these Chinese." What pained me most was not the story—of course it sounded ridiculous—but the common vulgar expressions and attitude, especially through the conversational remarks.

I was at total surprise to find a story of such caliber in your publication, as I expect high ideal standard is the prevailing keynote of your organization. Since Liberty covers a large circulation, a story like that surely creates a sinister feeling toward the people of my race in general, which is not your wish, I am sure.—*C. K. Huang.*

[No, it is not our wish, Mr. Huang. And from the wide response to this story we would gather that our readers enjoyed it immensely, and felt nothing " sinister " in it.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

" I WISH I WAS AN INDIAN "

WHEELER, MONT.—If Ruth Wheatley (July 8 Vox Pop) wants to learn what our government has done for the Indians, why doesn't she take a vacation, go West where there are Indians, and learn firsthand how much better off an Indian is than us poor whites?

The poor Indians are not even allowed to buy liquor, sell or mortgage their land, and they must live on or near their land for twenty years before they are given a patent and are allowed to start paying taxes on it.

I wish I was an Indian and an onlooker of the worries of the white man.—*Billy Buckley.*

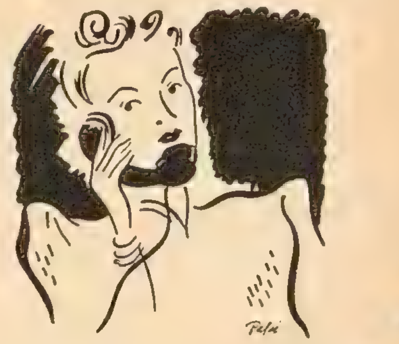
ENCORE, GRACE PERKINS!

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Please let us have more stories by Grace Perkins. Twilight Cheats was the very best story I've read in years.—*Mrs. R. G. Smoot.*

CORD ON RECEIVING END

LINCOLN, NEB.—Are telephones any different in New York City than here in the Middle West?

If they are the same, Jay McArdle, who illustrated Rupert Hughes' They've Got Your Number (June 17 Liberty), better look twice at one before he tries to put the cord on the receiving end.—*A Liberty Reader and Looker.*



THE THREE REICHS

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In June 24 Twenty Questions, Number 9 asks: " What were the first and second Reichs? " The answer, as given, states: "First: the Holy Roman Empire; Second: the empire of the Hohenzollerns."

According to the history

course of Erasmus Hall High School, the First Reich was the Hohenzollern Empire (1870-1918); the Second Reich was the German Republic (1918-1932); and the Third Reich was the present dictatorship.

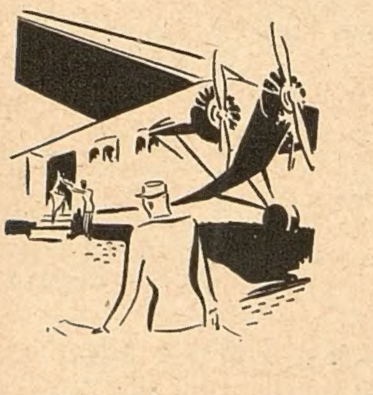
The Holy Roman Empire was not a Reich, inasmuch as Germany was not a nation prior to 1870.—*David E. Pear.*

PRAISE FROM AIRMEN FOR LINDBERGH ARTICLE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—My good friend Dick Aldworth, manager of the Newark Airport, and I were doing a little quiet aeronautical meditating last night, and we decided that Walter Karig's article on What Lindbergh Is Really Doing in the U. S. A. (July 1 Liberty) is a really fine effort. —*J. H. Doolittle, Shell Oil Company, Inc.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have just read Walter Karig's story on Lindbergh in Liberty, and hasten to tell you how much I appreciate Mr. Karig's splendid effort to bring to light the true facts concerning Lindbergh in the most interesting manner.

Such stories as this are a real inspiration to the youth of America and we need more of them.—*E. V. Rickenbacker, President and General Manager, Eastern Air Lines, Inc.*



NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have just read Mr. Walter Karig's article on the subject of What Lindbergh is Really Doing in the U. S. A. This is a very well written article and I heartily endorse Mr. Karig's point of view that what we need in the United States is more government expenditure on basic aeronautical research laboratory work. — *H. R. Harris, Vice-President, Pan American-Grace Airways, Inc.*

REAL VS. BOOK MANNERS

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—Very elated by Constance Bennett's eloquent and just "last word" in June 24 Liberty.

I hope both Emily Post and Mrs. Patrick Campbell feel honored to have a person of Miss Bennett's caliber of genuine intelligence take time to "point" out a few things.

After all, like all our best living, manners at their best are ruled by the heart and mental balance rather than a jumble of utterly unfunctional ideas from some stuffy volume. Bravo, Constance!—*H. Eugene Radcliffe.*

AT LAST HE WON A PRIZE

DES MOINES, IA.—You might find it hard to believe that Liberty is responsible for the biggest thrill of a lifetime.

Such is the fact! That marvelous letter telling me that I had won second prize in the recent Liberty Crossword Contest was one of the finest things that ever happened to me.

It may interest you to know that I have bought every issue of Liberty and still think it the biggest nickel's worth on the newsstands. I have entered many of your contests and have enjoyed them all. However, this is my first monetary reward. — *Emery Warren.*

[When you stop to consider the small number of prizes as compared to the large number of entries in Liberty contests, it is not surprising that many people take part over long periods without success. But, given sufficient time, events do have a way of leveling things out. Letters of the nature of Mr. Warren's are by no means uncommon following contest pay-offs.

So, if you are a discouraged contestant, remember, probably Mr. Warren was discouraged too—and see what happened to him!

And while we are on the subject of contests, for the information of those who are not already aware of it, Liberty reproduces the correct solutions following the close of its contests. Copies are mailed gladly to all persons requesting them.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

A WISE SHOE CLERK

WEST NEWTON, MASS.—Three cheers for a wise shoe clerk (June 17 Vox Pop). If artists would realize their responsibility in this matter of heels, what a wave of beautified under-standing and bettered dispositions would sweep over the land!—*Althea Verill.*

CONFESSION AND APOLOGY

TEMPLE, TEX.—I am writing to make a confession and an apology. Quite some time ago, in discussing Liberty with a friend, I likened it to a rose garden being reached through a cesspool—the cesspool being Mr. Macfadden's editorials at the front. The friend, saying the editorials were the best part of the magazine, urged me to read them more carefully. Now I never miss them, and urge Mr. Macfadden to keep up the fight to give the government and business back to the people.

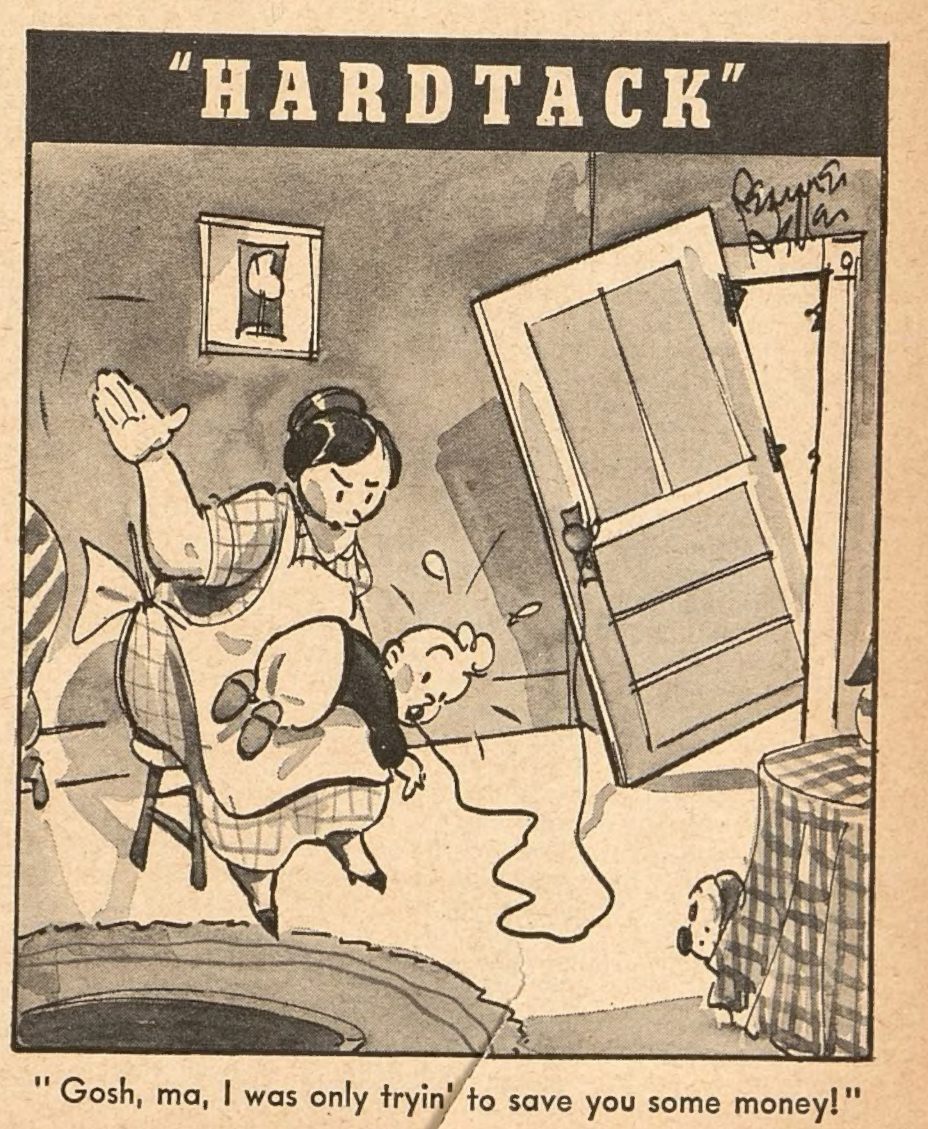
After all is said, it just seems the people will have to decide between the two evils, big business or big government. I'll take big business, for this is a large country and we need big tools to work it with. Roosevelt stands condemned as the greatest destroyer of jobs of all times by his policies.—*L. M. Peters.*

DANGLING THE TEMPTATION!

CINCINNATI, OHIO—It seems to me that if the owners of our large department stores paid their workers a decent living annual wage there wouldn't be such flagrant petty thievery among the employees. (Undercover Man, June 3 Liberty.)

But deliberately to dangle the temptation before them and then hire detectives like Gerrity to crawl on their bellies along dark passageways and spy on them through gratings—ugh!

I'd say skin such employers alive if it weren't such a bloody mess.—*Topsy.*



"HARDTACK"

"Gosh, ma, I was only tryin' to save you some money!"

Extra! Bombs Fall Around Liberty Writer in Chungking

FULTON OURSLER

© George Maillard Kesslere

ONE MORNING in the lounge room of the Cathay Hotel in Shanghai I was receiving a delegation of Chinese Masons who were graciously planning a luncheon for me. As we shook hands in parting, a short, fattish, red-faced man stepped forward and put a sheaf of envelopes in my hand.

"There," said he, "is your card to the Shanghai Club. The next one is a card to the American Club. The Turf Club! The Country Club! The—"

"Thanks!" I gasped. "Who are you?"

"My name is Carl Crow." It was a new name to me. This was before Americans by the hundreds of thousands had read Crow's world-famous best seller, Four Hundred Million Customers.

Carl Crow and his charming wife were hosts to my family throughout our stay in China, and we parted with great sadness, wondering if we would ever see them again. Two weeks after our ship sailed the Japanese began to wage war on China. The Crow house in Shanghai was bombed. He left his substantial advertising agency to his Chinese employees and, with two suitcases, fled from the scene of half a lifetime of labor. At last the Crows reached America. They visited at our home, and finally bought a farm and Carl settled down to write. That is, he thought he had settled down. One day we were talking about the Chinese war and suddenly Carl Crow said:

"Do you realize that 50,000,000 Chinese retreated in the last two years over a distance of 2,000 miles? Do you realize how much easier it would have been to surrender to the Japs? But they didn't! They walked barefoot 2,000 miles rather than give up. It was the greatest concentrated mass migration in history."

"Carl," I said, "I think you should go back to China and write that story for Liberty."

Now, Carl Crow is getting on toward sixty. Yet he leaped at the chance joyously. He sailed for London and then flew to Rangoon: his very first trip in a plane. Probably you read his story about Japan's secret war in Burma. Then he began a journey of incredible hardship and wonder—the trek over the new 2,000-mile road built in two years by Chinese patriots, without steam shovels, derricks, or dynamite—only with bare hands. Carl went all the way to Chungking; he lived through one of the savage bombardments by Japanese aviators dropping death on the women and children.

Now Carl has come home with the whole story—a truly great story—written for you. When his book appears in the autumn, it will be a best seller and people will pay two or three dollars to read it. But Liberty, the magazine that sent Carl Crow to Chungking, gives you the best chapters far in advance. I know you will share with me our thrill in this great journalistic adventure.

THE WHOLE ISSUE next week is entertaining, informative, and we hope inspirational. Two especially fine short stories are The Wicked Song Bird, by Elizabeth Fraser, and Open That Door, by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. Among the articles, first mention goes to the piece by an old friend, Charles Taussig. Years ago, Mr. Taussig and I served on the Council of the Authors Club. Now he is a partner of Rexford Tugwell in the molasses business. Mr. Taussig was also connected with the founding of the National Youth Administration, and he became quite indignant when he read our recent article by Farwell Carson, Is the National Youth Administration Communistic? Mr. Carson was inclined to believe radical symptoms were beginning to appear. Mr. Taussig denounces the whole notion as nonsensical. Whether you read the first article or not, you should certainly listen to Mr. Taussig.

OUR NEW AMBASSADOR from Great Britain, Lord Lothian, has talked at great length with René Kraus, and here is an excellent way for you to meet the newest member of our diplomatic corps—in Mr. Kraus' fine article in next week's issue. We also recommend We Are Still Not Prepared, by General Robert Lee Bullard; The Homicide Ball, an exciting baseball article by Waite Hoyt; Have You Heard This One? by Harry Hershfield; and Rasputin's Watch, by George F. Zimmer. There are also generous installments of the current serials.

HERE IS A TALE with a moral for youth that wants to forget gray wisdom and change the world overnight. A friend of ours has a daughter of whom he is very fond. He sent her to the best American schools; she also studied for three years in Paris. Father has always given daughter everything she wanted. About a year ago she wanted a job. Jobs are hard to find, especially for those whose chief accomplishments are knowledge of tennis, swimming, golf, and horsemanship. Nevertheless, the good father continued to do his stuff. It so happened that in the past he had frequently written advertising brochures for a large printing house. Of late he had not been able to continue this work because he was too busy. Now he went to his friend the printer with a proposition:

"I will write two or three booklets for you every year and will not charge you anything if you will pay the value in salary to my daughter and let her learn something practical about the printing business. Only, she must never know!"

"Done."

The two men had a drink on it and the young lady got the job. For a while things went well. Then the young lady fell in with a radical. He was one of those fellows who think that labor for a capitalist employer is degrading. The young lady fell for him head over heels, and a very short time thereafter she went on strike. She told her printer employer that he could exploit her no longer. She wanted shorter hours and more pay or else she would quit.

The whole matter has been quietly adjusted between the father and the printer. The adjustment lies in the fact that the father will do some more booklets. The young lady knows nothing of all this, nor of many other things.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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CONTENTS FOR AUGUST 19, 1939

■

EDITORIAL

Glorifying Skinny Women
Bernarr Macfadden 3

SHORT STORIES

I'm Katy........Leona Dalrymple 9
Hitting Home—Liberty's Short Short............Gordon Keyne 22
Into Each Life....Frank R. Adams 44

SERIALS

Death Looks for Cinderella—Part II
Margaret E. Sangster 23
Hearts in Danger—Part VI
Whitman Chambers 35

ARTICLES

The Truth Back of the Irish Bombs
René Kraus 4
Rich Man in Prison: An Authentic Close-Up of Whitney........ 6
What Makes Radio Announcers That Way...Frederick L. Collins 14
What Stalin Is Up To Now
Upton Close 17
I Disagree, Father Coughlin
George Britt 20
Ten Billions a Year for Fun
Yankee Stade 41
Rubber Laws and Robber Lawyers
Samuel S. Leibowitz 51

FEATURES

To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 30; $2,000 Funny Fill-In Contest, 34; Twenty Questions, 55; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 57; Crossword Puzzle, 59; Vox Pop, 60.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY ELISE PARKS

Hear them CRACKLE !
And see them FLOAT !

DELICIOUS... *Lastingly Crisp!*

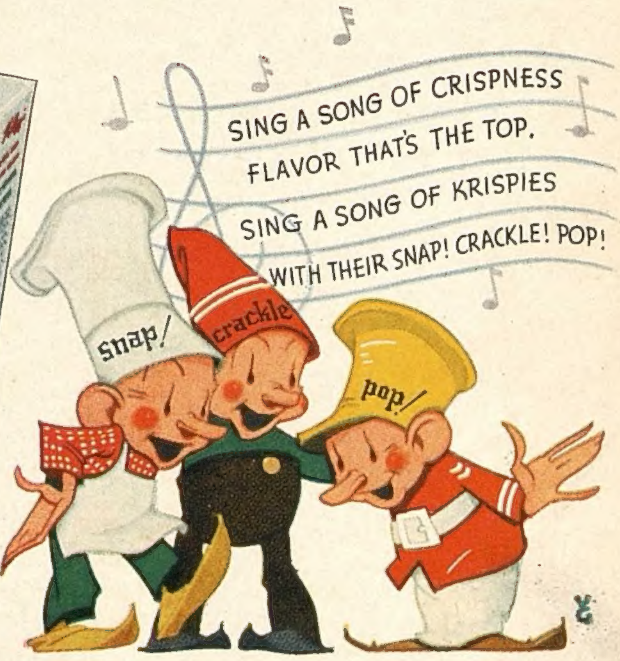
Want to put a real spark of enthusiasm into breakfast? Want to be a hero to your family? Sh-h-h! Kellogg's Rice Krispies are the answer!

In just two bites you'll realize how completely different they are . . . and why they're such a sensational favorite in millions of homes.

Every spoonful, first to last, is so crunchy-crisp. Brimming over with the rich, fine flavor that only Kellogg's patented process can give. Rice Krispies are "oven-popped," you know, then toasted in a special way.

Make breakfast an "occasion" at your house. Order Kellogg's Rice Krispies now. They come to you with their crisp freshness protected by Kellogg's new and exclusive inner-wrap, which is completely "Waxtite" heat-sealed at both top and bottom.

Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES
FLAVORED WITH MALT SUGAR AND SALT
snap
crackle
pop
So Crisp
THEY CRACKLE IN CREAM


SING A SONG OF CRISPNESS
FLAVOR THAT'S THE TOP.
SING A SONG OF KRISPIES
WITH THEIR SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!
snap!
crackle
pop!

Sensational offer! Large, colorful nursery-rhyme pictures by Vernon Grant, artist who created the characters "Snap!" "Crackle!" and "Pop!" See back of Rice Krispies package.

"OVEN-POPPED" BY KELLOGG'S PATENTED PROCESS! Rice Krispies are absolutely unique in form. They'll float for hours in milk or cream. Product and process are protected by United States Letters PATENT NOS. 1,925,267; 1,832,813.

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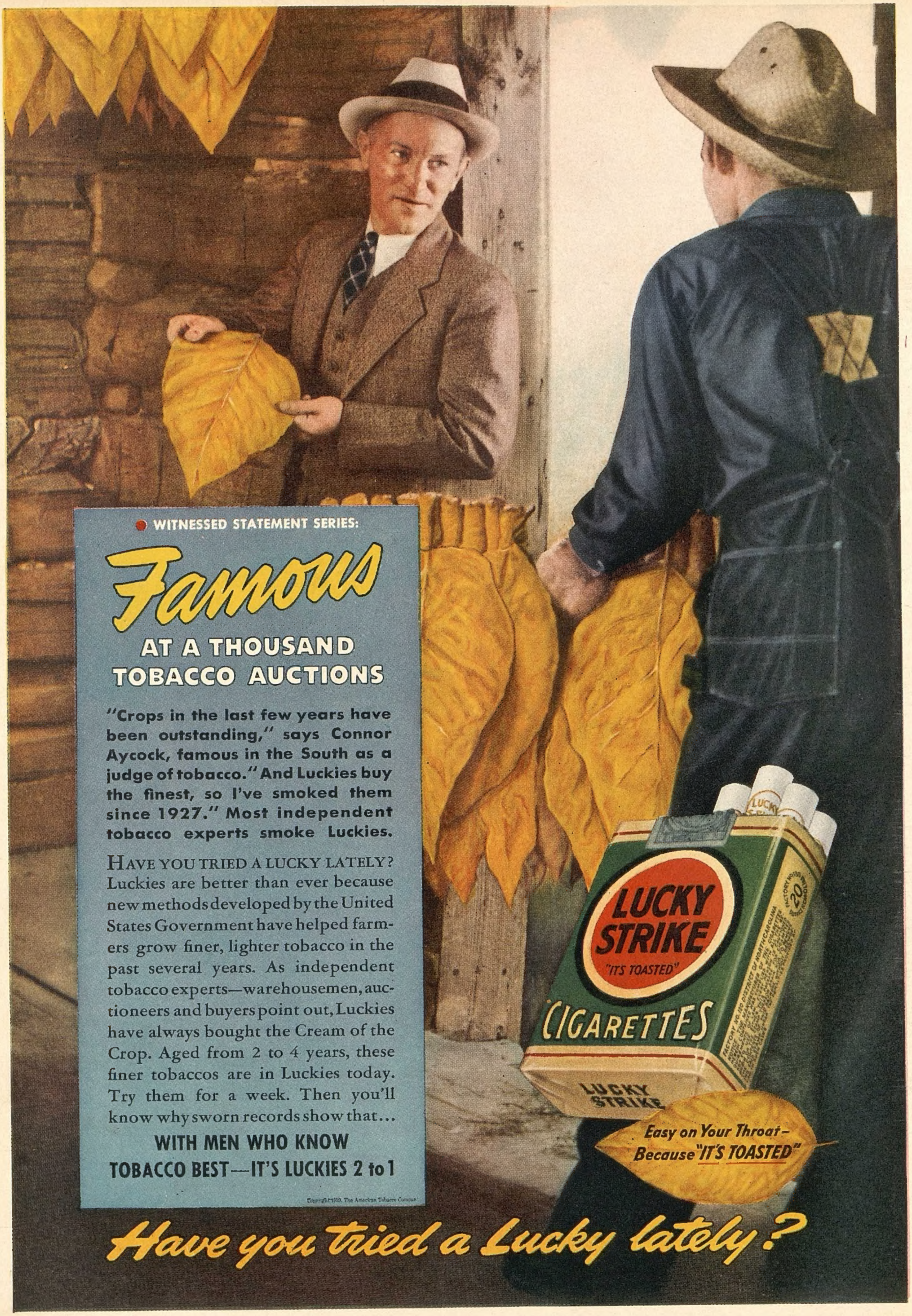

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"
Have you tried a Lucky lately?

WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

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"Crops in the last few years have been outstanding," says Connor Aycock, famous in the South as a judge of tobacco. "And Luckies buy the finest, so I've smoked them since 1927." Most independent tobacco experts smoke Luckies.

HAVE YOU TRIED A LUCKY LATELY? Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years. As independent tobacco experts—warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Try them for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 to 1

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